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THE ORIENTALIST,

OR,

LETTERS OF A RABBI.

يغوص البحر بمن طلب اللالي
ومن طلب العلي سهر البالي

He plunges into the sea who seeks for pearls,
And he who seeks greatness has watchful nights.

THE

ORIENTALIST;

OR,

LETTERS OF A RABBI.

WITH

NOTES.

48585

BY JAMES NOBLE,

ORIENTAL MASTER IN THE SCOTTISH NAVAL AND MILITARY ACADEMY.

—— "ORIENT PEARLS AT RANDOM STRUNG."

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TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

LORD ROBERT KERR,

CHAIRMAN,

AND

TO THE OTHER NOBLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN,

PATRONS AND DIRECTORS,

OF

The Scottish Naval and Military Academy.

THE FOLLOWING WORK IS,

WITH THEIR KIND PERMISSION,

MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY THEIR FAITHFUL AND VERY OBEDIENT SERVANT,

JAMES NOBLE.

73, George Street,
Edinburgh, 1st January, 1831.

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THE ORIENTALIST;

OR,

LETTERS OF A RABBI.

No I.

Introduction—The Rabbi's Account of himself—His Studies and Pursuits—Remains of the Ancient Library of Alexandria.

To my friend, beloved as my soul, he is Wilfred Waverley, Doctor of Laws, the great story-telling Rabbi of the Western World, I, Ishmael Nobilius Oleander, the son of Solomon, (remember to bless,*) have written this epistle.

Ever since I saw the Prospectus of your admirable Miscellany, most respected Wilfred, and which

* This form is used by a Hebrew always after mentioning the name of his father, if he be deceased.—Ed.

was accompanied with a kind letter from yourself, I have had a most pungent desire for cultivating your acquaintance. The admired productions of your pen reached me in this our city of Alexandria about a year ago, through means of my excellent friend, Mr Abraham Karkass, merchant, who is a native of the great city of Morocco.

Whilst travelling lately through the western parts of the world, for the sake of traffic, Mr Karkass visited London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, York, Leeds, and other great cities, with the view of acquiring any thing remarkable that could be procured, either in the way of merchandise or literature. When my friend Abraham, in the course of his eastern peregrinations, came last year to Alexandria, he gave me a very entertaining account of every thing curious that he had met with during his travels in Great Britain. He described very fully to me the situation, appearance, and extent of the grand metropolis, London, which, he assures me, is a vast city, of not less than *five days' journey;* compared with which, the city of Alexandria, or Haleb,*

* Aleppo.

or even Misr,* the capital of Egypt itself, may be looked upon as nothing. According to his account, it is indeed as large again as Nineveh,† that great city, which is described as having been "exceeding large;" and hence, he says, some have given to London now-a-days the descriptive cognomen of BABEL HAGIDOLAH, which means, when interpreted, "Babylon the Great."

With regard to Edinburgh, my friend Abraham was very particular in informing me of all its beauties; but especially in respect to its wonderful advances in literature, of which I was indeed surprised to hear, notwithstanding that its fame had partly reached our quarter of the world long before, chiefly through means of a book called a Review, which bears the title of "The Edinburgh," and of which I may have occasion to speak more particularly hereafter. This city he called the "Jerusalem of the North," and, according to his description of it, I think he

* Cairo, which is denominated Misr, in Arabic, from the ancient name of Egypt, in Hebrew מצרים Misraim.—ED.

† We think the learned Rabbi is a little out of his arithmetic here; but, however, we shall let that pass.—ED.

did so with propriety ;* and he assured me that he would not be at all surprised to hear of even an ARABIC work being published a year or two hence in that northern metropolis.† He told me, indeed, that such a thing had actually been done in the town of Hedesh-Migdol,‡ which I think he described as being situated near to the town where your excellent periodical is about to be ushered into the world.

"And see!" said he, pulling your letter and the

* We are not sure that Mr Oleander is in the right here, except in so far as that he may suppose some resemblance to exist between Mount Sion and the Calton-hill, and between Arthur Seat and Mount Olivet. We must confess that, in any other respect, we do not see any striking resemblance between Edinburgh and Jerusalem.—ED.

† No such work has yet appeared in Edinburgh we believe, with the exception of a small publication entitled "An Arabic Vocabulary and Index for Richardson's Arabic Grammar."—ED.

‡ Here we were quite at a loss to understand what *town* and what *work* our learned correspondent was referring to, when luckily we met with a friend, who was so much of an Oriental scholar as to be able to inform us that the town of חדש-מגדל *Hedesh-Migdol* means neither more nor less than the town of *Newcastle;* and, therefore, the Oriental work to which the Rabbi refers must be some of the learned productions, Arabic or Persian, of the Rev. Mr Moises, several of which were published a great many years ago, and others were promised to be published by him in that town.—ED.

prospectus of your Magazine from his pocket with great solemnity,—"here is a treatise which I picked up in that country, and what it contains will convince you at once of the truth of what I have asserted in regard to the wonderful advances that literature of every kind is making amongst the Franks. This is a prospectus—that is to say, an introductory treatise giving an account of a new periodical work which the people there call a Magazine, written by a great man of the name of Wilfred Waverley, Doctor of Laws; and as he is anxious to procure some learned dissertations on matters connected with the Oriental tongues, such as would do honour to the pen of the illustrious Bar-Maimon* himself, I mentioned your name to him, and he immediately begged of me that, when I next went to the city of Alexandria, I would give you a prospectus, and solicit you to send him a communication. It will no doubt be very pleasing to you who have a great taste for

* The Jewish Rabbi, Bar-Maimon, commonly called Maimonides, was born at Cordova, in Spain, about A. D. 1131. Next to the Sacred Books, his writings are held in the greatest repute amongst the Jews.—Ed.

learning, and a thorough understanding of such matters, to read the lucubrations of this western philosopher, and to convey to him, for insertion in his Magazine, some of those stores of Oriental learning which you are known to possess."

Such were the words of my friend Abraham on this subject, and I could not but acknowledge that he spoke the truth; for who can pretend to be in possession of such treasures of Orientalism as those which have been handed down to me from my fathers in this my native city of Alexandria? Yes, most illustrious Doctor, it is indeed true that in my library are to be found Hebrew manuscripts written in the thirty-seventh century of the world, and treating of matters of still higher antiquity.

Amongst these remains of former ages, besides a great deal of sublime poetry of an uncommon description, there are dissertations on many deep subjects; such as, *De Cœlo et Mundo*,—*De Causis*,—*Contra Artem Cabalisticam*,—*Halachoth Assor*,—*Halachoth Bechoroth*,—*Halachoth Biccurim*,—*Cattus cur Murem insequitur, et comedit plusquam alia Reptilia faciant?*—*Carbunculus quid?* Also, *Sepher Emuna*, *Sepher Habberith*, *Se-*

*pher Hahascelamah,** &c. &c. &c.; and several others that are of great importance to me in regard to my double profession of *Cohen* and *Repha,*† or Priest and Physician, which I am unto mine own people in this place; such are, *Explicatio* DCXIII *Præceptorum Mosaicorum, Expositio Allegorica Sacerdotum; De Essentia Animæ, De Circumcisione, An fuerit Daniel Eunuchus?*—and many other precious remains of antiquity far too numerous to be mentioned at present.

These writings, and several others still more interesting, I had the curiosity to examine carefully, and translate out of the original Hebrew into the Latin language some years ago for my own amusement. For, be it known unto thee, most illustrious Doctor, that, without boasting, I may freely say, there is not one of mine own nation in this place

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* As the celebrated Locke said in regard to some of the mysteries of free-masonry, we must acknowledge that here we are "utterly in the dark." We hope, however, that some of our readers who are more conversant in Oriental learning than we ourselves can pretend to be, will favour us with an explanation of these singular expressions.—ED.

† Heb. כהן, רפא.—ED.

who has made greater advances in learning, both human and divine, than I have done.

I thank my father, Solomon Oleander, the son of Joshua, (remember to bless,) who duly instructed me when a child in my Aleph-Beth; so that, before I had attained to the age of seven years, I was able to read fluently many lessons in the *Torah*,* was well acquainted with the *Mishnah*,† as also the Targum of Onkelos, and knew the greater part of the 365 negative and 248 affirmative precepts that are found in the law of Moses. I soon after studied the *Pirke Avoth*, or Chapters of the Fathers, and then delighted myself day and night with the works of the immortal BAR-MAIMON, that Leviathan of literature and bright Occidental Star of Hebrew learning.

It was in consequence of my admiration of this most glorious of all Spaniards, that I set myself formerly to study the Spanish language with my beloved and much-to-be-lamented friend Mr Michael

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* Heb. תורה, *i. e.* the Pentateuch.

† Heb. משנה, *i. e.* the *second* law, or that which is given by *oral tradition*, which is distinguished from the *Torah*, or written law.—ED.

Oppiedo, a native of the city of Cordova, the birth-place of Bar-Maimon,—and who died here indebted to me in the sum of not less than one hundred and fifty-seven piastres.

I have been particularly fortunate, however, in having had opportunities for studying the ENGLISH tongue; which, next to the Hebrew, Arabic, and Spanish, I admire most of all. These opportunities were first afforded me about twenty years ago, at the time when the armies of Britain under the great man Abercromby, came to the assistance of the Moslems against the Franks. I was then a young man intent on the attainment of human knowledge, and that of all sorts; so that I applied myself to study the language of Britain* with some of the natives, who lived, at that time, under the shadow of my roof, and were for a long while under my care, afflicted with the disease of ophthalmia.

Such, my beloved Wilfred, is the account of myself and my studies, which I judged necessary to

* Our readers will, no doubt, remark, that the learned Rabbi has made very surprising proficiency in the study of the English language. Indeed, we have met with but very few expressions in this, his first letter, that required any alteration.—ED.

give you on being introduced to your acquaintance. It now only remains that, in the sequel of this introductory epistle, I should give you some account of these manuscripts that I have mentioned, and of the manner in which they have been conveyed through the hands of so many generations till they came to me. You must know then, my esteemed friend, that these are the remains of that most famous Bibliotheca, the library of Alexandria, the glory of the ancient world, the honour of the Ptolemies, and the treasure of the land of Ham!

This famous library, as you well know, consisted of no less than *seven hundred thousand volumes*; about four hundred thousand of which were unfortunately burnt when Julius Cæsar waged war against Alexandria, and the rest were destroyed by the Saracens on their making themselves masters of the city. This terrible catastrophe took place, according to our computation, in the year of the world 4402, in the manner as followeth:—

Johannes Grammaticus, the famous Aristotelian philosopher, being then living at Alexandria, when the city was taken, and having much ingratiated himself with Amrus Ebnol, the general of the Sa-

racen army, and, by reason of his great learning, made himself acceptable unto him, he begged of him the royal library of Alexandria. To this Amrus replied, that this was not in his power, but was wholly in the disposal of the Khalif, or Emperor of the Saracens; but he promised that he would send to him his request, and accordingly he wrote to Omary the then Khalif, about it; his answer hereto was, that, if these books contained what was agreeing with the Koran, there was no need of them,—for the Koran alone was sufficient of itself for all truth; but, if they contained what was disagreeing with the Koran, they were not to be endured, and therefore he ordered that, whatsoever the contents of them were, they should all be destroyed; whereon, being distributed among the public baths, they served as fuel, for six months' time, to heat all the baths of Alexandria, which shows how great the number of them was. And in this manner was that inestimable treasure of learning wholly destroyed.*

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* The Rabbi is perhaps not aware that, according to some historians, it is extremely doubtful whether "this terrible catas-

Now this account of the matter, which is given by the best historians, is quite correct, except in regard to the total destruction of the books. No thanks to the most blessed chance in the known world! they were not *wholly destroyed*; so for the aforesaid Johannes Grammaticus, the Aristotelian philosopher, being a great adept in Hebrew learning, had these very manuscripts out of the library at the time; by which means they were saved from the hands of the ferocious Amrus Ebnol. And this circumstance, by the way, furnishes a strong argument for the encouragement of those who have the charge of any public library, *to lend out* the most precious books in the collection as much as possible,

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trophe" ever took place at all or not. M. de Sismondi, in his "Treatise on the Literature of the Arabs," has the following remark on this subject:—"The *pretended* burning of the library of Alexandria by Amrou, general of the Calif Omar, answers to the year 641 of our era: this is the epoch when the barbarism of the Saracens was at its highest pitch; and this event, though it be extremely doubtful, has left the most melancholy recollection of their contempt for letters."

The name of the "ferocious" gentleman, mentioned in the text is, properly, *Amroo Ebn Al Aas*, which has been metamorphosed by modern historians, rather curiously, into *Amrus Ebnol*, as above.—Ed.

seeing it may be the means of preserving them, in like manner, from some such misfortune as that we have mentioned.

Then, in regard to the manner in which these never-enough-to-be-admired treasures found their way into the possession of the family of Oleander, you must know that the above-mentioned Johannes Grammaticus, the Aristotelian philosopher, from the love which he had to Hebrew learning, intended to have married a lady of our nation, whose name was NOBILIA; but, being seized with his last sickness before he could put his intention in execution, he committed to her, on his deathbed, as a token of his sincere affection, these precious remains, which he had kept in his house carefully locked up and never seen by any one, through fear of the Mohammedans. This lady was called Nobilia, on account of her illustrious pedigree,—being descended from the family of the noble and celebrated PHILO, who is so well known for the excellent history which he has written of the embassy which the Jews of Alexandria sent to the Emperor Caius, and of which embassy he was the chief.

Some time after the death of the aforesaid Johan-

nes Grammaticus, the Aristotelian philosopher, Nobilia was united in marriage to a person of her own nation of the name of Oleander, to whom she immediately gave up the manuscripts, and in his family they have ever since remained. Moreover, it was upon this occasion, and in honour of the lady, that the *cognomen* of Nobilius is said to have been assumed by the house of Oleander. These, however, are ancient things; and it is enough for our purpose that these manuscripts are undoubtedly, at this time, in the possession of me, Ishmael Nobilius Oleander, the degenerate descendant of such illustrious ancestors.

And now, most eminent Doctor, it is time to bring this my first epistle to a conclusion; and I beg to assure you that you shall soon hear from me again, as I expect to have an opportunity, before long, of transmitting to you a translation of some of these curious treatises, either in prose or verse, which I hope you will judge worthy of being inserted in your excellent Miscellany that is to be. I have waited long for a conveyance, by means of which I might conveniently send this and several other epistles to you; and I have learnt, just now,

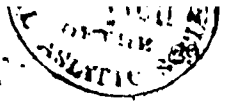
that a good friend of mine, Ibrahim Salamé, master of the brig Barbarossa of this port, intends to sail in a few days for Britain, with a cargo of Turkey leather from Smyrna, cotton from Haleb, and coffee from Mocha, in Arabia, (which last item is on mine own account, to the value of 458 piastres.) Ibrahim is, indeed, a trusty person; and should you have any thing to transmit to me, such as a copy of the Magazine when it is published, which I should certainly like very much to get,—without speaking of *money matters* at all,—you will find him very worthy of being confided in. He will not be long in departing from this place, for his cargo is now on board, and he is much afraid of being taken by the Pacha on the expedition against the Greeks,* which they have been talking of here for some time past; but they *talk* long before they *do* any thing.

I shall certainly take the opportunity of sending by Ibrahim a packet containing several communications to you in continuation of this one, as I have them nearly completed. This circumstance will, no

* It must be observed that this was written in 1824, when the contest between the Greeks and the Turks was at the hottest.—Ed.

doubt, put you in mind of the pleasant story of Zelucco the Palermian, penned, I believe, by the illustrious Dr Moore, father of the handsome soldier Moore, whom I recollect well of having seen in Egypt. When Zelucco's affectionate mother had prevailed on him to promise that he would write to her once a fortnight, while he was absent from his native place, he, in order to satisfy his conscience, wrote a whole packet of letters during a few days that he was necessarily confined to his chamber; and giving them to his servant,—"Here," said he, "take these to the post-house, one regularly once a fortnight; and when these are expended let me know, that I may write another set for the old lady."

I shall, therefore, transmit to you, by this opportunity, all the lucubrations that I have been able, once a fortnight, to put together for your amusement; and which I have denominated, in general, "Noctes Orientales," in imitation of the "Noctes Atticæ" of that great man of antiquity, Aulus Gellius. Not that I am by any means so vain as to insinuate, that my compositions are at all to be put in comparison with those of such a celebrated author,—



although, as you will see afterwards, my *manuscripts* certainly are;—but, as it is chiefly at *night* that I find leisure for applying myself to the penning of my translations, and preparing my essays for your perusal, I think the title may not unaptly be appropriated to them: of this, however, you will let me know your opinion.* Meantime, believe me to be,

Most learned Doctor,

Your very faithful friend,

ISHMAEL NOBILIUS OLEANDER.

Written in the city of Alexandria, on the fifth day of the month Nisan, in the year 5584.†

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* As our readers will perceive, we have, in virtue of this qualifying clause, used the freedom to exchange the title of "Noctes Orientales," suggested by the Rabbi for his work, for that of "The Orientalist;" as, from certain circumstances to which it is unnecessary here particularly to refer, the term "Noctes" seems now to be used in literature in rather too ludicrous a way to be at all suitable for the grave dissertations of the Rabbi.—ED.

† *i. e.* 1st April, 1824.—ED.

No II.

Concerning a Sect of Philosophers called Rashites—Marks of a great Linguist—Fable of the Ear and other Members—Story of the Durwesh and Sceptic—Arabian Nights—STORY OF ABDALLAH THE SON OF ABULFAID.

IT has been wisely observed, most learned Wilfred, by that celebrated character Charles the Fifth, Emperor of the Franks, "that the more languages a man can speak, the more frequently does he feel himself a man,"—a remark founded on a close observation of human nature. It was some such consideration as this which influenced my mind when I first began seriously to study the science of tongues; and, indeed, I found always so much pleasure in this occupation that, when even a child, I showed a surprising degree of aptitude in learning languages.

I have heard of a sect of philosophers called RASH-

ITES,* or Caputologists, who have arisen lately in Christendom, that can tell, by taking the measure of a child's *head*, whether it will be worth while to bring him up or not; that is to say, by an outward examination of the premises, they can tell at once whether the inhabitant be good, bad, or indifferent. In fact, I am given to understand, that they make a map or chart of a man's head according to certain rules of latitude and longitude of their own contriving, and, by applying their compasses, they can tell you at once where the different passions, appetites, and inclinations are to be fallen in with, exactly as you find coasts, islands, rocks, and shoals marked out in a map of the world; and as, in a common chart, you have the depth of water and the nature of the different anchorages given, so these wonderful philosophers mark the degrees of intellect, and the depths and shallows of a man's mind, as well as the secret nature of his propensities, and thus exhibit, in fact, the *soundings* of the brain!

This, most learned Wilfred, is undoubtedly very wonderful; but the human soul must certainly be a

* From Heb. ראש *Rash*, the head.—Ed.

very silly thing, if it allows itself to be detected in its secret workings so easily. As well might one say, indeed, that by means of the map of a country you should get acquainted with the inhabitants;—that by doubling a cape here,—scaling a mountain there,—tracking a river, or crossing an isthmus in another place, you should have an intimate knowledge of the habits, manners, customs and peculiarities of the people who dwell in the country, whilst at the same time you have not set your eyes upon a single one of them. This, in my opinion, is rather too much of a good thing; for it is certainly impossible, by measuring the house, to get acquainted with the disposition of the tenant: and yet this is exactly what these wise gentlemen seem to take for granted.*

What I have stated regarding this sect of philosophers is entirely on the report of my much-valued friend, Mr Abraham Karkass, whom I have always

* We are not sure that the Rabbi's arguments on the subject of Phrenology are altogether so logical as they ought to be; but we shall leave the matter at present *in mediis*, for the consideration of those learned persons who have studied this science with greater profundity than we can pretend to have done.—Ed.

considered as a person of no little penetration. He told me it was in Edinburgh he first fell in with one of those Wise men of the West, who astonished him a good deal by telling him, that by the science of Phrenology (I think he called it) he was certain that he, Mr Karkass, either had, or would have *a large family of children.* Now, my friend Abraham, like myself, has, in a manner forsworn *matrimony;* so how this good Christian intends to supply this desideratum, for the fulfilment of his prophecy, is certainly not very evident to either of us. I can account for the philosopher's mistake only by supposing, that my friend's *turband,* which he wore constantly whilst in Edinburgh, must, by some of its folds, with which the Wise man was not acquainted, have led him to think that there was a *bump* or *abutment* upon the tenement of the brain, where, in fact, there was none. I am certain, at any rate, that numberless errors of this description must be committed daily by these sages, which will cause them to lay down many false *headlands,* capes, or projections, in their maps of this *terra incognita animalis.*

'But, however, let that pass; for no doubt this

subject must be much better understood by you, most illustrious Doctor, than by me, since you have not only, like myself, studied the physiological, organical, symmetrical, and psychological concatenation of vitality and corporality, but possess, besides, many peculiar facilities for making yourself acquainted with the system of these curious philosophers.

My only reason for introducing this subject at present, which you will perhaps reckon quite foreign to the matter in hand, is, that my friend Abraham would have persuaded me that he was become, in some measure, a convert to the system, by observing he had discovered that I must of necessity be *a great linguist*, because,—for what reason can you guess, my Learned Patron? why, because I had projecting eyebrows, or wide-cornered eyes, or some such thing, that he had never before discovered!

"Nay, my good friend," said I to him, "allow me to remark, that it is not by observing the conformation of my eyebrows, nor of my *tongue* either, which, I suppose, however, to be the more probable case of the two; it is not by observing this you have ascertained my powers as a linguist, but simply by

your knowing what I have done, viz. that I have acquired no less than *thirteen* languages by my own industry, being mostly without the regular assistance of a teacher. Indeed it is not, more particularly, by means of *wide-cornered* eyes that I have acquired so many languages; but if I am indebted to any of the members of my body more than to another in this matter, I would say that my *ear* may claim as much merit as any of them can do with justice. To this purpose you may allow me to repeat to you a short story or apologue, the original of which is to be found amongst those invaluable manuscripts that are in my possession.

"The eye, nose, ear, and tongue," says the Eastern Sage,* "one day began to quarrel among themselves, each affirming that it was more advantageous to mankind than the other. The eye observed,—without me day and night would prove alike, for nothing but darkness would reign on the face of the earth. In short, every one said a great deal in his own behalf, when the tongue made this observation,—what you mention, my friends, may be all very true;

* *Vide* Dr Gilchrist's "East Indian Guide," p. 238.—Ed.

yet surely none of you can be ignorant of the fact, that as my powers alone distinguish man from brute, it therefore behoves that I be greater than you all in the estimation of the wise. Yes, cried the ear, recollecting yourself, my forward scholar, after the lessons which you have received from me as your master."

This was my answer, most learned Wilfred, to my friend Abraham, on the subject of the Rashites; and I am humbly of opinion, that these philosophers should not presume too much on the credulity of the public; for there have been many instances of such things having been run after for a while, either for novelty or even for contention's sake. For instance, we all know, that Demonology was succeeded by Astrology, and that by Palmology, and that again by Physiognology, which, in its turn, has now been succeeded by Phrenology; and who knows what strange fancies may be promulgated after this, as it were to try the gullibility of mankind, who have been alternately frightened and amused with such things from the beginning. Indeed I should not be surprised to hear, by and by, from you Wilfred Waverley, Esquire, that the Wise

men of the West, in attempting to search out hidden causes which are beyond the reach of human intelligence, have been led away with many absurdities, and have actually imposed upon themselves by supposing that they have made discoveries in nature which, in fact, never had any existence except in their own imaginations:

> "As Rosycrucian virtuosos
> Can see with ears, and hear with noses;
> * * * * *
> And when their eyes discover least,
> Discern the subtlest objects best."

So says your satirical poet Butler, whose writings, excepting what he says in regard to Hebrew Roots,* —a subject which he evidently did not understand, —I very much admire.

In short, by way of getting quit of this matter, until I acquire farther light to discern the foundations of the science, I would be very much inclined to answer all such speculative dreamers, who spend their time in making useless inquiries, after the

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* The Rabbi is referring here, no doubt, to the well-known lines of Butler's Hudibras:—

> "For Hebrew roots, altho' they're found
> To flourish most in barren ground," &c.—Ed.

manner of the Durwesh, as we have it in the following story of the Persian Moonshee:—

The Durwesh and Sceptic.—A certain man went to a Durwesh,* and proposed three questions:—First, "Why do they say God is omnipresent? I do not see him in any place; show me where he is." Second, "Why is man punished for crimes, since whatever he does proceeds from God? Man has no ability in himself; for without the will of God he is not able to do any thing; and if he had power he would do every thing for his own good." Third, "How can God punish Satan in hell-fire since his composition is of fire; and what impression can fire make on itself?"

The Durwesh took up a large clod of earth and struck him on the head with it. The man, weeping, went to the Kazee,† and said, "I proposed three questions to such a Durwesh, who struck such a clod of earth at my head that it is pained, and he has not given me any answer." The Kazee sent

* Pers. درويش a religious mendicant.—Ed.

† Ar. قاضي a judge.—Ed.

for the Durwesh, and asked, " Why did you strike a clod of earth at his head, and not give an answer to his questions?" The Durwesh replied,—" That clod of earth is an answer to his speech;—he says he has a pain in his head; let him show where it is, when I will make God visible to him: and why has he made a complaint against me before your Excellency? Whatever I did was the act of God; I did not strike him without the will of God; what ability is there in me? And as his composition is of earth, how has pain come to him from that element?" The man became confounded, and the Kazee approved much of the answer of the Durwesh.

We are all inclined, most learned Wilfred, to think ourselves more intelligent, of greater consequence, and more on a footing of intimacy with Dame Nature in regard to her secrets, than we really are. But she has, perhaps, been equally bountiful to all her children in this respect, and has given even the lowest of them an equal idea of its importance in the scale of creation. " One day," says the Persian fable, " a person was saying to himself, Whatever is on earth or in heaven is all for

me; God created me very great." At that instant a flea settled on his nose, and said, "Such pride does not become you; because whatever is on earth or in heaven God created for you, and you for me; do you not know that I am greater than you?"

You will allow me now, most illustrious Seignior, to return from this digression, which, I hope, you have not found to be more tiresome than digressions are in general; and it may perhaps be as well to warn you just now, that my rambles and transgressions in this way will be frequent; although, I hope, they will never be found to be unpleasant to either of us. You do not need to be informed, most erudite Wilfred, that all Oriental story-tellers are addicted to digression. In fact, when should we have seen that magnificent assemblage of all that is rare and excellent in amusing narration, the THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS,* had it not been for the glorious system of digression, which is there carried on in perfection.

O most delectable Scheherazade! thou art, in-

* Commonly known by the name of "The Arabian Nights' Entertainments."—ED.

deed, the Empress of all story-tellers! How often have I, in the nights of my boyhood, fallen asleep with thy incomparable productions under my pillow, in order that I might watch the first twinklings of the dawn of day to commence the perusal of another story! Thy BARBER is, indeed, the cream of all barbers,—CAMARALZAMAN * is, indeed, the *moon of the age*,—BEDEREDDIN HASSAN † is, truly, the *excellent full-moon of religion*,—whilst SINBAD the Sailor is of all navigators the most amusing. If I could but obtain a moiety of thy fertility of invention, my "Noctes Orientales" might, indeed, stand some small chance of attaining immortality.

From what has been said, therefore, most learned Wilfred, you will understand that I have been always a great adept in acquiring languages. So much so, indeed, that my old teacher, Abdallah, the son of Abulfaid, (remember for good,) used wittily to remark, that I had surely *got my head*

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* Ar. قمرالزمان *moon of the age* or *of the world.*—ED.

† Ar. بدرالدين حسن *the full moon of religion beautiful.*

broken with a brick from the Tower of Babel. I am of opinion, however, that this wit of his was rather *far-fetched;* for Abdallah was originally from that part of the world where the Tower of Babel is situated, and he was always fond of talking about it. He was a native of the city of Beer, in the province of Diarbekr or Algezirah, which is fertilized by the waters of El-pharat;* and being fired with the pride of youth, and stimulated by a thirst after knowledge, he resolved to improve his mind by travelling into foreign countries.

As I may, without vanity, say, that I was his favourite *Talmid*† during the whole time of my attending him at the *Midrass*‡ of Alexandria, he used to take an opportunity of frequently relating to me some of the adventures that happened to him in his journey; and, in particular, the following, which I noted as having been somewhat singular:—

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* The river Euphrates is called *Pharat* or *Phrath*, פרת in Hebrew and Arabic, which means *fertile;* and the Greeks, by prefixing *Eu* (Ευ) to this, have formed the name *Euphrates.* Comp. in the Hebrew text of Gen. ii. 14., the *two last words.*—Ed.

† تلميذ disciple.—Ed.

‡ مدرسة college.

The Story of Abdallah, the Son of Abulfaid.—Abdallah, the son of Abulfaid, was very desirous of visiting the once imperial city of Bagdad, where, according as we are told by the Mussulman historians, great glory and magnificence in former times surrounded the person of the renowned *Khalif Haroun Al Rashid*, the sublime successor of the Prophet of God, (on whom be the blessing and peace of God,) * the Emperor of the faithful, the Rose of delight, the Steward of Paradise, the Cherisher of merit, whose countenance shone like the vision of Al Borak,† whose wings were perpetually dropping with the dews of liberality, and extended for shelter to all the children of distress!

After having been for some time in this city,—long enough to catch the disease of Bagdad,‡ and

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* In Arabic the following phrase, صلي الله عليه وسلم (abbreviated thus صلعم) signifying literally *the blessing of God upon him and peace*, is often added to the name of Mahomet.—Ed.

† Al Borak, which in Arabic (البراق) means *the lightning*, is the name that is given to the animal upon which Mahomet is said to have ascended to Paradise, in his famous night journey.—Ed.

‡ For a particular account of this disease, a sort of tumour on

get tired of the place,—he thought of paying a visit to the spot where BABYLON THE GREAT, the city of Nebuchadnezzar and of Nimrod, once stood.

But I must here use the privilege of all Oriental story-tellers, and break off in the middle. I remain,

Most learned Wilfred,

Your faithful friend,

ISHMAEL NOBILIUS OLEANDER.

Alexandria, 21st of the month Nisan, in the year 5584.*

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the face, *vide* "The Adventures of Hajji Baba of Ispahan," vol. ii.—ED.

* *i. e.* 16th April, 1824.—ED.

No III.

STORY OF ABDALLAH, THE SON OF ABULFAID.

Abdallah's Journey to Babylon—The Tower of Babel —Soliloquy—Vision of Hermes Trismegistus, and his Address to Abdallah.

ABDALLAH, the son of Abulfaid, proceeded on his journey, most learned Wilfred, from Bagdad to Babylon, where he was anxious to examine the venerable remains of antiquity that might be discovered about the place.

I might here, in the inflated language of the Mussulmans, which they are accustomed at all times to make use of even on the most trifling occasions, give you a glowing description of the scenery through which our traveller passed in his way to Babylon; and which he himself, a Syrian and a Mussulman, described with all their characteristic love of poetic imagery. Thus I might tell you

that Abdallah, elevated with the success which had hitherto attended him in his travels,—the palate of his brain being rendered odoriferous by the fragrance proceeding from the rose-bud of enjoyment, and his breast glowing with the reflection of his own importance, conveyed through the medium of the burning-glass of youthful vanity,—set out from Bagdad without guide or companion, and advanced along the delightful plains of Hillah, which lie within a day's journey of the situation of the once mighty city. The sun, &c. &c.

But as we shall have enough of poetry by and by, I may as well inform you now, in plain prose, that our traveller accomplished his peregrination without any remarkable accident, going across Aram Neharaim,* where our father Jacob (remember to bless) kept the flocks of his uncle Laban; and on the second day, towards evening, he reached his destination in safety.

He was now near the town of Hillah or Elugo, about fifteen leagues to the south-west of Bagdad,

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* Heb. ארם נהרים *Syria of the rivers*, i. e. Mesopotamia.—Ed.

where the ruins of Babylon, of which few vestiges now remain, are placed by the best geographical writers,—without mentioning the many conjectures that have been made by others on the subject; for the ruins described by many authors seem to be rather the remains of some later structures erected by the Arabs, than those of the original Tower of Babel.

And here, most delectable Wilfred, we may be allowed to pause for a moment, and suffer our minds for a short space to soliloquize, and utter a most bitter Keen and Abel, like the *Keenuth of Megiddo*,* or the *Abel Misraim*,* over this spot, on which stood the "great Babylon"—"the glory of kingdoms"—"the glory of the Chaldees' excellency"—"the golden city"—"the queen of provinces," "abundant in treasures," and "the praise of the

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* These words *Keen* and *Abel*, in Heb. אבל, קין, mean *lamentation* and *mourning*, and are to be found in this signification in the Hebrew text of 2d Chron. xxxv. 22, 25, and Gen. l. 11. It is curious to remark, that the word *Keen*, in the plural *Keenuth*, *lamenting*, is retained in Ireland in its original signification to this day. The *lamenting* at an Irish funeral is called *Keening*; and the performers in this species of melody, who are mostly hired for the purpose, are called *Keeners*.—Ed.

whole earth!" How are the mighty fallen, since we find that modern travellers cannot now with certainty discover the spot of ground whereon this renowned city was once situated; whose walls were 87 feet thick, 350 feet high, and in compass 480 furlongs, or 60 miles; with 100 gates all formed of solid brass, and 250 turrets; 50 streets, each nearly 15 miles long; and 676 squares were included within the compass of its walls!

And who has not heard of the famous Tower of Babel, one of the wonders of the world, which was half a mile in compass, and 600 feet high! And now nothing remains but a heap of ruins, which appear in confusion like a huge mountain; and, besides this large mass, there are no traces of ruins sufficient to convince an observer that so great a city as Babylon was ever built in that place: indeed, they are now so much defaced, that there are hardly any vestiges of them to point out the situation. The ruins that are to be discovered, consist of mounds of various sizes, containing the remains of brick-masonry, fragments of tiles and pottery; and one, if not more of them, contains dead bodies. The Birsi Nimrod is the most remarkable remain,

and is supposed to be a remnant of the Tower of Babel.

By the time that Abdallah, the son of Abulfaid, had reached this place, the shades of evening were spread thickly around, and the moon, in cloudless majesty, began to rise over the eastern bank of the Euphrates, whilst nothing was to be heard but the dull murmur of the waters interrupted frequently by the shrill cries of the *chacals*,* which now began to make their appearance from amongst the ruins. Abdallah, lost in contemplation at the solemnity of the scene, seated himself upon a stone, and, leaning his back against the Tower of Babel, indulged the musings of his rapt imagination in the following soliloquy :—

" Here, then, in former ages stood the great City, the Queen of the Nations of the East, the habitation of Nabuchodonosor, with the Temple of Belus, the top of which is said to have reached the heaven ! How insignificant is human greatness ! *Allahakbar*,†

* " An animal considerably like the fox," says Volney, " but less cunning and of a frightful aspect. It lives upon dead bodies ; and rocks and ruins are the places of its habitation."—Ed.

† Ar. الله اكبر.—Ed.

(God is great!) When Allah looks down on the children of Adam, they and their works are made to sink together in the dust. "How vain is the endeavour," says the Arabian sage, "to rear an edifice of pride whose base is earth, when earth itself must surely vanish! Where are Canaan and Nimrod; where are they who ruled the earth, and gave and took away its kingdoms! Where are they who were lords of the land, and builders of its palaces? They have all perished, and nothing but the ruins of their monuments remain.

"Where are the masters of wisdom, the professors of intelligence, the patrons of learning, and the former generations? God will raise all of them from the dust, and reward each according to his deeds.

"There is no contending with Fate. When Fate descends caution is vain. When the decrees of God find accomplishment, no light remains to the eye of prudence, and neither foresight nor caution bring advantage to man."

"If the power and existence of nations be so insignificant and of such short duration, to what can we compare the power and the life of a single man! It is a mist which arises out of the earth, and, glit-

tering in the rays of the sun, seems to raise its head above the firmament of heaven; but speedily the blast of the whirlwind passes along and it is gone, and the eye cannot even mark the place where it was.

"Since, then, the span of my existence is so limited in its duration, I must, like Mahomet,* the Messenger of God, (peace be upon him!) seek to instruct mankind in the will of God by means of the divine language of the Koran. But, alas! I have not been hitherto directing myself enough to this celestial study. I have pursued recklessly the bent of my inclination, and have spent my time in wandering, regardless of the tender remonstrances of a fond mother, who wished me to remain at home to be the stay of her declining years. She has now perhaps descended to the grave, and has imprecated the vengeance of the Prophet upon me for my disobedience!

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* "I rather choose to make use of the vulgar manner of writing it, (Mahomet,) because of the notoriety of it, than make any change, although to the truth, from that which hath been generally received; and therefore I call him everywhere *Mahomet*, although *Mohammed* be the alone true and proper pronunciation of the name."—*Prideaux.*—Ed.

"O, Allah! is this the fruit of that virtuous education which I imbibed at Beer, under the roof of my indulgent parents! Are these the effects of the sage precepts inculcated on my tender mind by the venerable Abulfaid, whose wisdom diffused a grateful odour like the gums and spices of Yeman? Yes, I will yet improve by the lessons which I then received, and will yet be able to instruct mankind by means of the experience I have acquired, and by the divine precepts of the Koran."

Abdallah, the son of Abulfaid, had got thus far in his soliloquy when sleep prevented him from proceeding farther; and a remarkable vision presented itself to his imagination.

The Temple of Belus appeared before him in all its splendour, when the brazen gate suddenly opening, a celestial person presented himself to his astonished sight. He had a crown upon his head, wings at his feet, and held in his hand a caduceus; whilst his shining robe was covered with hieroglyphics, and the sacred name of HERMES TRISMEGISTUS* was inscribed upon his forehead. His eyes

* The name Hermes in Heb. הרמש, *the mover*, was used in

were bright and piercing, like those of the eagles of Irak; but his looks were mild and benign: every feature breathed sensibility, and the disposition of the whole formed an amiable aspect of sweetness and composure.

Abdallah looked with awe upon this being, whose countenance shone like the vision of Al-Borak,* and he would have spoken, but his tongue refused to do its office, when Hermes, with complacency, thus addressed him:—

"Child of immortality! let not thy mind ponder with melancholy musing on the apparent insignificance of the existence of man. The works of men do indeed perish, and nations and empires do indeed vanish away; but the mind of man is of celestial origin,—the human soul is, truly, immortal. A di-

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ancient mythology to denote *the moving power of the heavens*; and hence Hermes or Mercury is described as the Messenger of the Gods. His cognomen of TRISMEGISTUS, in Gr. Τρισμεγιστος, *thrice greatest*, refers to the *threefold* dignity of prophet, priest, and king.

* Al-Borak, according to the Koran, was the beast that carried Mahomet to heaven; his face was like that of a man, and his eyes shone with as great a lustre as the stars would display were they enlightened by the rays of the sun.—*Vide* Note †, p. 43.

vine energy, a heavenly intelligence, inhabits the breast of man, by which he is incited to the performance of actions which evince his divine origin, and he is led to undertake works which, if they can be at all accomplished on earth; must always necessarily be but of short duration; for as they are formed only of dust, they must, of course, return to dust again. What was it but the noble though misdirected daring of the human mind which led the sons of men, in the age succeeding the universal deluge, to undertake the erecting of this Tower, whose head was to reach the heaven, and which they fondly imagined would cause the transmitting of their names to the latest generations! It was by means of the confusion of tongues that their vast enterprise was here rendered abortive; but that very confusion of tongues which then put an end to the building of this Tower, has presented innumerable opportunities to mankind of exercising their ingenuity, and cultivating their reasoning powers in the study of that vast variety of languages which is to be found amongst the nations of the earth.

"Here, O Abdallah! in the noble study of languages to which your mind has always been addict-

ed, you have a wide sphere for the exercise of your genius, where you will have abundant opportunity afforded you of attaining to wealth and honour in the world. Lose no time, therefore, but direct your steps speedily to the land of Egypt, which is the sacred depositary of the sublime science of HIEROGLYPHICS, that inestimable treasure of divine language, invented by me for expressing the mysteries of religion,* and which has never yet been fathomed by the ingenuity of mortals !†

" When you have there studied the original elements of articulate and written language, you will be able to reduce all tongues to their fundamental principles, and these you will find to be the same in all. A glorious achievement then remains for you to accomplish, by my assistance, for the general benefit of mankind,—viz. to invent a universal language, by means of which all the nations of the earth may be made to constitute one vast brotherhood; when those from the remotest parts of the globe shall converse

* *Vide* " The Travels of Cyrus," p. 83.—ED.

† The labours of Messrs Young and Champollion have in our day, however, gone very near to render this boast of Hermes nugatory.—ED.

freely and sociably together without being burdened with a load of arbitrary signs, which must always be a great enemy to improvement, and an almost insuperable obstacle in the way of social intercourse.

"Say not the possessors of science have passed away and are forgotten; every one who has walked in the path of science has reached the goal.

"Increase of knowledge is a victory over idleness, and the beauty of knowledge is rectitude of conduct.

"Let the elegance of thy speech be founded on grammar; for he who knows not the properties of words is most deficient."*

Hermes had proceeded thus far in his address, when Abdallah mustered courage enough to interrupt him; but here I must again beg leave, most learned Wilfred, to break off, and to subscribe myself your sincere friend,

ISHMAEL NOBILIUS OLEANDER.

Alexandria, 8th of the month Jir,
in the year 5584.†

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* Hermes takes these lines from an Arabic poem called "The Lamja," written by Ebn El Wardi.—ED.

† *i. e.* 2d May, 1824.—ED.

OF THE ASIATIC SOCIETY

No IV.

CONCLUSION OF THE STORY OF ABDALLAH, THE SON OF ABULFAID.

Conversation between Hermes and Abdallah—Tale of the Sewah and Elephant—Panegyric on the Arabic Language—Verses—Conclusion of the Story.

"O HERMES!" said Abdallah, "the study of languages, and the deep mysteries of the science of Hieroglyphics, however desirable an accurate knowledge of them may be, must always be a matter of too difficult attainment for the ordinary powers of the human mind to accomplish. The variety of tongues is almost infinite; and, in fact, Language appears to my mind in the shape of a hydra-headed monster, which all my efforts and study would never be able to subdue, and render subservient for any useful purpose either to myself or to those around me."

"Nay," answered Hermes, "my good friend, the greatest difficulties will always be found to yield to the united genius and perseverance of individuals. Even the weakest creatures have been known in this way to subdue the strongest; and, in order to set this matter in a clear point of view, allow me to repeat to you the 'Tale of the Sewah and the Elephant,'* which affords what an Oriental Story-teller would consider as a good illustration of my argument.

"THE SEWAH AND THE ELEPHANT.

"In a certain city there was a tree round like an umbrella. On that tree a feeble sewah† had deposited her eggs. One day an elephant came into that place, and began to scratch his body with the trunk of the tree, and from the violent concussion those

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* From "The Tooti Nameh, or Tales of a Parrot," by Nakhshebi.—Ed.

† Pers. سوهان a little bird, resembling a sparrow, with a red head.—Jap.

eggs tumbled down from it. The helpless sewah, from excessive perturbation, flew about, struck herself against the branches, and wept; but what can a flea do with an elephant? The sewah said to herself, 'A powerful enemy it is necessary to repel by fraud and stratagem.'

"The sewah had a friend, a bird whom they called long-bill; to her she went and disclosed her story, and said,—'An elephant has committed cruelty upon me! Contrive a stratagem, and form a plan, and obtain vengeance for me of him; for friends should come of use in the season of distress.' The bird said,—'Engaging with an elephant is an arduous affair, and will not come right with us by ourselves. I have a friend, a bee, who is extremely knowing; with him I will make a consultation.' Then they went to the bee and made known the circumstances to him. The bee when he heard this relation was afraid, and said, 'It is a long time since I have tied on my girdle in the service of my friends; but I have a friend, the commander of the army of the frogs; it is necessary to disclose this narration to him.'

"Then the sewah, the bee, and the long-bill, all

three went to the frog and disclosed the circumstances, and demanded assistance from him. The frog made much sighing about the breaking of the eggs, and said, 'Hold your minds collected;* for, by stratagem, it is possible to make even a mountain level.' Then the frog said, 'A stratagem passes into my mind for the vanquishing of the elephant, and it is this:—Let the bee go near the ear of the elephant, and with his murmuring noise render him intoxicated. When the elephant becomes intoxicated, the bird with the long snout will pull out both his eyes with the point of his bill, and cause the world of light to become dark upon him. When some days shall have passed, and thirst becomes triumphant over him, I will come and make a noise before him; he will know my voice, and will say in his own mind, Any place where there are frogs

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* *i. e.* "Be of good courage." It may be necessary to remark here, that the above Tale, as well as all others that are introduced by the learned Rabbi into his epistles, are translated from the languages of the Oriental authors in the most *literal* manner possible, for the express purpose of giving the "Western Literati" the fittest opportunity of comparing their own style of writing with that which, from the remotest ages, has invariably been peculiar to the "Wise men of the East."—Ed.

there will be water.—Then, when he is going after me, I will cast him into such a place that he will not be able to rise out of it; and no one will hear his voice,—and, having spent some days fasting, he will die of himself.'—Then they in this very manner acted, and, by stratagem and deceit, caused the elephant to be destroyed.

"Thus, you perceive," said Hermes, "that two or three weak animals formed a resolution, and brought such an elephant to destruction; and when we two persons form a resolution, how is it possible that our design may not be accomplished?"

Abdallah, the son of Abulfaid, had patience enough to hear this tale of the Sewah and the Elephant to an end, which is, perhaps, more than your readers may be inclined to do, most learned Wilfred; but it is to be observed, that Abdallah was *asleep* during the recital of it, and probably your courteous readers may get over it in the same way. However, let that be as it may, we shall now proceed with our story; and I may here warn such of the perusers of these essays as have nothing poetical in their temperament, to pass over what follows in

the next two or three pages, as they will be entirely filled with verses.

"O Hermes!" said Abdallah, "you have, indeed, convinced me that, by the united efforts and perseverance of men of even ordinary abilities, all the difficulties attendant on the variety of human language,—that enemy to the social intercourse of mankind, as well as to the improvement of the human mind,—may be overcome. But I am by no means certain whether there be any thing to be found written in these languages worthy of being read, to reward one for the trouble of learning them.

"I have indeed been told that, among the nations of Frangistan,* the multitude of books and writings is almost infinite; and I am informed that, by means of machinery, they have a method of multiplying books without end; but this I can scarcely believe. And, at any rate, it is certain that books

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* Pers. فرنگستان *i. e.* Christendom, as all the Western nations are, in general, denominated *Franks* by the Orientals; referring originally, most probably, to the FRENCH,—the Europeans with whom they got first acquainted.—ED.

may be increased to an indefinite extent, whilst, at the same time, the one-half of them may not be worth the reading.

"The sublime language of the messenger of God, —peace be upon him!—is, no doubt, an exception; for therein is contained the essence of all that is instructive, pathetic, beautiful, and sublime! It is a Sea of excellencies,* an Ocean of delights; the Sun of perfection, a Constellation of bright luminaries; a golden Treasury, an inexhaustible Mine of precious stones; the true Fountain of the water of life; a Universe"—

Abdallah had got thus far in his rhapsodical panegyric on the Arabic language, when suddenly the sound of soft music stealing on his ear arrested his attention. The strain was calm and pathetic, fitted to tranquillize the mind, and to prepare it for receiving the instructions which the being who had at first appeared as Hermes Trismegistus, but who had now assumed something of the likeness of a He-

* *El Kamoos* القاموس "The Ocean," is the title which an Arabian lexicographer gives to one of the dictionaries of that interminable tongue.—Ed.

brew prophet, conveyed to the ear of Abdallah in certain verses, of which the following may be taken as a translation:—

"See! Science hails thee to her blest retreats,—
'Approach,' she says, 'and taste the ambrosial sweets
Which for the sons of men are here prepared,
Who heavenly Wisdom's warning words regard.
Here are no weeds, no baneful poison here,
No sounds discordant to disturb the ear;
But all around the flowers immortal blow,
And o'er the golden sands the murmuring currents flow.
See, where yon lofty column meets the eye,
And rears its head ambitious to the sky;
There four bright portals stand, whose golden doors
Shall lead thee blest! to all my secret stores.

"The first conducts to tracts sublime and bold,
Where Hebrew prophets sung their strains of old:
There Moses first attunes the sacred song,
As through the sea he leads the bands along;
Then Sinai's awful thunder shakes the ground—
The Eternal's voice is heard amidst the sound!
There Moses gives the laws of Heaven to man,
And full unfolds creation's wondrous plan.
There holy Job in accents sad complains,
The sighs of sorrow mingling in his strains.
The Royal Minstrel tunes his sacred lyre—
His soul ascends to Heaven enwrapt in fire,
Whilst great Emmanuel's endless praise he sings—
The 'King of Glory' quivering on the strings.
'Help me,' he sings, 'to teach my feeble mind
To leave the earth with all its joys behind;

Help me to soar beyond each twinkling star,
To where thy light, EMMANUEL! beams afar:—
Where suns are lost in thy transcendent rays,
And countless worlds revolve amidst the golden blaze!'
Next, chief of Wisdom's sons, Jerusalem's king,
Exalts his song of love on ardent wing;
Fair 'Sharon's Rose' perfumes the wandering gale,
Which gently shakes the 'Lily of the Vale.'
And there ISAIAH speeds his daring flight,
To blissful regions of celestial light:
Whilst, o'er his country, ruined and undone,
The Bard of Anathoth laments in tears alone.

"Such are the treasures by the first contained,
Which for three thousand years have still remained.

"The second gate, unlock'd, presents to view
The Vale of Tempe glittering bright with dew:
Arcadian bowers, Corinthian columns rise,
And Parian marbles meet the wondering eyes—
There HOMER'S magic strains enchant the soul,
As through the air the trembling numbers roll;
And, on Parnassus, the harmonious choir,
In notes melodious, heavenly joys inspire;
The Lydian measure lightly trips along,
And Doric numbers swell the sacred song;
Whilst round the Æolian harp the zephyrs play,
And waft its warbling sounds upon their wings away.

"The third to view the Roman scenes displays,
The varied scenes of Rome's illustrious days;
There, all around, celestial sounds we hear,
Descending soft in cadence on the ear:
There, in the vale, reclines the Mantuan swain,—
All stand enraptured at his heavenly strain;

The shepherds hang enamoured o'er the strings,
Whilst to the lyre their homely joys he sings:
And thence to vanquish'd Troy his spirit flies,
And bids the Romans from her ruins rise.

"Within the fourth the modern poets shine;
There both the East and West their fruits combine;
There Persian flowers, Arabian balms invite,
And Brahma's wondrous songs inspire delight;
The Southern Lily and the Northern Rose,
Fann'd by the gales, their beauteous tints disclose.
There fruits and flowers of every clime arise,
And yield the sweetest fragrance to the skies.

"These are my treasures; and I give to thee
The use of all that there belongs to me;
Taste every balm, and cull the choicest flowers,
And, like the bee, collect ambrosial stores:
And, when you've tasted, gather'd, and refined,
Pour out the sweets as blessings for mankind."*

Abdallah was so delighted with the music, that, during the recital of the verses, he fancied himself in the enchanted island of Bertayl;† and could have

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* The above lines afford, upon the whole, a very favourable specimen of the Rabbi's abilities as a poet or versifier; and it strikes us, that they have certainly been before the public under another form prior to this time. Perhaps some of our readers may be able to recollect more particularly in what way they made their appearance formerly.—Ed.

† We wish that our learned correspondent had been a little more particular in his reference regarding the "enchanted island

wished the illusion to continue for ever. But now the strain ceased,—his instructor became silent,—and of a sudden rose into the air;—his body became transparent, and he disappeared by degrees like the morning star, which flies at the approach of Aurora.

Before his celestial visitor entirely disappeared, Abdallah felt as if he had touched his head with his caduceus or rod of authority; but, as the stroke was somewhat violent, he naturally awoke, and put his hand to his head to ascertain if all was right, when he found that the concussion was caused, not by the supposed caduceus or rod of the prophet, but by a large brick which had lost its situation and tumbled above him; so that Abdallah, the son of Abulfaid, may be said literally to have had *his head broken by a brick from the Tower of Babel.* And thus concludeth, most learned Wilfred, this

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of Bertayl," as, with all our research, we have not been able to ascertain any thing in respect to it. We are, perhaps, in the same predicament in regard to this island as a certain Irish prelate was when found studying "Gulliver's Travels" with a map before him; and being asked what it was that occupied his attention so much, he answered, with great simplicity, that he was in search of the island of Lilliput.—Ed.

delectable history, as well as my present epistle, by my subscribing myself

Your sincere friend,

I. N. O.

Alexandria, 27th of the month Iir, in the year 584.*

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* *i. e.* 22d May, 1824.—Ed.

No V.

Concerning a Journey which the Rabbi made to India—Bikram Dilwalee, a Rajpoot—Indian Castes —Story of Two Scribes—Of a Bear and a Gardener —The Clay and Rose, a Fragment, from Sâdee— Oriental Story-tellers.

My friend Mr Abraham Karkass, most erudite Wilfred, has informed me that you have travelled much, and have conversed a great deal with individuals of our nation in various parts of the Western World. On this account I conceive that you will take considerable pleasure in hearing the relation of the travels of others, and the observations that may be offered, particularly on the eastern parts of the world, which you have not as yet visited. I shall therefore, in a few of my subsequent epistles, give you an account of a journey and voyage which I myself made, a considerable time ago, into the land of Hindoostan and parts adjacent, which not only afforded

me an opportunity of observing many curious particulars in regard to the manners of mankind and the productions of Nature and Art; but gave me also occasion to acquire a considerable knowledge of those interesting languages, the Persian and Hindoostanee, which are in general use in the greater part of India.

But before proceeding to the account of my peregrination itself, I think it will not be amiss to inform you of the causes which prompted me to undertake an expedition into India.

Now, you may be well aware, most discreet Wilfred, that it was not the desire of making known my name as a conqueror which carried me into the regions beyond the Indus, as, you know, was the case with the founder of this our city of Alexandria, Secander Dulkarnein, that is to say, Alexander of the Two Horns,* or Alexander the Great, as, I believe,

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* "The Arabs retain both the name and the era of Alexander in their calendars, calling him always ذوالقرنين *Bicornis*; and Golius explains the true cause of this appellation. 'Arabes eum *Bicornem* vocant, non tam ob partum Orientis et Occidentis imperium, quàm *a cornutâ Alexandri effigie, nummis exhibitâ*, ut Jovis Ammonis filius agnosceretur.'"—Dr E. D. Clarke's *Travels*,

he is more commonly denominated in the West.—No; it was not the desire of dominion, but the desire of knowledge and of fame,—compatible at the same time, no doubt, with the desire of earning a few rupees by merchandising, as is always the commendable custom of mine own nation, in whatever country of our dispersion we may be. It was this desire, I asure you, and this alone, which induced me to forsake the literary society and other comforts that I enjoyed in the land of Egypt, and to adventure my safety through the midst of deserts, robbers, rocks, and waves, into the sultry plains of India.

Nor was my resolution taken without due consideration; for I must make known to you, my good friend, what you are perhaps not at all aware of, that I have not been by any means naturally of a wandering or unsettled disposition, as many true Israelites no doubt are; but, on the contrary, I have felt always an inclination rather to remain fixed than otherwise. I must tell you, then, that the main cause of my going to India was the brilliant conver-

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Part II., Sect. II., p. 248, Note. *Vide* NOBLE'S *Arabic Vocabulary*, p. 73.—ED.

sation and forcible arguments of a son of Brahma, who came into Egypt from India by the way of the Yam Soof,* in the military expedition which you have heard of, that came here under the command of the great man Daood Bayard Behadur.†

Ah Bikram Dilwalee! thou gallant Rajpoot!—

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* In Heb. *Yam Soof*, ים סוף, means the "Sea of Weeds," and is used to denote, properly, the western arm or gulf of what is now commonly called the Red Sea, anciently named the *Heroopolitan Gulf*, and now the *Gulf of Suez*. This gulf, together with the sea with which it communicates, the Greeks called Ερυθρα Θαλασσα, which is rendered in modern languages the *Red Sea*. "I am of opinion," says Mr Bruce, "that it certainly derived its name from *Edom*, long and early its powerful master, that word (אדום) signifying *Red* in Hebrew. It formerly went by the name of the Sea of *Edom* or *Idumea*; since, by that of the *Red Sea*. As for what fanciful people have said of any *redness* in the sea itself, or colour in the bottom, the reader may be assured all this is fiction, the Red Sea being in colour nothing different from the Indian or any other Ocean."—*Travels*, vol. i. p. 236.—Ed.

† *i. e.* Sir David Baird. "A corps of 7000 men, in four brigades, each consisting of a British European regiment and a battalion of Sepoys, some of whom came from Calcutta, reached the walls of Cairo, having (braved) the terrors of the Desert, as well as the dangerous navigation of the Red Sea. It is to be regretted that the capitulation of the French army in Egypt robbed these brave men of an opportunity to display their valour in the field; but the feats they did perform in this perilous march do honour to the Indian army, and ought never to be forgotten."—Vide *Asiatic Journal*, No CXXX. p. 427.—Ed.

sahibdili mun,*—where is now thy place of rest? Art thou now reclined by a *ghat*† of thy native Ganges, amid the citron groves of Kashee,‡ unmindful of thy pleasant companion of former times, Ishmael Nobilius Oleander?—Nay, him I know, thou dost not forget; whether the brazen tongue of War do rouse thee from thy noonday slumbers in the marshy plains of Ava, or whether, remote from the noise of the combat or the chase, thou art now, in thy own land, at ease inhaling the breath of the balmy zephyr, wafted from beds of hyacinths waving like thine own curling locks. Let me say, in the words of Hafiz,—

"Those locks of which every curl is worth a hundred musk-bags of China;

"They are indeed sweet; for in thee their fragrance is from sweetness of temper."

This native of Hindoostan of whom I speak, most courteous Wilfred, being by birth a Rajpoot,§ had

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* Pers. صاحب دل من *My intelligent friend.*—Ed.

† Hindoos. گهات a landing-place.—Ed.

‡ Benares.—Ed.

§ *i. e.* A gentleman or soldier. The Rajpoots, (راجپوت), litt. *sons of princes*, are reckoned the best soldiers in India; and hence the word is used in general to denote a *soldier*.—Ed.

been a soldier from his youth, and in this way had seen much both of men and things, and had acquired information on a variety of subjects. In his manners he exhibited the effects of good company, as well as the highness of his *caste*, being that of a Brahmin, as was shown by the three stripes of cotton thread* which he wore fastened like a shoulder-belt, reaching from the right shoulder to the left side, as is their custom.

In regard to what is meant by their caste,† you

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* This is worn in honour of Brahma, being intended to designate the three appearances of the Supreme Being, as *Maha Deva*, مہا دیوا, the Creator, *Vishnoo*, وشنو, the Preserver, and *Siva*, سو, the Destroyer, which constitutes what may be called the Trinity of the Hindoos.—Ed.

† "The Hindoos have from all antiquity been divided into four great tribes, each of which comprehends a variety of inferior castes. These tribes do not intermarry, eat, drink, or in any manner associate with one another, except when they worship at the temple of Jagga-nat, in Orissa, where it is held a crime to make any distinction. The first and most noble tribe are the Brahmins, who alone can officiate in the priesthood, like the Levites among the Jews. They are not, however, excluded from government, trade, or agriculture, though they are strictly prohibited from all menial offices by their laws. They derive their name from Brimha, (برہم God,) who, they allegorically say, produced the Brahmins from his head when he created the world.

"The second in order is the Sittri (چھتری) tribe, who are sometimes distinguished by the name of Kittri or Koytri. They,

do not need to be informed, most erudite Wilfred, that this is a matter in which they are extremely particular, as well as in regard to good company. In illustration of these circumstances, allow me to give you the two following short stories, which I have translated out of one of their books:—

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according to their original institution, ought to be all military men; but they frequently follow other professions. Brimha is said to have produced the Kittri from his heart, as an emblem of that courage which warriors should possess.

"The name of Beise or Bise (بیس) is given to the third tribe. They are for the most part merchants, bankers, and bunias (بنیا) or shopkeepers. These are figuratively said to have sprung from the belly of Brimha, the word Beish signifying a provider or nourisher. The fourth tribe is that of Sudder (سودر). They ought to be menial servants, and they are incapable to raise themselves to any superior rank. They are said to have proceeded from the feet of Brimha, in allusion to their low degree. But indeed it is contrary to the inviolable laws of the Hindoos, that any person should rise from an inferior caste into a higher tribe. If any therefore should be excommunicated from any of the four tribes, he and his posterity are for ever shut out from the society of every body in the nation, excepting that of the Harri (هاری) caste, who are held in utter detestation by all other tribes, and are employed only in the meanest and vilest offices."—*Vide* Dow's *Hist. of Hindostan*, pp. XXVIII., XXIX.—Ed.

THE TWO SCRIBES.

Two Kayuths,* skilful men that could read and write, sitting in a certain place, were disputing together. The one was saying that every man who is born of the highest caste must be both wise and clever; and the other was saying that it is from good company. A certain gentleman having seen them disputing, said to them,—"By this arguing the matter in debate between you will never be decided: it is better that in this affair you should choose some person as an umpire." This saying met with approbation from both of them, and, having gone to Rabbí Soordas,† each made known to him his own claim. Soordas, in answer to them, repeated the following couplet:—

"When the moon was in Arcturus, the drop that fell into a shell became a pearl,—that which fell on the plantain became camphor;

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* Hindoos. كايتهه *Scribes.*—Ed.

† The name of a Hindee poet and singer, who was blind; hence, a blind man is called *Soordas,* (سورداس), or, by way of abbreviation, *Soor,* (سور).—Ed.

"That which fell into the mouth of the black snake became poison: society is the splendour of the blind."

A BEAR AND A GARDENER.

THERE is a story that there was a certain gardener, who, being stricken with stupidity, contracted friendship with a bear; and always, whether in the garden or in the field, they two continued to be together. The bear also having contracted affection, showed great kindness to the gardener, even to such a degree, that when the gardener went to sleep he sat at the head of his bed, and kept driving away the flies from off his face.

One day, the gardener being asleep, a great many flies became assembled upon his face, and the bear, according to custom, having come, began to drive them away; but whatever flies he was causing move off from the one side, became immediately assembled upon the other. He became enraged at this circumstance, and took up a pretty large stone,

with this imagination, that he would crush the flies to death with it, and accordingly he struck with all his force upon the face of the gardener, so that in fact the head of that helpless creature was ground to powder.

From this one may see confirmed what intelligent men have said,—"That a knowing enemy is preferable to an ignorant friend. A knowing enemy who is in pursuit of one's life, is better than a friend who is ignorant."

From these, my respected friend, you will understand, that with them good *caste* and good company is every thing; and, as the subject is somewhat important, you may allow me to introduce the following beautiful little poem from the "Goolistan" of Sâdee on the effects of good company. In translating it from the Persian, I have attempted to preserve, as nearly as possible, the melodious simplicity and characteristic elegance of the original.

THE CLAY AND THE ROSE.

A FRAGMENT.

A piece of sweet-scented clay,*
In the bath one day,
Came to me from the hand of a friend;
When its odour delicious around me it threw,
And its pleasant appearance enraptured my view;—
Unto it I said,—
Of what art thou made,
That thou round my heart such pleasure canst send;
Art thou amber or musk, whose delightful perfume
Can thus all my senses with rapture consume?
Nay, it answered, in truth I am nothing by birth
But commonest clay dug out of the earth;
And if you would know how thus sweet I became,
I must tell you that lately I sat with a Rose;
His nature to me
Was joined as you see,
And soon all the qualities he can disclose
Were drawn and united thus into my frame:
If not, I had still been only the clay,
Which, as useless and vile, would be soon thrown away.

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* Pers. گل خوشبوي *Gili khooshboee*, a kind of *unctuous clay* which the Persians perfume with essence of roses, and use in the baths instead of soap.—Ed.

My friend Bikram Dilwalee acted so much in conformity to these considerations, that, during the whole time of his sojourning in the land of Egypt, which was a good many months, he contrived to keep himself very much secluded. At times indeed you might see him amongst the auditors in the coffee-room, hearkening with great soberness to the interminable iteration of some part of the "Elf leelut wa leelut,"* or some other equally redoubtable production of an Arab imagination, with which the orator *ex officio* entertains the multifarious frequenters of our caravanserais.

In speaking of these orators and their orations, it may not be amiss, before we proceed farther, to give you some account of the nature of their employment, and of the funds from which they draw the materials of their manufacture.

There can be no doubt, most sage Wilfred, that, amongst a people who are not fond of walking, and who have neither opportunity nor inclination for

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* In Arabic الف ليلة وليلة *a thousand nights and a night*, i. e. "The Arabian Nights' Entertainments."—Ed.

much reading, in the absence of proper theatricals the trade of a professed Story-teller must be a matter of no inconsiderable interest. A person of this sort, who can speak with good emphasis and discretion, whose action is easy to him, though expressive and emphatical, and whose countenance exhibits strong marks of eloquent expression;—such a person, reciting the choice productions of the most celebrated composers of Asia, must be the means of affording acceptable entertainment to the inhabitants of almost all the Oriental regions.*

Accordingly we find that this employment is patronised, more or less, by the entire population of the Eastern world, including the whole of Turkey, Tartary, Persia, Hindoostan, Arabia, Egypt, and Morocco; and I am told that something of the same kind is to be found also in some parts of Frangistan; the Story-teller being there denominated *Improvisatore* or *Improvisatrice.*

They are, in general, well remunerated in propor-

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* Our blessed Lord seems to have acted much in conformity to this Oriental practice in his general method of delivering his instructions in parables, &c.—Ed.

tion to their abilities and the degree of interest which their narration may excite; and there is a piece of art in his profession without which the Story-teller could scarcely contrive to live;—just as he gets to a most interesting part of the story, when he has wound the imagination of his auditors up to the highest climax of expectation, he purposely breaks off to make them eager for the rest.—I am,

Most learned Wilfred,

Your faithful friend,

I. N. O.

Alexandria, 12th of the month Sivan, in the year 584.*

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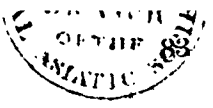
* *i. e.* 5th June, 1824.—Ed.



No VI.

Funds of Oriental Story-telling — The "Arabian Nights' Entertainments"—Lokman—The Fable or Parable—Meerkhond—Bidpai or Pilpai—Account of his Work, and the different Translations of it—The Brahmuns—General Remark on Eastern Fables—Æsop—Sâdee.

THE Story-teller, most courteous Wilfred, is sure to have all the former company the next day, with additional numbers, who come on their report; and he makes his terms to finish the story.

In regard to the funds from which they derive their materials, you are, no doubt, aware, my learned friend, that the stories of the "Elf leelut wa leelut," *i. e.* "The thousand nights and a night," afford by far the most common subjects of declamation. A part of these has been translated long ago, I believe, into the language of the Franks, and is

well known in the Western World by the name of "The Arabian Nights' Entertainments."*

Some learned men are of opinion that these celebrated productions were composed by Lokman, the well-known Arabian philosopher and moralist ;† but this, I think, can hardly be the case, as it is more than probable that the sage Lokman belonged to a

* We may well say, in the words of the preface to the French edition of the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments,"—"It is unnecessary to prepossess the reader respecting the merit and beauty of the tales contained in this work. They convey their own commendation; and need but be read, to establish the opinion, that no production of this nature, so entertaining, has hitherto appeared in any language.

"In effect, what could be more ingenious than the composition of so prodigious a body of tales, of which the variety is surprising; and the connexion so admirable, that they appear to have formed a regular division of the ample collection from which they have been taken. I say *ample collection*, for the original Arabian, which is entitled '*The Thousand and One Nights*,' contains thirty-six parts, and it is only a translation of the first that is now given to the public. The name of the author of this great work is unknown; but probably it was not all effected by a single hand; for how can we believe that one man could have an imagination sufficiently fertile to produce so many and such interesting fictions?" —Ed.

† Lokman is said, in the Eastern histories, to have been the inventor of *gunpowder*; and, however strange it may appear, it is an undoubted fact, that *guns* and *gunpowder* are mentioned by Oriental historians as being in use many hundred years before such things were heard of in Christendom.—Ed.

much more ancient era.* His history, indeed, is quite uncertain; but it is asserted that he was of a servile condition, his trade being that of a tailor, a carpenter, or a shoemaker; that he was by birth an Abyssinian, and was sold as a slave to the Israelites during the reign of David or of Solomon, (on whom be peace.) However this may be, it is certain that his name is held in veneration over almost all the East; and his Fables, Apologues, and Proverbs, are deservedly held in high estimation by almost all the nations of the known world.

There is no need of going far to prove the great use of this way of conveying instruction by fables. The fable or parable recorded in our sacred books of the trees choosing themselves a king, is a sufficient testimony of the ancient honour done to this allegorical way of writing. And since that time our nation

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* The time when "The Arabian Nights' Entertainments" were composed, may be guessed at from what is said in the "*Story of the Lame Young Man of Bagdad,*" where the time is mentioned, incidentally, as being in the 653d year of the Hejira, the common epoch of the Mahommedans, which answers to the year 1255 from the nativity of Christ; whence we may conjecture, that these tales were composed in Arabia, or more probably in Egypt, about that time.—Ed.

have so continued this manner of expressing their sense, and unfolding their doctrines, that the esteem they had it in cannot be concealed from those who have perused their writings. In the books of the *Talmud, Bereshit, Rabba, Zohar*, &c. they make the waters, mountains, trees, and even the letters themselves speak; and, besides what we have also in the *Pirke Avoth* or *Chapters of the Fathers*, the parables of the sage *Sandhaber* are still extant in the Hebrew.

The rest of the Orientals have in this followed the example of the Hebrews. The Egyptians and Nubians, as already mentioned, have their Lokman; the most ancient of all the wise men of the nations, since Ameer Khondshah,* in his first volume, makes

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* Ameer Khondshah, called also, by contraction, Meerkhond or Khondemeer, was a very celebrated Persian historian, author of a universal history entitled *Khalassat Alakhbar*, خلاصة الاخبار *i. e.* "The Essence of Intelligence." About the year 904 of the Hejira, the Emir Ali Sheer having, with great care and expense, collected a very fine library, he gave the charge and direction of it to Meerkhond, who forthwith set himself to take advantage of such a rich deposit. His work is divided into twelve parts, comprehending the History of the World from the Creation; the Lives of the Prophets and Learned Men; of the kings of Persia, and other

him contemporary with David the king, (on whom be peace). The Indians have the no less celebrated BIDPAI,* whose fables are among many of the Eastern nations at this time universally read, and esteemed an inestimable treasure of knowledge and instruction.

This Bidpai was an Indian philosopher, a man of high rank in that nation, and of great renown for his wisdom throughout all the East. He was of that sect which the natives of those places call *Brahmuns;* a name like that of the Magi, expressing that those who are honoured with it are persons of extraordinary learning and wisdom.†

Princes, the most ancient in the World; of Mahomet and the Khalifs, his successors; of the Invincible Emperor and Conqueror of the World, Tamerlane; and, finally, a particular history and description of the city of Herat, his native place, the capital of Khorasan. His history finishes with the year 875 of the Hejira, A.D. 1471, under the reign of the Sultan Behadinkhan, third grandson of Tamerlane.—ED.

* "Bidpai et Pilpai, Philosophe Indien, Visir de Dabschelim, ancien Roi des Indes, et l'Auteur du *Testament de Huschenk*, second Roi de Perse, de la première dynastie. Ce livre, qui a changé plusieurs fois de nom, est le même que *Giavidan Khird, Homai Homaiun Namé, Kalilah va Damnah et Anvar Sohaili.*" *Vide* D'Herbelot, *Bibliothèque Orientale.*—ED.

† The Brahmuns, or sacred men, are also called *Bŏŏtts* (بت)

As you are, no doubt, aware, my learned Patron, that the fables of Bidpai, under various titles, have been long extant in various parts of the world, and, next to the "*Elf leelut wa leelut*," constitute the most important source of Oriental story-telling, you may allow me to give here some account of the author and his work.

This renowned philosopher composed his book of fables when he governed a part of Hindoostan under the sovereignty of the most potent monarch, Dabschelim. Bidpai has displayed all his wisdom in this work; and, according to the custom of the

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from their *idols*, of which that is the name. They touch no animal food; are very healthy, but not strong bodied; whilst their taste and other senses are much quicker than in men who eat much flesh. Several Indian tribes live almost altogether on rice and vegetables. The wisdom of the Brahmuns is famed, and their skill is admirable in secret remedies of many diseases. They have many fine moral precepts; but adopt many monstrous absurdities, as the thousand forms under which the God Vishnou is pretended to have appeared,—their pagods or idols being in as many fantastical shapes,—the wars of the god Ram, the virtues of the cow Camdoga, &c. It is a mistake that the Brahmuns are the *Gymnosophists* of the ancients: these are the *Jogees* (جوگی), who still pray almost naked,—torture themselves out of vanity and superstition,—and wander in forests, pretending to assiduous contemplation. *Vide* Grose's *Travels*.—Ed.

Eastern people, who never teach but in parables, he here lays before all the kings and princes the best and wisest methods of governing their subjects, couched under the disguise of histories of things which happened among birds and beasts, as well as those of his own species.

This work constitutes what is called the Kartaka-Damnaka of the Brahmuns, and the Kalila-wa Damna of the Arabians. It was originally written in the Sanscrit; was first translated into Pehluvee or ancient Persic, from that into Arabic, and next into Persian, all in the manner as followeth:—

The Emperor Dabschelim having for a long time kept this work as a great secret, left it as a most sacred treasure to his successors; and being presented by the Brahmuns to their several rajahs, as containing the choicest treasures of wisdom and the perfectest rules for governing a people, it was kept by them with the greatest secrecy and care. About the time of Mahomet's birth, *i. e.* the latter part of the sixth century of your era, Nousheervan, surnamed the Just, who then reigned in Persia, and was a person of great wisdom and curiosity, discovered a strong inclination to see that book. For

this purpose, one Burzuvia, a physician, who had showed a surprising talent in learning divers languages, particularly the *Sanscrit*, was employed by him to procure a copy, and accordingly having gone to India, after some years' stay and great trouble, Burzuvia procured it. It was translated into the Pehluvee language by him and Buzrjumehr, the *Vizier*;* and Nousheervan ever after, as well as all his successors, the Persian kings, had this book in high esteem, and took the greatest care to keep it secret.

Many ages after this, the Arabians, after they had conquered the finest provinces of the East, and began to polish the rudeness of their manners with the ornaments of learning, not only endeavoured to render their language copious and delightful, but invited into their country the most wise and learned persons of all the nations of the world, to whom they gave great rewards for translating the most re-

* The Arabic, وزير *Vizier* means the prince's deputy or prime minister, who manages the commonwealth for him, and exercises authority in his stead; from the verb وزر, which signifies *to sustain a burden*, and *to be laden with guilt*.—Ed.

markable books of every country. At this time, Abou Giafar Almansour, who was the second *Khalif** of the Abasside dynasty, by great search got a copy of Bidpai in the Pehluvee language, and ordered the *Imam*,† Hassan Abdalla Mokaffa, who was the most learned man of that age, to translate it into Arabic. This prince ever after made it his guide not only in affairs relating to the government, but in private life also.

In the year 380 of the Hejira, the Sultan Mahmood of Ghazi put it into verse; and afterwards in the year 515, by order of Behram Shah ben‡ Massaood, that which Abdalla Mokaffa had translated was re-translated into Persic by Aboul Mala Nasser Allah; and this is that *Kalila Ḍamna* which is now extant. As this latter had too many Arabic verses and obsolete phrases in it, Molana Ali ben Hossein Vaez, surnamed Casheſi, at the request of the

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* Arabic, خالف *Khalif* means *successor*, particularly the successors of Mahomet in the imperial dignity.—Ed.

† Arabic, امام *Imam* means a *prelate* or *chief priest*.—Ed.

‡ Arabic ابن *Ibn* Heb. בן *Ben*, means *Son*.—Ed.

*Emir** Soheli, keeper of the seals to the Sultan Hossein Mirza, put it into a more modern style, in fourteen beautiful chapters, and gave it the name of *Anvar Soheli.*†

In the year of the Hejira 1002, the Great *Moghul*‡ Jalal Odin Mohammed Akbar, ordered his own Secretary and Vizier, the learned Aboul Fazl, to illustrate the obscure passages, abridge the long digressions, and put it into such a style as would be most familiar to all capacities; which he accordingly did, and gave it the name of *Ayar Danish,*§ or "The Touchstone of Knowledge."

Such, my most learned Patron, are the accounts which I have been able to collect concerning that celebrated work "The Fables of Bidpai." Nor should we omit to mention in this place, that the

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* Arabic امير *Emir* means *a lord* or *chief;* from امر *to command.*—Ed.

† Arabic انوار سهيلي *Lights of Soheli* or *Canopus.*—Ed.

‡ The emperors of Hindoostan take the title of *Great Moghul* from Timour the Tartar, commonly called Tamerlane, who extended his conquests towards India in 1402; and one of his sons with an army of Moghul Tartars conquered Hindoostan in 1420. —Ed.

§ Persic عيار دانش.

learned Bezourg Ommed, in his answers to the Sultan Khosroo upon the most intricate doubts and puzzling questions, while he makes use of these Fables, gives a lasting proof of their value and utility.

Indeed we may observe upon this subject in general, that one of the reasons which obliged the Eastern people to make use of fables in their instructions and admonitions was, that the monarchs being for the most part absolute, their subjects were always restrained from freedom of speech. The result of which was, that, being an ingenious people, they found out this way whereby they might be able, without exposing their lives to eminent danger, to inform and advise their Princes of what most nearly concerned the welfare both of themselves and their subjects, and instruct them, without giving offence, in the paths of virtue, honour, and true glory. Of this we have a very apposite example in our sacred books, where the holy man Nathan (on whom be peace) rebukes David the King, by means of the Parable of the Poor Man and his Ewe-lamb.

The esteem for this manner of writing was afterwards so great in the world, that the Greeks be-

came imitators of the Eastern nations in it. This cannot be doubted by any, since the Greeks themselves acknowledge that they derived this sort of learning from Æsop, who was an Oriental.*

Next to Lokman and Bidpai, the name of SADEE is most deservedly held in estimation by the orators

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* The whole history of Æsop seems to be a fiction, founded, most probably, upon that of Lokman. The name indeed appears to be taken from that of the wise man ASAF, or ASAPH, who is much celebrated by the Oriental writers; and any man of distinguished good character is by them honoured with the title of "the Asaf of his day."

"The vizier Asaf was the prime minister of King Solomon, and is always spoken of by the Mussulmans as a pattern of sound policy; his wisdom, during the time that his master had lost the mystic ring, is highly spoken of. He is the same perhaps to whom King David addressed some of his Psalms."—*Vide* NOTT'S *Hafez*, p. 67.

We shall conclude what we have to say on the history of the redoubted ÆSOP, with the following quotation, taken from "The Edinburgh Review," vol. ix. p. 321.

"Æsop's Fables were written by Planudes, a monk of the fourteenth century. They were received as authentic till the seventeenth century, when Father Vavassor discovered that Æsop, in his supposed Life, is frequently made to quote *Euripides*, who was not born till near a century after his death; and that the Fables not only speak of the *Piræus* by a name which it did not receive till the days of Themistocles, but also anticipate the very words of a religious observation which may be found in the 6th verse of the 4th chapter of St James's Epistle.

"Maximus Planudes was thus one of the first and most successful authors of literary forgery."—ED.

of the East. The works of this sublime poet and beautiful story-teller, which are well known, are the "Goolistan,"* the "Bostan,"† and the "Pund Nameh."‡ These are all upon moral subjects, and are written with all the elegance of the Persian language. I am,

Most learned Wilfred,

Your faithful friend,

I. N. O.

Alexandria, 30th of the month Sivan, in the year 584.§

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* Persian, گلستان, *Rose-Garden.*—Ed.

† Persian, بستان, *Orchard.*—Ed.

‡ Persian, پند نامه, *Book of Ethics.*—Ed.

§ *i. e.* 23d June, 1824.—Ed.

No VII.

Notice of the Life of Sâdee—His Termagant Wife—Anagram on the Year of his Death—Nakhshebi's Tooti Nameh, or "Tales of a Parrot"—Specimen of a Story-teller's Manner—Effect of his Exhibition on the Audience—Commencement of the Rabbi's Intercourse with the Rajpoot—Story of Cassem the Miser of Bagdad—Fable of the Miser and Magpie—Anecdote of the Khalif Hesham.

THE celebrated Persian poet, Sheikh Musluhuddeen Sâdee Sheerazee, most erudite Wilfred, as you will observe is implied in his last cognomen, was born at Sheeraz, the birthplace also of HAFIZ, about the end of the fifth century of the Hejira. He travelled a good deal into other countries for the sake of acquiring knowledge, and had the misfortune to be made captive by the Crusaders, who set him to work upon the fortifications of Tripoli. He was ransomed from this degrading situation by a merchant, whose daughter he married; but with her he appears

not to have enjoyed so much happiness as might have been wished, as he pathetically mentions his hard case in some parts of his works, for the consolation of henpecked husbands in general. "Let the galled jade wince, most courteous Wilfred, I think your Honour and I are free." Poets, as well as other great men, have not unfrequently been unfortunate in this respect; but the celebrated Hafiz is thought to have been an exception. It is said that he was at some time married, most probably in the early part of life, to a very amiable woman, whose death he tenderly regrets in many of his verses. An ode of his on this subject has the following passage:—"Blest with such a wife, it was my desire to pass my latest days with her; but our wishes do not always keep pace with our power of accomplishing them. Worthy of a happier state than to live with me, she fled to that society of celestial beings from whom she derived her origin."

Very different, however, is poor Sâdee's account of his helpmate, as may be gathered from the following narrative, which I have translated out of the Persian, as it occurs in the second section of his "Goolistan."

"HAVING once become tired of the society of my friends at Damascus, I set my head into the desert of the Holy Land, and took up my companionship with the wild animals, till a time when I was taken in captivity by the Franks. They put me in the ditch of Trablus,* to labour in the clay along with the Jews. One of the merchants of Haleb,† who had a preceding intimacy with me, happened to pass by, and, having recognised me, said, 'What kind of condition is this you are in, and what kind of accident has happened you?' I said—

A FRAGMENT.‡

"I fled from men to the mountains and the desert,

"For from God there was not to me accomplishment in any other way:

* Tripoli. † Aleppo.

‡ In every sort of literary composition, even in dry chronicles, frigid annals, &c., it is very rare that the Oriental writers do not gratify their taste by quoting fragments of poetry, sometimes long and sometimes short, which serve either as authorities for facts, as ornaments of style, or as a relaxation to their readers.—ED.

" You may lay it down as a rule, that whatever my state at this moment is,

" When I am in bondage with those who are no men, it was necessary for me so to do.

A COUPLET.

' One's feet in fetters in the presence of friends,
Is better than to be in an orchard with strangers.'

" He took pity on my condition, and having, for ten *dinars*,* procured my release from the captivity of the Franks, he took me with him to Haleb. He had a daughter. He brought me into the bond of matrimony with her, with a marriage-portion of a hundred *dinars*. When some time had passed the daughter became ill-dispositioned, and began to use a contentious countenance, and a disobedient long tongue, and to hold my life in thraldom, according as they have said—

POETRY.

A bad woman in the habitation of a good man,
Even in this world is a hell to him;
Beware, O! beware of connexion with the bad!
Yea do thou O our Lord! keep us from the torment of the fire.

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* Ar. دِينَار, a gold coin, in value about nine shillings. Hence, Spanish *Dinero* money.—Ed.

" One time, having made long her malicious tongue, she said to me, ' Thou art only such a thing that my father, for ten *dinars,* purchased thee back from the captivity of the Franks.'—" Yes," said I, " for ten *dinars* he purchased me back, and for a hundred *dinars* he put me into thraldom in thy hand—

POETRY.

I have heard that a great man once set free
A sheep from the mouth and paws of a wolf;
At night he applied the knife to its throat:
The spirit of the sheep complained against him thus,—
' How is it that thou hast ravished me from the claws of the wolf,
When I see in the end that thou art a wolf to me thyself?' "

Sâdee died at a very advanced age, and was buried at Sheeraz, in the year of the Hejira 692;* which date is expressed in the following Arabic *anagram,* viz. ملک الشعرا, *i. e.* " King of the Poets," thus :—

م	in numbers denotes		40
ل	-	-	30
ک	-	-	20

* *i. e.* About A.D. 1258.—Ed.

ا	in numbers	denotes	1
ل	-	-	30
ش	-	-	300
ع	-	-	70
ر	-	-	200
ا	-	-	1
			692

The only other fund of story-telling materials which we may enumerate at present, most learned Wilfred, is the famous work called "Tooti Nameh,"* which was written by a native of Nakhsheb, a city of Transoxania, who in consequence got the surname of NAKHSHEBI.

In this book the whole discourse is feigned to have passed betwixt a parrot and her Mistress, whose husband had gone on a journey to a distant country. The artful tricks and ingratitude of women are here laid open by an account of several

* Persian, طوطي نامه, "Tales of a Parrot."—ED.

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curious and surprising intrigues which the parrot relates every night, in order to divert the time, and bring on the morning, to prevent the lady's going to her gallant until her husband's return.*

Such are the observations which I judged necessary to make, most intelligent Seignior, concerning the Story-tellers and the materials of their manufacture. To these, the designation of "the web of those who twist the ringlets,—idol of Indian extraction,—characterized by inflaming and blandishment, —bitter-worded, sweetly accented,"†—may not unaptly be applied.

I shall now resume the thread of my discourse by mentioning, that it was on one of these occasions, after the Story-teller had broken off in the

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* The Rabbi might have mentioned here also the collection of Persian tales which is well known under the title of "The Thousand and One Days;" being evidently an imitation of the more celebrated "Thousand and One Nights." Some of them indeed are not unworthy of being put in competition with those famous productions.—Ed.

† Persian,

تار زلف پیچان—بت هندي نژاد—عشوه وناز
نگار—تلخ گو—شیرین کلام

middle of his narration, when he had been entertaining the company with a very curious, interesting, and comical story,—the subject of which was avarice, the hero a miser of the name of Cassem,—that I observed amongst the rest the intelligent countenance of the Rajpoot, who, although he did not understand Arabic sufficiently to follow the course of the narrative accurately, yet comprehended enough to perceive that the story was extremely interesting. The misery and avarice of Cassem were represented by the orator as bringing him into a variety of scrapes which wasted his wealth; and his character was drawn with such strength and colouring, and marked with such grotesque lines of humour,—he related it, moreover, with so much wit, in such admirable language, and embellished and enforced with such appropriate action, utterance, and emphasis,—that it rivetted the attention of all his auditors, and extorted laughter even from Turkish gravity. In the height and torrent of his speech, however, he broke suddenly off, as is their custom, scampered out of the door, and disappeared.*

* In describing this scene, the Rabbi seems to have taken the

I saw that Bikram Dilwalee was deeply interested with the story; and as the orator was scarcely gone when the room was filled with the buzz of conversation, the company first applauding the historian, and then beginning to discuss his story, which they one and all agreed in praising highly; and when they came to talk of the probable issue of the sequel of it, there were almost as many opinions as there were men in company; each maintained his own, and they went to loggerheads; so that the buzz began to grow loud, and soon increased into clamour. In the midst of this scene of confusion, I took an opportunity of addressing myself to the Rajpoot, who, with the exception of myself, appeared to be the only sober person present, as the rest had all got into that amusing sort of condition when the whole are *talkers* and none *hearers*.

Bikram Dilwalee was agreeably surprised when I accosted him in Hindoostanee; for be it known to thee, my most learned Patron, I had even at that time made no inconsiderable progress in the study

liberty of using the language which is employed in describing a similar one in the "Narrative of Campbell's Shipwreck and Adventures," p. 69.—Ed.

of that dialect, which, you know, is the most generally useful of all the thirty languages of India, and forms, indeed, the common vehicle of colloquial communication throughout the greater part of that extensive country. We retired into a porch of the caravanserai, and, after some conversation, it was agreed upon, that the Rajpoot, waiving all prejudices, should take a cup of genuine Mocha with me in my own house, after tambour beating in the evening; and I promised that whilst our *hooqqus* * were in employment, I would read and translate to him, out of the Arabic original, the whole story of Cassem the Miser, which, even in an imperfect state, had already afforded him a considerable degree of amusement.

Accordingly, most discreet Wilfred, you may now suppose us, Hebrew and Hindoo, Rabbi and Rajpoot, seated together on the carpet of friendship; and, after having drank of the sherbet of courtesy, sweetened with the sugar of contentment, whilst employed in inhaling the fumes of exhilaration from

* Arabic, حقّة, a pipe.—Ed.

the *hooqqu* of sociability, I open the volume of the Arabian sage,—one of my never-to-be-forgotten *manuscripts*,—and read the "Story of Cassem, or Avarice properly Rewarded," as follows :—

There dwelt at Bagdad, an old merchant, named Abou Cassem, noted for his avarice. Although he was very rich, his clothes were nothing but patches and rags ; his turband was of the coarsest cloth, and so dirty that it was difficult to distinguish the colour. But, of his whole dress, his *papooshes** were what merited most the attention of the curious ; the soles were armed with large nails, and the upper leathers were an assemblage of botches ; the famous ship Argo had not so many pieces in it ; and ever since they had been *papooshes*, which was about ten years, the most skilful cobblers in all Bagdad had exhausted their ingenuity to keep them together. They were even become so heavy that they passed into a proverb ; and when any one wanted to express a thing that was remarkably clumsy, Cassem's *papooshes* were always the object of comparison.

* Persian, پاپوش, slippers.—Ed.

One day, this merchant was walking in the *bazar*,* when an offer was made him of a large quantity of crystal, of which he made an advantageous purchase; and hearing some days after that a perfumer, whose affairs were in a ruinous state, had some excellent rose-water to sell, which was his last resource, he instantly took advantage of the poor man's misfortunes, and bought his rose-water for half the value. This new bargain put him into good humour; however, instead of giving an entertainment to his neighbours, according to the custom of the merchants of the East, when they have made a fortunate purchase, he found it more convenient to go to the public baths, where he had not been for a long time. As he was undressing, a person whom he took to be his friend, for the covetous rarely have any real ones, told him that his *papooshes* were the ridicule of the whole city, and that he ought to buy a new pair. "I have thought of it a long time," replied Cassem; "however, they are not yet so bad but they may serve a little longer." During this

* Persian, بازار, the public market of the city.—Ed.

conversation he was quite undressed, and retired to the bath.

While he was bathing, the Kazee of Bagdad came likewise to bathe;—Cassem, coming out before the Judge, passed first into the dressing-room, and having put on his clothes, he sought in vain for his *papooshes*, in the room of which he discovered a new pair. Our avaricious merchant, persuaded, because he wished it so, that the person who had just rebuked him about his old slippers, had made him a present of the new pair, put them on his feet without hesitation, and quitted the place, overjoyed at the thought of being saved the expense of buying.

When the Kazee had done bathing, the slaves looked about for their master's *papooshes*, instead of which they could only find a vile old pair, which were readily known to be Cassem's; the Kazee's officers went directly in search of the suspected thief, and finding him with the stolen effects upon him, after exchanging the *papooshes*, the Kazee sent him to prison; and as he was reputed to be as rich as he was covetous, he was obliged to compromise the matter with the Kazee, by the payment of a considerable sum of money.

On his return home, the afflicted Cassem, for very spite, threw his slippers into the Tygris, which ran under his windows. Some days afterwards a fisherman, pulling up his net, found it heavier than usual, which was owing to the weight of the *papooshes*, the nails of which had caught hold of his net, and broke several of the meshes. The poor fisherman, enraged at Cassem and his slippers, took it into his head to fling them in at the windows; and he threw them with such force that he overset the crystal vases which decorated the cornices and mantel-piece of the room, and one of them likewise struck the bottle containing the rose-water, and dashed it to pieces.

Figure to yourself, if you can, the agonies of Cassem, on beholding this scene of devastation. "Cursed *papooshes*," exclaimed the covetous wretch, tearing his beard, "you shall not do me any farther mischief." So saying, he took up a spade, repaired to his garden, and dug a hole to bury them. One of his neighbours who, for a considerable time, had owed him an ill office, seeing him turning up the ground, ran to the governor and acquainted him that Cassem had just dug up a hidden treasure in

his garden. This was sufficient to arouse the cupidity of the commandant, and our miser in vain remonstrated, assuring him that he had not discovered any gold, but was only burying his cursed slippers; the governor had made sure of money, and the unfortunate Cassem could not obtain his liberty without giving a handsome present.

The distracted old man gave his *papooshes* most heartily to the devil, and went and threw them into an aqueduct at a great distance from the city, imagining that he should hear no more of them; but the devil, who had not done playing his tricks with him, directed them to the conduit of the aqueduct, by which means they intercepted the current of the waters and caused an inundation in the adjoining gardens. The owners, on discovering the cause, took the slippers to the Kazee, and demanded satisfaction for the damages they had occasioned. The unhappy master of them was once more committed to prison, and condemned to pay a fine which amounted to a larger sum than the two former ones together. After which, the Kazee, who would by no means detain his property, restored to him his choice *papooshes*.

Cassem, that he might be finally delivered from all farther harm from the slippers, now determined to burn them; but, as they had imbibed a great deal of water, he set them on the terrace at the top of his house to dry by the sun.—But fortune had not yet exhausted her quiver against the unlucky man, and she now dealt him a more cruel stroke than all the rest. A young dog in the next house, perceiving the slippers, leapt from his master's terrace over to Cassem's, seized one of them in his mouth, and played his gambols with it, till at last he let it fall over the parapet, and, unhappily, it alighted on the head of a woman with child, who was passing along the street before Cassem's door. Fear, added to the violence of the blow, made the poor woman miscarry. Her husband carried his complaint to the Kazee, and Cassem was condemned to make him a recompense proportioned to the injury he had done his wife.

Upon this fresh misfortune, our miser ran home, and, taking his *papooshes* in his hand, he once more repaired to the Kazee,—"Behold! my Lord," said he, with an impetuosity which diverted the Judge, "the instruments of all my sufferings; these cursed

papooshes have reduced me to poverty; deign, therefore, to publish a decree, that I may not be made responsible for the ills they will doubtless occasion hereafter." The Kazee could not refuse this reasonable petition; and Cassem at length, by dear-bought experience, learned the fatal effects of vile avarice.

"Yes," said Bikram, as I concluded the story, and furnished my *hooqqu* with a fresh *chilum*,* —"Avarice is, indeed, a vile affection, and it is not less violent than vile when once it obtains complete possession of the mind. "A religious man who is avaricious," says the Persian proverb, "is no better than a highway robber." Indeed, in some respects, he is perhaps worse; for the miser cannot find resolution in his vile heart to do good either to himself or to the world with his money, which thus, in a manner, becomes useless to all. "As a miser sat at his desk," says the fable of Frangistan, "counting over his heaps of gold, a magpie, eloping from his cage, picked up a guinea and hopped away with it. The miser miss-

* Hindoos. چلم A charge for the pipe.—Ed.

ing the piece, observed the felon hiding it in a crevice. 'And art thou,' cried he, 'that worst of thieves who hast robbed me of my gold, without the plea of necessity, and without regard to its proper use? But thy life shall atone for so preposterous a villany.' 'Soft and fair, good master,' quoth the magpie, 'have I injured you more than you have injured the public?—and am I not using your money as you yourself do?—If I must lose my life for hiding a guinea, what do you deserve for hiding thousands?' "

"In what a miserable condition is that man placed, like the *Juk* at a sepulchre,* whose mind is entirely occupied with the low desire of hoarding up the unsatisfying and evanescent treasures of the earth, which misfortune at any time, and death at last, will infallibly remove for ever from his grasp! Al Makin, an Arabian author, has related, as you have perhaps read, that Hesham, the fifteenth Kha-

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* Hindoos. جک.—When treasure, &c. is buried, an animal (sometimes a man) is killed and buried with it as a guard. This animal is called *Juk*, and receives orders to allow no one else to take up the treasure, &c. (*Metaphorically*) A miser, called also جک کا گماشتہ *Juk ka goŏmāshtu*, i. e. *Juk's factor*.—Ed.

lif of the Saracens, was an able statesman, active and industrious; but he was avaricious, and seldom withheld by justice from robbing his people. The historian mentions that never Khalif was possessed of as much tapestry, nor of so many robes and garments. Six hundred camels were employed to carry his wardrobe, of which a thousand girdles and ten thousand shirts constituted a part. Waled, his nephew, ambitious of reigning, had not patience till death should make way for him. Having received certain intelligence that Hesham was past recovery, he despatched some of his confidants to Damascus, that they might take possession of the royal treasure in his name. One day, Hesham having got a little respite, called for a sum out of his treasury, which he wanted to dispose of. Finding that access was refused, he exclaimed in deep concern,—'Oh God! have I been amassing wealth all my life, not for myself, but for Waled?' These were his last words, for grief and indignation broke his heart. He was scarce dead when his house was plundered so effectually that none of the utensils necessary for washing his body, according to proper custom, were left. This prince, so uncommonly fond of hoard-

ing, left this world in as great want of necessaries as the most wretched of his subjects."

I am,

Most learned Wilfred,

Your faithful friend,

I. N. O.

Alexandria, 17th of the month Tamuz, in the year 584.*

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* *i. e.* 10th July, 1824.—Ed.

No VIII.

The Subject of Avarice continued—Abdallah, or Ingratitude Punished; an Arabian Tale.

You may be well assured, most discreet Wilfred, that I was not a little surprised, as well as pleased, to hear my new acquaintance the Rajpoot talk so sensibly on the subject of avarice. "You seem to be clearly of opinion," said I, "that a person who is possessed of a greedy, grasping disposition must always be but a very indifferent member of society. Indeed I have ever been of the same opinion myself, having in my intercourse with mankind,—peradventure even sometimes amongst those of my own nation,—seen innumerable examples of the baneful effects resulting from vile avarice. Self-love may no doubt in some cases be productive of virtue to a certain extent; but when it degenerates into the

unrestrained indulgence of self-interest, and a seeking after worldly advantage, regardless of what may be due to the interest of others, it then becomes not only despicable but obnoxious in the extreme.

" In farther illustration of this subject, if your time permitted, I might read, for your amusement, out of the work of this same sage Arabian, the entertaining story of ' Abdallah, or Ingratitude Punished.'

" Indeed," replied Bikram, " I accept of your proposal with pleasure; as I have been always of opinion, that leisure time could not be more profitably, or more agreeably employed than in listening to the instructions of the Excellent of time and the Perfected of ages, especially when their lessons are conveyed under the form of amusing narratives. And after you have read the history of Abdallah, I shall, if leisure permit, conclude the subject by reciting to you the story of ' The Avaricious Punished ;' a narrative which I heard from a native of Circassia, in which country the circumstance took place."

As I had nothing to urge in opposition to the desires of the Rajpoot so plainly expressed, I pro-

ceeded without farther preface to read from the soul-perfuming page of the august philosopher, marked with excellence,—brilliant in understanding,—of enlightened mind,—skilful in subtleties,—the receptacle of discernment,—the cream of wise men,—and Asaf of the time, as follows :—

INGRATITUDE PUNISHED.

A TALE.*

A DURWESH, venerable by his age, fell ill in the house of a woman who had been long a widow, and lived in extreme poverty in the suburbs of Balsora. He was so touched with the care and zeal with which she had assisted him, that at his departure he said to her, " I have remarked that you have wherewith

* Some of our readers may no doubt have seen this, and others of the Tales which the Rabbi introduces into his Essays, elsewhere; but as he seems to have made his selection of Stories with considerable care, and not quite in the ordinary way, we have judged proper to give the whole of them without making any curtailment.—ED.

to support yourself alone, but that you have not subsistence enough to share it with your only son, the young Abdallah. If you will trust him to my care, I will endeavour to acknowledge in his person, the obligations I have to you for your care of me."

The good woman received his proposal with joy, and the Durwesh departed with the young man, advertising her that they must perform a journey which would last nearly two years. As they travelled, he kept him in affluence, gave him excellent instructions, cured him of a dangerous disease with which he was attacked,—in fine, took the same care of him as if he had been his own son. Abdallah a hundred times testified his gratitude to him for all his bounties; but the old man always answered, "My son, it is by actions that gratitude is proved; we shall see in a proper time and place whether you are so grateful as you pretend."

One day, as they continued their travels, they found themselves in a solitary place, and the Durwesh said to Abdallah, "My son, we are now at the end of our journey. I shall employ my prayers to obtain from heaven, that the earth may open and make an entrance wide enough to permit thee to

descend into a place where thou wilt find one of the greatest treasures that the earth encloses in her bowels. Hast thou courage to descend into this subterranean vault?" continued he. Abdallah swore to him he might depend upon his obedience and zeal. Then the Durwesh lighted a small fire, into which he cast a perfume; he read and prayed for some moments, after which the earth opened, and he said to the young man, "Thou mayest now enter, my dear Abdallah; remember that it is in thy power to do me a great service, and that this is perhaps the only opportunity thou canst ever have of testifying to me that thou art not ungrateful. Do not let thyself be dazzled by all the riches that thou wilt find there; think only of seizing upon an iron candlestick with twelve branches, which thou wilt find close to a door; that is absolutely necessary to me; come up immediately and bring it to me."

Abdallah promised every thing, and descended boldly into the vault.—But forgetting what had been expressly recommended to him, whilst he was filling his vest and his bosom with the gold and jewels, which this subterranean vault enclosed in prodigious heaps, the opening by which he had en-

tered closed of itself. He had, however, presence of mind enough to seize upon the iron candlestick which the Durwesh had so strongly recommended to him; and though the situation he was in was very terrible, he did not abandon himself to despair. Thinking only in what manner he should get out of a place which might become his grave, he apprehended that the vault had only closed because he had not followed the orders of the Durwesh; he recalled to his memory the care and goodness he had loaded him with; reproached himself with his ingratitude, and finished his meditation by humbling himself before God. At length, after much pain and inquietude, he was fortunate enough to find a narrow passage, which led him out of this obscure cave, though it was not till he had followed it a considerable way that he perceived a small opening covered with briers and thorns, through which he returned to the light of the sun. He looked on all sides, trying if he could perceive the Durwesh, but in vain; he intended to deliver to him the iron candlestick he so much wished for, and formed a design of quitting him, being rich enough with what he

had taken out of the cavern to live in affluence without his assistance.

Not perceiving the Durwesh, nor remembering any of the places through which he had passed, he went on as fortune directed him, and was extremely astonished to find himself opposite to his mother's house, which he imagined he was at a great distance from. She immediately inquired after the Durwesh. Abdallah told her frankly what had happened to him, and the danger he had run to satisfy his unreasonable desires; he afterwards showed her the riches with which he was loaded. His mother concluded, upon the sight of them, that the Durwesh merely intended to make a trial of his courage and his obedience, and that they ought to make use of the happiness which fortune had presented to them; adding, that doubtless such was the intention of the holy Durwesh. Whilst they contemplated upon these treasures with avidity; whilst they were dazzled with the lustre of them, and formed a thousand projects in consequence of them,—they all vanished away before their eyes. It was then that Abdallah sincerely reproached himself with his in-

gratitude and disobedience; and perceiving that the iron candlestick had resisted the enchantment, or rather the just punishment which those deserve who do not execute what they promise, he said, prostrating himself,—"What has happened to me is just. I have lost what I had no design to restore, and the candlestick which I intended to deliver to the Durwesh remains with me; it is a proof that it rightly belongs to him, and that the rest was unjustly acquired." As he finished these words, he placed the candlestick in the midst of their little house.

When the night was come, without reflecting upon it, he placed the light in this candlestick. Immediately they saw a durwesh appear, who turned round for an hour, and then disappeared, after having thrown them an asper.* This candlestick had twelve branches. Abdallah, who was meditating all the day upon what he had seen the night before, was anxious to know what would happen the next night, if he put a light in each of them: he did so, and twelve durweshes appeared that instant; they

* A coin, in value about three farthings.—Ed.

turned round also for an hour, and each of them threw an asper as they disappeared. He repeated every day the same ceremony, which had always the same success; but he never could make it succeed oftener than once in twenty-four hours. This trifling sum was enough to make his mother and himself subsist tolerably. There was a time when they would have desired no more to be happy; but it was not considerable enough to change their fortune. It is always dangerous for the imagination to be fixed upon the idea of riches. The sight of what he believed he should possess,—the projects he had formed for the employment of it,—all these things had left such profound traces in the mind of Abdallah, that nothing could efface them. Therefore, seeing the small advantage he drew from the candlestick, he resolved to carry it back to the Durwesh, in hopes that he might obtain of him the treasure he had seen; or at least find again the riches which had vanished from their sight, by restoring to him a thing for which he had testified so earnest a desire.

He was so fortunate as to remember his name, and that of the city where he inhabited. He de-

parted, therefore, immediately for Magrebi,* carrying with him his candlestick, which he lighted every night, and by that means furnished himself with what was necessary on the road, without being obliged to implore the assistance and compassion of the faithful.

When he arrived at Magrebi, his first care was to inquire in what house, or in what convent, Abou-nadar lodged; he was so well known, that every body could tell him his habitation. He repaired thither directly, and found fifty porters, who kept the gate of the house, having each a staff with a head of gold in his hand. The court of this palace was filled with slaves and domestics; in fine, the residence of a prince could not expose to view greater magnificence. Abdallah, struck with astonishment and admiration, feared to proceed. Certainly, thought he, I either explained myself wrong, or those to whom I addressed myself designed to make a jest of me, because I was a stranger; this is not the habitation of a Durwesh,—it is that of a king.

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* Arabic, مغربي, *western*. It is used particularly to designate the western part of Africa about Morocco and Algiers.—Ed

He was in this embarrassment when a man approached, and said to him, "Abdallah, thou art welcome; my master Abounadar has long expected thee." He then conducted him to an agreeable and magnificent pavilion, where the Durwesh was seated. Abdallah, struck with the riches which he beheld on all sides, would have prostrated himself at his feet; but Abounadar prevented him, and interrupted him when he would have made a merit of the candlestick, which he presented to him: "Thou art but an ungrateful wretch," said he to him; "dost thou imagine thou canst impose upon me? I am not ignorant of any one of thy thoughts; and if thou hadst known the value of this candlestick, never wouldst thou have brought it to me. I will make thee sensible of its true use."

Immediately he placed a light in each of its branches; and when the twelve durweshes had turned for some time, Abounadar gave each of them a blow with a cane, and in a moment they were converted into twelve heaps of sequins,* and of diamonds and other precious stones. "This," said

* A coin, in value about seven shillings.—Ed.

he, "is the proper use to be made of this marvellous candlestick. As to me I never desired it, but to place in my cabinet as a *talisman*,* composed by a sage whom I revere, and I should delight in exposing it sometimes to those who come to visit me. And to prove to thee," added he, "that curiosity was the only occasion of my search for it, here are the keys of my magazines,—open them, and thou shalt judge of my riches; thou shalt tell me whether the most insatiable miser would not be satisfied with them."

Abdallah obeyed him, and examined twelve magazines of great extent, so full of all manner of riches, that he could not distinguish what merited his admiration; they all deserved and produced his desires. The regret of having restored the candlestick, and that of not having found out the use of it, pierced the heart of Abdallah. Abounadar seemed not to perceive it; on the contrary, he loaded him

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* The eastern *talismans* (Heb. צלמון) were originally little images worn about the arms, &c. to keep away the evil genii; but the term came afterwards to be applied to many other things which were supposed to be possessed of hidden virtues, and which were used as charms, or for magical purposes.—Ed.

with caresses, kept him some days in his house, and commanded that he should be treated as himself.

When he was at the eve of the day which he had fixed for his departure, Abounadar said to him,— "Abdallah, my son, I believe, by what has happened to thee, thou art corrected of the frightful vice of ingratitude; however, I owe thee a mark of my affection, for having undertaken so long a journey with a view of bringing me the thing I had desired; thou mayest depart, I shall detain thee no longer. Thou shalt find to-morrow, at the gate of my palace, one of my horses to carry thee; I make thee a present of it, as well as of a slave who shall conduct thee to thy house,—along with two camels loaded with gold and jewels, which thou shalt choose thyself out of my treasures." Abdallah said to him all that a heart sensible to avarice could express when its passion was satisfied, and went to lie down till the morning arrived which was fixed for his departure.

During the night he was still agitated, without being able to think of any thing but the candlestick, and what it had produced. "I had it," said he, "so long in my power; Abounadar, without me,

had never been the possessor of it. What risks did I not run in the subterranean vault? Why does he now possess this treasure of treasures? Because I had the probity, or rather the folly to bring it back to him. He profits by my labours, and the danger I incurred in so long a journey. And what does he give me in return? Two camels loaded with gold and jewels;—in one moment the candlestick will furnish him with ten times as much. It is Abounadar who is ungrateful. What wrong shall I do him in taking this candlestick? None certainly; for he is rich: And what do I possess?"

These ideas determined him at length to make all possible attempts to seize upon the candlestick. The thing was not difficult, Abounadar having trusted him with the keys of his magazines. He knew where the candlestick was placed; he seized upon it, hid it at the bottom of one of the sacks, which he filled with pieces of gold, and other riches which he was allowed to take, and loaded it, as well as the rest, upon his camels. He was eager now for nothing more than for his departure; and, after having hastily bid adieu to the generous Abouna-

dar, he delivered him his keys, and departed with his horse, his slave, and two camels.

When he was some days' journey from Balsora, he sold his slave, resolving not to have a witness of his former poverty, nor of the source of his present riches. He bought another, and arrived without any obstacle at his Mother's, whom he would scarce look upon; so much was he taken up with his treasure. His first care was to place the loads of the camels and the candlestick in the most private room in the house; and, in his impatience to feed his eyes with his great opulence, he placed lights immediately in the candlestick. The twelve durweshes appearing, he gave each of them a blow with a cane with all his strength, lest he should be failing in the laws of the talisman. But he had not remarked, that Abounadar, when he struck them, had the cane in his left hand:—Abdallah, by a natural motion, made use of his right; and the durweshes, instead of becoming heaps of riches, immediately drew from beneath their robes each a formidable club, with which they struck him so hard and so long that they left him almost dead, and disap-

peared, carrying with them all his treasure,—the camels, the horse, the slave, and the candlestick.

Thus was Abdallah punished by poverty, and almost by death, for his unreasonable ambition, which perhaps might have been pardonable if it had not been accompanied by an ingratitude as wicked as it was audacious, since he had not so much as the resource of being able to conceal his perfidies from the too piercing eyes of his benefactor.

As this story of Abdallah turned out to be much longer than my friend the Rajpoot had anticipated, and the black sheep had chased the white one into the sea a considerable time before the conclusion, we found it necessary to separate for the night. I am,

Most learned Wilfred,
Your faithful friend,
I. N. O.

Alexandria, 4th of the month Ab,
in the year 584.*

* *i. e.* 26th July, 1824.—Ed.

No IX.

Curious Example of Algerine Justice—The Avaricious punished; a Circassian History—Indian Stories—The Blind Man and the Pundit—The Preacher and the Villager.

On the succeeding evening, most illustrious Wilfred, my friend Bikram waited upon me to renew our intercourse.

"Your story of Abdallah," said he, "is an instructive one; but I think the Durwesh Abounadar was too good to such a wretch, whose avarice was not to be satiated by the most liberal gifts of his benefactor."

"The observation is just," I replied, "but the avarice of some mean people has been known to lead them to a most audacious height of impudence; as, for example, in the following story of a mendicant of Magrebi, which my friend Mr Abraham Karkass

related to me, he having heard it during his travels in that quarter, and which affords a curious example of Algerine justice :—

A Greek merchant resident at Algiers in the year 1691, and during the Deylik of Hajji Chaban, had been in the habit of dropping a few aspers into the hand of an old beggar who sat in the sun near his house, making thread lace ; but, having occasion to go for six months into Egypt, his charity was discontinued. At length, however, he returned, and began to repeat his accustomed gift. The beggar, however, declined it, saying it was better to pay him his arrears at once. "What arrears?" cried the merchant. "The sum due to me," replied the old wretch, "during your absence, amounting to 180 rials." The Greek, not knowing whether his impudence deserved more to be kicked or to be laughed at, left him ; upon which he was immediately summoned before the Dey. The Moor alleged, that the merchant had for a whole month daily given him a rial, and upon such an income he had left off work ; that the merchant had gone away without the least notice that his pension was to cease ; that he had still kept his post, praying for

his return; besides, relying on his accustomed liberality, he had contracted debts for his support; but, upon demanding his arrears, the Greek had laughed at him.

The merchant did not disown the truth of the premises, but insisted, that, alms being voluntary, its continuance depended on the will of the donor. The Dey, however, decreed that the beggar should be paid, with a piaster over and above for his reproaches; sagely observing, that he had no business to excite expectations that he did not mean to gratify.

Bikram Dilwalee laughed a good deal at this narrative, and then, in fulfilment of his promise formerly given, he proceeded, with all due emphasis, placidity, and decorum, to recite the story of "The Avaricious Punished, a Circassian History," as follows:—

Diarbec, lord of the fruitful plains that lie along the banks of the river Teflis, was descended from the most ancient family that inhabited the valleys. His house could boast of a longer series of uninterrupted beauties than any other in Circassia. He could reckon fourteen virgins of his own family

who were all sold into the Seraglio of Ispahan, some of whom had actually possessed the heart of the mighty monarch of Persia. His ancestors had grown rich by the traffic of beauty, and had left him in possession of such numerous flocks and herds that they covered the neighbouring mountains.

His riches, however, were not sufficient to satisfy his avarice. He was still desirous of increasing his acquisitions, and still laboured to augment a fortune already greater than he could enjoy. He despised his fellow-mortals, and trusted only in his own extensive possessions; from them he expected pleasure in manhood, and comfort in old age. He took no pains to cultivate friendship, and felt more pleasure in the prostration of distant homages than in the warm embraces of affection blended with esteem.

Notwithstanding his pride, he had one friend that esteemed and one daughter that loved him. His friend Arcadi was just, generous, and sincere. He had travelled in search of wisdom among the Brahmins, who propagate their sublime doctrines on the banks of the Ganges. He had also been initiated into the mysteries of those who adore the

divinity under the symbol of fire. He knew the art of commanding armies, and of giving laws to men.

Zamora, the daughter of Diarbec, surpassed all the maidens of Circassia in beauty. Her hair, that shone brighter than the gold of Hindoostan,—her features, that seemed to borrow innocence from the dove,—the blue lustre of her eyes,—and the faultless delicacy of her person,—all conspired to render her the most accomplished of all the daughters of the East.

Diarbec seemed happy in the conversation of the one, and delighted with the innocent caresses of the other;—he loved them both, but he loved his riches better. He frequently assured his youthful friend, that if he could not sell his daughter to greater advantage, and with a prospect of her presiding in the seraglio of Persia, he should be preferred,—a declaration which Arcadi considered as an actual promise. He loved Zamora, and his merit excited the same passion in her. Every thing seemed to be conformable to their wishes; and a few days would have completed their union, had not a caravan arrived from Ispahan to purchase beautiful women for the harems of Persia.

The merchants, whom former correspondence had made acquainted with the family of Diarbec, repaired immediately to his house, and made their first applications to him. Though Diarbec had no great inclination to sell his daughter, yet he had a strong desire to know her value. He therefore carried the merchants to her apartments, in order to examine her merits and fix her price. The merchants, whom long custom had rendered dispassionate judges of beauty, were immediately struck with her appearance; they examined her with the prying eye of diffidence and distrust; they searched for faults, but could not help commending. Every motion, every attitude, and every feature, displayed the most beautiful grace, symmetry, and proportion; in short, they found her worthy to grace the seraglio of the Persian Sophi, and even to adorn the seat of the Eastern throne.

Struck with the appearance of so much beauty and perfection, they pressed Diarbec to name her price, and it should be immediately paid; for the charms of Zamora were inestimable. An offer, so far above the most extravagant wish of his unbounded avarice, changed in a moment his former

resolution; and, forgetting all the ties of parental affection, and the declarations of affected friendship, he determined to sell his daughter; but at the same time resolved to make so large a demand as would console him for her absence, and place him far above all the inhabitants of the Circassian valleys. Accordingly he asked with confidence a thousand sequins of gold; but asked it only to try what they would be content to offer. He was therefore astonished to find his demand accepted without the least hesitation or delay.

The merchants having thus purchased the beautiful Zamora, took the lovely prize from her apartment, and placed her on a Persian camel. In vain she entreated the pity of her inexorable father; in vain she vowed to make her dear Arcadi happy. Deaf to her entreaties, and unmoved at her tears, the merchants carried her from the house of her avaricious father. Her lover, who was soon informed of her misfortunes, flew to her father, his former friend;—painted in the most lively manner the calamities that would inevitably attend both him and his daughter, and implored redress. Diarbec heard his complaint with that happy indifference which

sometimes supports the mind under the commission of the most atrocious crimes: he heard, pretended to pity, but failed to relieve.

The caravan now set forward on its return to Persia; for Zamora alone seemed a prize sufficient to recompense their toilsome and expensive journey. Her unfortunate lover, who had built all his hopes of future happiness on the flattering idea of possessing the lovely daughter of Diarbec, determined to abandon a country where he could never hope for tranquillity or comfort. Accordingly, he sold his small possession in Circassia, and hired himself as a camel-driver to one of the merchants, resolving, in that disguise, to rescue the lovely Zamora, or perish in the attempt.

In the meantime Diarbec triumphed in the late addition to his fortune. He reflected with delight that the expenses of his family were lessened by the absence of his daughter, and at the same time his funds increased by the prodigious sum he had received from the Persian merchants: he found, or at least fancied he had found, in his riches a sufficient recompense for the loss of his family and friends, and thanked Heaven for indulging him in

a profusion of the only blessings he esteemed below. But this tranquillity did not continue long; an army of Tartars, numerous as the insects that sport in the noontide beam, came sweeping down from the mountains of Jarigorod, and covered the whole plains of Circassia like a flight of locusts wafted by the eastern breeze.

Now the riches, the herds, the flocks of Diarbec, those fleeting treasures of fortune in which he gloried, became an easy prey to bands of lawless invaders; and his servants, who detested the avarice of their master, refusing to defend him, he was taken prisoner by enemies, whose hearts were, if possible, greater strangers to the feelings of humanity than his own. He was now, when too late, convinced that he wanted a friend to assist him in repelling the enemy; and that even the presence of his daughter would either have mitigated the fury of his foes, or have softened the severity of servitude. But it was in vain to wish for what was not to be found, or endeavour to recall the fleeting moments when he had sacrificed both of them to his unbounded avarice. He now beheld all his substance dispersed like the sands that fly before the winds on the plains

of Bokhara, and himself sold to an Armenian shepherd, who employed him in tending his flocks at the foot of Mount Ararat, where his only portion were incessant toil and unsheltered distress.

His mind, before a stranger to the softer passions of pity and commiseration, now began to acquire wisdom in the school of adversity; he now reflected on his former conduct, and the justice of his punishment. How often did he wish to behold once more his offended friend and injured daughter! He found no relief in reflecting that she might, perhaps, be enjoying the smiles of majesty, while he himself felt the cruel hand of an unrelenting master, and his hoary head bent beneath the weight of servitude. He was, however, forced to support a burden which could not be removed, and bear with misfortunes which could not be mitigated with complaints. But time itself could not reconcile a mind to slavery that had been nursed in the lap of unbounded liberty; he was, therefore, resolved to attempt an escape the first opportunity, though he well knew that his life must pay the forfeit of a discovery.

Let us now follow the Circassian lovers, whom

we left on their journey with the Persian caravan. Arcadi, who had disguised himself in the habit of a servant, and hired himself as a mule-driver in the caravan, attended the camel that carried the lovely Zamora with assiduity and silent distress. One night, when he was posted as sentinel to watch the caravan, he selected two Arabian coursers, fleeter than the wind, and placing Zamora on the one, and himself upon the other, left the Persian merchants buried in sleep; and, after two days, arrived safely at Reschid, a city which, though surrounded with mighty monarchies, claims a peculiar jurisdiction to itself.

In this city his great abilities soon procured him both honour and esteem; he was raised from one post and employment to another, till at last he became chief governor and judge. In this high station his integrity and capacity gained him the favour of the great, while his humility and lenity rendered him the favourite of the poor. Twice every day he sat on the seat of justice, hearing complaints and redressing grievances; and few came before him that were not satisfied with the equity of his decisions.

One day, as he was thus dispensing justice in

public, a criminal was brought before him, that seemed to have been long acquainted with famine and fatigue. The fetter had left on his leg the mark of slavery, and his hair being lately cut, evidently proved that he had fled from his master,—a crime always punished with death; and, accordingly, Arcadi was going to pronounce the fatal sentence, when the wretched prisoner, in an agony of despair, cried out,—"Allah is but one, and Mahomet is his prophet! I deserve to die, for I despised friendship, abused my parental authority, and preferred wealth and possessions, though more fleeting than the morning cloud, to domestic tranquillity. Were Arcadi or Zamora present, I could encounter afflictions with fortitude! Their forgiveness would smooth my passage to the grave. I could resign my life with pleasure in the arms of my faithful friend, and dearest daughter. O curst ambition, wretched desire of wealth, to what a miserable state have you reduced the unfortunate Diarbec!"

The judge heard this exclamation with rapture and surprise. He gazed with astonishment on the miserable prisoner, and beheld in his face the features of the once-opulent, the haughty Circassian,

now clouded with sorrow, and rendered obscure by famine and fatigue. Descending immediately from his tribunal, he flew to his father, and embraced him with all the forgiving fondness of a faithful friend. Diarbec was lost in amazement at so unexpected a scene of happiness and joy; but how was he transported to hear that his lovely daughter was still happy and in his friend's possession! Even the pen of Dali, the delight of the heart, and rose of perfection, cannot fully describe the joy that filled the hearts of this once-ambitious Circassian and his beautiful daughter at so unexpected an event. Let it, therefore, suffice to say, that it can only be equalled in the bowers of Paradise,—the ever-during mansions of tranquillity and joy.

"Your story is a good one, and well told," said I, as Bikram Dilwalee concluded his narrative, "and I doubt not that you have many such laid up in the storehouse of your memory, to be brought forward for instruction as occasion may require. You natives of Hindoostan are perhaps the most patient and regular story-tellers in the world; and your Indian stories differ from the Arabian and Persian ones in this, that there is always some

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moral easily deducible from the narrative, and which serves as a focus wherein is concentrated the power and brightness of the wisdom of the intelligent."

"That is certainly the case with many of our stories," replied Bikram, "but not by any means with all of them. As for example, I should be glad to know what moral you might be able to deduce from the following narrative taken from one of the books of our wise men:—

"A certain blind mendicant being seated in a wood at the *ghat* of Munkerin, in the neighbourhood of Kashee, was in the act of eating sweetmeats of curdled milk, when a certain *Pundit*,* having seen him, asked him,—'You blind fellow, what is this you are doing?' He answered,—'Great Sir, I am eating sweetmeats of curdled milk.' 'What, in a wood!' said the *Pundit*. The mendicant gave answer,—'Please your ho-

* Hindoos. پنڈت, a learned man, more particularly one who is acquainted with the Sanscrit language and literature.—Ed.

nour, by the gift of my spiritual guide, the forest is extremely fertile.' On hearing this, the *Pundit* having laughed, became silent.

"Or take the following, from which, I think, it will be equally difficult to extract any bright or useful moral:—

"Once upon a time a preacher was making a discourse to a few men in a certain village, when a certain villager having come there also, sat down; and, having looked repeatedly at the face of the preacher, he became uneasy and began to weep. All the people, seeing him weeping, thought with themselves, that person is a very wax-hearted fellow who weeps so much. One of them asked him,—'Brother, tell us the truth, what is it has come into your mind that causes you to weep so much?' Pointing to the preacher with his finger, the fellow answered,—'When I see the beard of this gentleman wagging, a favourite goat of my own comes into my remembrance; for its beard also in this very manner was perpetually wagging: and it is on this account that I am weeping.' On hearing this, the whole congregation burst out with a loud laugh;

and the preacher, being abashed, remained eating his breath."*

"It must be confessed," said I, "that it is scarcely possible to deduce any fine moral from such stories as these; for, in fact, the last one seems to teach people a very bad lesson in regard to their behaviour in the place of public worship. But these are rather exceptions from the general rule; for I think the greater part of the Indian stories, such as those of the *Pancha Tantra*,† being taken from the works of the sage Bidpai, are rather remarkable in general for possessing something that may be turned into a good moral."

"You are right," said Bikram; "and in confirmation of the truth of what you have advanced,—as we seem now, some how or another, to have fall-

* *i. e.* Dumbfoundered.—Ed.

† The Pancha Tantra, so called from its being distributed into *five* tantras or sections, but better known, in common speech, by the title of Pancho-pac'hyana, or "Five Stories," is the oldest work of the kind extant in India, being more ancient than the collection called "Hitopadesa." Most of the tales in it are likewise to be found variously related in the work just mentioned, and also in the Persian Anvari-Soheily; and the Arabic Kalila Damana, which are modifications of the celebrated fables of Pilpai or Bidpai.—Ed.

en into the way of story-telling at any rate,—you may allow me to narrate the story of 'The Prince and the Shoemaker,' which is a very popular one in India, and deserves to be so; for it gives an excellent lesson in regard to the sort of company that young people in particular should be in the habit of keeping."

Before proceeding with the Rajpoot's tale, however, most illustrious Wilfred, I must take the opportunity to break off, and subscribe myself,

Your faithful friend,

I. N. O.

Alexandria, 20th of the month Ab, in the year 584.*

* *i. e.* 11th August, 1824.—Ed.

No X.

Story of the Prince and the Shoemaker, (Translation from the Hindoostanee)—The Rajpoots, Sepoys, or Native Soldiers of India—Influences of the Heavenly Bodies—Remarkable Horoscope of the Khalif Almotasem—Lucky and Unlucky Days.

I HAVE no doubt, most gracious Wilfred, that, at present, your soul is looking upon the road with expectation to receive from my character-producing pen, perfumed with affection, Bikram Dilwalee's narrative of the "Prince and the Shoemaker," which he proceeded to relate as follows:—

"There is a story that, at the residence of an Emperor of Persia, a son was born, and on his shoulder there was a black mark as large as the palm of the hand. The Emperor having seen it, became astonished, and asked the meaning of it from the wise men. They all gave answer,—'That it has been established as a fact by the

sages, that whosoever is possessed of this kind of mark is to be an emperor; but very many dangers are to come before him.' With this answer the Emperor was somewhat pleased, and somewhat concerned; but made it his study always to take care of him.

"When the prince had attained the age of fourteen years, there happened to be a mean and bad-dispositioned fellow, a shoemaker, residing contiguous to his palace. The Emperor's son was continually coming and going into his house, and playing there, till at last he contracted a great liking to him. The vizier said,—'Protector of the World!* to put children into the company of mean people is, in fact, to render them corrupt. In a short space of time the odour of their disposition produces effects upon the children; for whatever company a man is in the habit of keeping, exactly such his disposition becomes. It is proper that the prince should be restrained from the company of the shoemaker.'

"The Emperor replied, 'That child is void of

* Persian جهانپناه—equivalent to "Please your Majesty."—Ed.

knowledge, and he has contracted a liking for the shoemaker; if I should keep him back from his company he will be vexed, and perhaps he may even become sick with concern about it. It is proper to exercise patience for some days; when he shall be grown up, and shall be advised on the subject, we shall keep him back from the company of the shoemaker.' The vizier held his peace.

"The Emperor having sent for the shoemaker, conferred favours upon him, and said, 'You are a neighbour of mine, and this my little darling* has formed an intimacy with you. It is necessary that, in these circumstances, you should exercise proper caution, so that it may never happen that any bad conduct may be exhibited before him.'

"The shoemaker made representation,—'What capacity is there in me that I should be at all fit for such a duty?—but, since the Protector of the World is bestowing his regard upon me, I am confident that, from your Excellency's regard, which is possessed of the powers of the philosopher's stone, as far as

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* Persian, جگرگوشه, *Jigur Gosha*, litt. *corner of my liver*. —Ed.

shall be possible, I will perform good service in this matter.'

" In short, the shoemaker exercised great diligence in waiting upon him, and taking care of him, and the prince also had a great affection for him. By chance the Emperor went on a journey, and left the prince entirely to his charge. Upon a certain festival day they clad the Emperor's son with a great many jewels, and brought him forth to walk in the garden. That villain of a shoemaker saw that there was a diadem upon his head studded with gems, and a robe filled with a profusion of beautiful jewels upon his neck; the natural wickedness of that villain came into action, and he thought in his heart, 'This diadem and robe, and pearls and jewels, would be sufficient for the stock in trade of a thousand merchants. At present the Emperor is gone upon a journey; my plan is this, that, having taken this boy, and having conveyed him into some far-distant city, I shall sell his jewels at a great price, and make a stock in trade for myself.'

In fine, this base wretch told this secret in confidence to a certain slave of his own, and he caused the Emperor's son, and such of his slaves and do-

mestics as were present, to drink some liquor of a stupifying nature, so that they all became insensible. Then, having concealed the prince in the inside of a large-sized trunk, he tied him on the back of a swift-going camel; while he himself, and several slaves, being mounted on quick-running horses, and taking two led horses along with them, as also provision of meat and drink for the journey, they went forth from the garden, and, travelling on night and day, after a few days they got out of the territories occupied by that sovereign, and arrived in another kingdom.

"Meanwhile the slaves and domestics of the Emperor's son lay insensible in the garden till the second watch of the day,* and no information came to any one about what had happened to them. At

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* Hindoos. دو پہر *Two watches.* In India the day and night are divided into four parts, each of three hours, called پہر *Puhur*, so that the twenty-four hours make eight *Puhurs* or watches. Each of these *Puhurs* is subdivided into eight parts, called گھڑی, *Ghurree.* One hundred and eighty minutes in the three hours, which make the *Puhur*, being divided by eight, give twenty-two one half minutes for the lesser division, *i. e.* the *Ghurree* or hour.

length the gardener perceiving that their sleep was beyond all bounds, and having become acquainted with the circumstances, he caused mix some almond oil in old vinegar, and put it to the nose of every one of them. Immediately on getting acquainted with this, they came to their senses; and, on finding no trace of the king's son and the shoemaker, they went to the queen of the country and represented it to her. She having mounted, came into the garden and gave orders that people should follow after them, and use their utmost endeavours to take them. Conformable to these orders, the people made diligent search and inquiry, but found no trace of them anywhere; and the queen, with grief of mind, day and night continued weeping and knocking her head upon the ground to such a degree, that with that very vexation, weeping on without intermission, she departed from life.

"When information of this reached the Emperor, he came to his own city; and having performed the funeral obsequies, he made choice of patience, and

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Twelve o'clock at noon will be دو پہر, *two Puhurs*, or the second watch of the day, as they begin about six in the morning.—Ed.

said in his own mind, 'Whoever will not hearken to the advice of his wise well-wishers, this very thing will happen to him.'

"The treacherous,* foolish, ill-conditioned shoemaker having conveyed the prince into the kingdom of Syria, and having plucked the valuable jewels off him, he sold him into the hands of a travelling merchant. The merchant having purchased him as his slave,† trained him during the space of

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* Arabic, نمک حرام, *one who pollutes the salt*, *i. e.* disloyal, perfidious. To cause injury to a person whose salt you have eaten, or who has partaken of food with you, is considered by the Orientals as a high degree of wickedness. To this purpose, the following circumstance is mentioned by Baron de Tott in his Memoirs: —"A Turk, who had been great Provost of the Sultan's household, was desirous of an acquaintance with me, and seeming to regret that his business would not permit him to stay long, he departed, promising in a short time to return. I had already attended him half-way down the staircase, when stopping, and turning briskly to one of my domestics who followed me,—'Bring me directly,' said he, 'some bread and salt.' I was not less surprised at this fancy, than the haste which was made to obey him. What he had requested was brought, when, taking a little salt between his fingers, and putting it with a mysterious air on a bit of bread, he ate it with a devout gravity, assuring me that I might now rely on him."—Vol. i. p. 214.—Ed.

† The Arabic word *Ghoolam*, غلام, here rendered *slave*, denotes properly one who occupies the rank of personal attendant;

ten years; and, when he had learned good-breeding, then, by way of a curiosity, he brought him to the Emperor of Persia, because he had heard a general report of his beneficence. As the prince had been separated from him in his childhood, the Emperor did not recognise him, and ordered him to be entered among a troop of his personal attendants.

"As the marks of gentility were evident from his countenance and forehead,* the Emperor began to use great assiduity in the training of him; so that in

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* and the word *Mamlouk*, مملوك, which means *purchased*, is also used to denote the same; whilst the word *Abd*, عبد, distinguishes the black or domestic slave. "The word *Gholaum* denotes not so much a state of servitude, as a blind devotedness to the service of the prince. The familiarity which Europeans in general have with the idea of a regularly-graduated scale in society, prevents them from recollecting that eastern despotism recognises no intermediate rank between master and servant, or, to use an apter expression, *slave*. In the extensive countries where the Arabic and its cognate dialects are spoken, the term *gholaum*, or slave, is used as *humble servant* with us, except that, in the latter case, it is always complimentary; whereas in the former, so far from being invariably a mere affectation of humility, the epithet is often a designation which denotes the exact condition of the speaker."—Vide *Asiatic Journal*, No CXXXVII. p. 597.—Ed.

* Phrenology?—Ed.

a short space of time he became trustworthy, and attained exaltation in attendance at the court.

" About this time he contracted an intimacy with a certain jeweller, who was constantly remaining in the treasury, and was a resident of the jewel-office. That bad-dispositioned jeweller practised a deception upon that youth, who had got his breeding in the society of mean people, and said to him,—' If you will take a ring off the hand of the Emperor at the time when he is asleep, and bring it to me, then, in a good hour, I will put it upon your finger; but only upon this condition, that you shall make me your vizier; for on that ring there is an inscription, that whoever puts it on in a good hour he shall become an emperor.'

" The slave having swallowed the deceit, during the season of night, when the Emperor was asleep, advanced his hand towards the ring, and, with the greatest gentleness, was drawing it off the finger, when, all at once, the Emperor started up, and said to the slave,—' O! you stupid creature, what action is this you are committing?' In short, being enraged, he gave orders for his execution. When they were taking the clothes off his body, the Em-

peror's sight fell upon that black mark, and he immediately fainted away; and the executioner delayed the killing of him.

"When the Emperor came to his senses, he took the youth to his bosom, and said to him,—'O light of my eyes! I did not hearken to the advice of my vizier, and placed you in the company of a base shoemaker. On this account you have fallen into misfortune, and have remained in affliction and distress.'

"The boy made many excuses, and said,—'It was through means of my intimacy with the jeweller that I exhibited such bad conduct.' The Emperor then caused the jeweller to be punished, and gave advice to his dear child, that he should never go about again in the society of mean people, but should always spend his time in the company of wise men of exalted disposition.

"The moral of the story is this,—That the society of persons of a mean disposition always renders a freeman a slave, and a slave corrupted."

When Bikram Dilwalee had concluded this narrative, we found it necessary to separate for the

time ; and several nights intervened before we had again an opportunity of renewing our intercourse. At our next meeting I expressed an earnest wish that Bikram would favour me so far as to give an account of his life and personal adventures, having no doubt that the recital would prove highly entertaining and instructive to me, who had frequently heard of the bravery of the Rajpoots, and had read with admiration of the conquests achieved by them in conjunction with the forces of Frangistan.*

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* We are glad that the Rabbi has here thought it worth his while to give us an account of the life of a Rajpoot or native soldier of India ; one of those brave, steady, and patient individuals, who, under the vulgar denomination of SEPOYS, *i. e.* (سپاهي) *Sipahee*, SOLDIERS, form the great staple of our army in India ; and who, fighting by the side of Britons, have achieved conquests which would do honour to the army of any age or country. Although Britain has been much indebted to such men as these for their successful exertions in the establishing of her power in Hindoostan, yet it is remarkable that in this country their claims to consideration seem to be very little thought of ; indeed, most people speak of our army in India as if they did not know that there were such individuals as these in connexion with it.

The following remarks on this subject, from one who was capable of judging from experience, sets the character of these troops in a clear point of view :—

" The native troops of India are good soldiers, and loyal and faithful subjects ; but they certainly require a little humouring.

"I shall most willingly comply with your request," replied Dilwalee; "but it cannot, on any

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There are certain indulgences which must be granted to them; the free exercise of their religious rites; certain comforts,—such as additional clothing, &c. during the several seasons of the year,—and by no means to induce them to wear any thing that is objected to by their several castes. However absurd their habits may appear to a person unacquainted with Indian affairs, they must be, to some extent, sanctioned. I am persuaded that two or three millions of native troops could, in the course of one year, be organized and fit for the field; and I do not hesitate to affirm that, when headed by brave European officers, and encouraged by the example of British gallantry, they would be found equal to any troops in the world. I speak this from my experience in India, and from being constantly engaged in active service with these troops. The Company have ever been justly conscious of the importance of attending to the different sects of men admitted as soldiers, selecting those of the higher classes of Hindoos for their infantry, and of the Mahometan castes for their cavalry."—Vide *Lieutenant Shipp's Memoirs*, vol. iii. p. 34.

We cannot omit giving the following extract from Lord Lake's general orders, when his Lordship quitted India in February 1807:—

"But he finds it difficult to do justice to the merits of our native soldiers, who have encountered every danger with the most exemplary valour,—who have submitted to every hardship and privation with the utmost fortitude and perseverance,—and who, to promote the cause in which they were engaged, have on many occasions made a ready and cheerful sacrifice of every habit and prejudice which they had been taught to regard as dear and inviolable."

"The men who form the native army of the Company," says

account, be commenced on such a day nor at such an unpropitious hour as the present happens to be."

"O! you are then a believer in the influences of the constellations," said I, "and think that you have black and white days in your horoscope, according to the calculation of the sages. Indeed, I have ever been, to a certain extent, a follower of such opinions myself, and have no doubt that, according to particular aspects of the heavenly bodies, particular parts of the horoscope of every individual on earth is regulated: For thus saith one of the sages of my own nation,—

"When I consider the glory of the spheres, so well arranged round me, wrapt up in the great globe; when I contemplate their movements and their power, wisdom is lost, and understanding fails to discover their remoteness, distance, and grandeur: they make this earth, placed in the centre, resemble

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Sir John Malcolm, "are almost all sober, and of good conduct in private life. Drunkenness, as a general vice, is indeed unknown, and notorious immorality is rare."

Such is the character, given by good judges, of an army consisting of not less than 270,000 men.—Ed.

a miserable cavern, into which is poured the superfluity of uncleanness, and the filth of nature.

" Then do I lift up my eyes and carry my reflections to the celestial host above me, and those tens of thousands which constitute the armies that surround me, and the other beings who inhabit the corners of this cavern, the end of this small point, the lowest and most miserable part of the universe.

" After having thus divided this valley into climates, provinces, towns, and habitations, I discover that the place which I occupy, the circuit of my residence, and the shadow of my roof, forming one of these little houses, may be compared to the extent of a fly.

" Against those powerful giants, who have cut out my grave before I began to exist, shall a being so weak as I am dare to rise or elevate himself?

" During the progress of life, shall I assume the arrogance to establish myself and aspire to reign, when I reflect that they have power to bow me down and incline me which way they please.

" What dominion shall a fly, deprived of his wings, confined in a dungeon, and thrust in a cage, surrounded with the hosts of heaven to guard him

on the right hand and the left, dare to attribute to himself?

"Shall time enable me to escape, or deliver me from one fear or anguish, or protect me from the nets and snares which those hosts have planned for my footsteps, and digged for my feet, who engaged before the time of my formation to conduct me thither?

"Those great and admirable bodies the Creator has established as ministers, who continually rejoice to proclaim, without speech or voice, his glory.

"Admirably disposed, and excellent in order, without weariness they rehearse his righteous acts; and, not formed for sorrow, they serve the Omnipotent, and know no trouble or distress.

"The Creator has invested them with power, and, by the sublimity of his appointment, placed them in different orders, and appointed them contrary movements, by which they subserve many causes, and produce many effects in the inferior world."*

* The above extract is taken from a Hebrew Treatise, entitled בחינות עולם, or "An Investigation of Causes arising from the Organization of the World, in which Man is Particularly Inte-

"Such are the reflections of the Hebrew Sage on this interesting subject. And has not the most wise king also said,—'To every thing there is a time, and a season for every purpose under the Heavens.'*

"I have heard, indeed, of certain individuals being regulated in all the most important events of their lives by certain peculiar numbers which fell out to them respectively, with a strangeness of accuracy which it is almost impossible to reckon altogether the effect of chance.

"The following account, which is perhaps familiar to you, as it is taken from the work of an Arabian historian, affords a very remarkable example of that sort of fortuitous combination in the horoscope of a particular individual:—

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rested."—This work generally goes under the title of the *Vanity of the World*, and was written by Rabbi Jacob, or Jadaia of Barcelona, who lived in 1298. Buxtorf, speaking of it, says, "It is an admirable book, treating of the vanity of the world, and showing how to seek the kingdom of God. It is in the greatest repute amongst the Jews, insomuch that it is considered as highly in point of eloquence amongst them as Virgil or Cicero is amongst us."—Ed.

* Eccles. iii. 1.

"The historian Sebt Aljouzi, in the book called the 'Mirror of the World,' relates that the Khalif Almotasem was born in the year one hundred and *eighty*, in the *eighth* month of it, and died on the *eighteenth* night, being the latter part of the month Ramazan; and he was the *eighth* of the Khalifs of the sons of Abbas: also he gained *eight* victories, and he made *eight* kings stand before his gate; and he slew *eighty* enemies; and his life was forty-*eight* years; and his reign *eight* years, *eight* months, and *eight* days; and he left *eight* sons and *eight* daughters, and *eight* hundred million dinars,* and *eight* hundred million dirhems,† and *eighty* thousand horses, and *eighty* thousand camels, and mules, and beasts of labour; and *eighty* thousand tents, and *eighty* thousand male slaves, and *eighty* thousand female slaves; and he built *eight* palaces; and the sculpture on his seal was ALHMD LLH,‡ *eight* letters;

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* Ar. دينار, a gold coin, in value about nine shillings. Hence, Spanish, DINERO, money.—ED.

† Ar. درهم, a silver coin, in value about fourpence-halfpenny.

‡ Ar. الحمد لله, "Praise be to God."—ED.

and his number from his horoscope was EIGHT in every thing.'

"But what, may I ask, is the particular objection to this the *seventh* day of the week, and the present hour, which happens to be nearly that of noon, for commencing the important undertaking of a recital of your personal adventures?"

"I am sorry that I am not able," said Bikram, "to satisfy you farther on that head, than by merely stating that *Tuesday* and *Saturday** are marked by the intelligent of my country as unfit for the commencement of important undertakings; and, as this happens to be Saturday, it may be as well to defer this momentous affair till there shall occur a more auspicious combination of the Celestial Intelligences."

"I yield to your scruples," said I, "although I

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* "The Hindoo month, which is lunar, is governed by twenty-seven constellations, some of which are fortunate, others unfortunate, in their influence. Some days and months are more favourable than others: both Tuesday and Saturday are considered unlucky; and even on the lucky ones, eleven and half-past twelve o'clock are esteemed bad. According to the month, day, or hour, a person marries, he will be rich or poor, in good or bad health, happy or unhappy with his wife and children."—Vide *Asiatic Journal*, No CXLII. p. 218.—ED.

must confess that I do so with reluctance; for from your war-worn appearance, as well as other marks of an interesting nature which I have observed about you, without mentioning the great degree of amusement and instruction which your general conversation is calculated to impart, I am led to infer that your personal narrative will be highly entertaining."

"Well," said the Rajpoot, "at our next meeting I shall give you a specimen; and should you find it to be entirely devoid of interest, I hope you will be candid enough to give some unequivocal indications of weariness, which, I assure you, I shall take in good part, and not punish your goodness by inflicting upon you any farther specimens of my proficiency in the much abused art of autobiography."

With these explanations our conference ended for the time; and I shall take the opportunity here of closing my epistle, by assuring you that I remain, most learned Wilfred,

Your faithful friend,

I. N. O.

Alexandria, 6th of the month Elul, in the year 584.*

* *i. e.* 27th August, 1824.—Ed.

No XI.

STORY OF THE RAJPOOT.

His Birth and Education—Brahminical Precepts, and Poetical Aphorisms—Story of the Silent Poet.

WHEN I next met with the Rajpoot, most learned Seignior, I requested that no farther objections might be started, to defer the pleasure which I anticipated from hearing his autobiography; and, as he was naturally fond of story-telling, it did not require much entreaty to make him enter upon his narrative.

I have attempted to render it altogether, as elegantly as possible, into English, as I received it partly in that language and partly in Hindoostanee,

from his own mouth,—after due invocation of SRI GANES,* the deity of wisdom, and remover of obstacles,—as follows:—

STORY OF THE RAJPOOT.

"WITHOUT speaking of former incarnations or transmigrations,† of which, I must confess, I do not now retain any very vivid recollections, the last time that I was born was in the sacred city of Kashee or Benares, which is situated on the banks of the

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* "Sanscrit, گنیس *Ganes*, the name of a Hindoo divinity. The JANUS of the Hindoos. The god of wisdom, represented with an elephant's head, and attended by a rat. He was the son of *Mahadeva*, and a daughter of the mountain *Himālaya*, and is invoked at the commencement of every affair of consequence."—SHAKSPEARE.—*Sri* is a Bengalee prefix of respect, put before the names of deities and heroes, or books considered of a divine origin. —ED.

† The doctrine of the *Metempsychosis* or *Transmigration of Souls*, as is well known, has been always a favourite tenet of religion with the Brahmins; and from them Pythagoras, as well as other philosophers of Europe, are supposed originally to have borrowed their ideas on this subject. We find the same doctrine alluded to in the question which was put to our Lord by his disciples, regarding the man who had been born blind.—*John* ix. 2.—ED.

Gunga,* or Ganges, river in the province of Allahabad, to which may with great propriety be applied the epithet of *Jennat Albelad*,† 'Paradise of Regions,' which was first applied to Bengal by his Highness the Emperor Aurungzebe. This event, I mean that of my birth, so important to myself, if not to the world at large, took place on the 20th day of the month Serawun, in the year 1187 of the era Bengalee,‡ which corresponds nearly to the year 1197 of the Hejira or era of the Mohammedans. I am not able to state with absolute certainty whether I was born on a *black* day or a *white* one, although, from the general tenor of my fortune hitherto, I am inclined to think it was the former; but I can confidently declare, for the satisfaction of any conscientious Moslem who may feel interested on the subject, that I am certain it was not on a *Wednesday*.‖

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* The word *Gunga*, گنگا, which we render *Ganges*, means, in Hindoostanee, "The River."—Ed.

† Arabic, جنت البلاد.—Ed.

‡ *i. e.* 30th July, A.D. 1780.—Ed.

‖ "The Persian (Moslems) hold all *Wednesdays* as unfortunate.

"You are, no doubt, aware that the city of Kashee or Benares is in common speech denominated 'The Holy;' the title by which it is designated in the Sanscrit, or sacred language of the Brahmins, being *Jambut Diwipo*, which means literally the 'Region of Learning;' and, indeed, the whole district in which it is situated seems to have assumed a portion of this holy character, and has hence received, in the language of the Mohammedans, the name of ALLAHABAD,* or the 'Abode of God.' I had the distinguished honour, then, of being born in this sacred place; my father being a person of notorious sanctity,—a Brahmin possessed of profound learning in the *Vedas*, and considered by the whole college of the priests of Kashee as an honour to the fraternity.

"This being the case, I stood every chance of becoming rightly trained in all the courses of learning and of devotion, which, in the opinion of our holy

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The last Wednesday of the month of Sefer is the day upon which they expect the last trump will sound at the day of judgment, and that implicates all other Wednesdays."—Vide *Hajji Baba in England*, vol. i. p. 293.—ED.

* Persian, الله آباد.—ED.

men, never fail by their due observance to raise the character of man to a level with that of the Divinity; in as much as by this means he is gradually purified from all terrestrial contamination; and a priest, who lives always in conformity to the rules of the fraternity, who knows the ordinances of the *Veda*, who is freed from the bondage of sin,—shall be absorbed in the divine essence.

"I have no doubt that I was clearly in the way of ultimately attaining to the requisite degree of perfection; for I can recollect that my education was proceeding in the most prosperous manner imaginable under the guidance of a *Goroo** of distinguished acquirements both in learning and devotion; so that, I dare say, the whole code of Menoo† was in a fair way of being permanently superinduced upon my memory, notwithstanding the frivolous

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* Hindoos. گرو, a spiritual guide, or tutor.—Ed.

† Menoo or Moonee was a great philosopher and prophet, who, according to the Brahmins, flourished about four thousand years ago, and composed an exposition of the doctrine of the *Vedas*. An analysis of the code of Menoo is given in the "Asiatic Journal," No CXLIII. p. 580, &c.—Ed.

and even uncouth nature of many of the precepts which are therein contained. As a specimen of these, which to you may perhaps be a novelty, I shall recite a few which relate to the subordinate actions of a Brahmin, and which my patient and indefatigable instructor contrived, at length, by dint of almost interminable reiteration, to imprint, I think indelibly, upon the tablet of my memory:—

"A Brahmin must wear a pair of bright golden rings in his ears; he must not gaze on the sun; nor step over a string to which a calf is tied; nor run whilst it rains; nor look on his own image in the water: by a mound of earth, by a cow, by an idol, by a Brahmin, by a pot of clarified butter or of honey, by a place where four ways meet, and by a large tree well known in the district, let him pass with his right hand towards them. He must not sleep alone in an empty house; nor interrupt a cow whilst she is drinking; nor make any vain corporeal exertion; nor take pleasure in asking idle questions; nor strike his arm, or gnash his teeth, or make a braying noise; nor wash his feet in a pan of mixed yellow metal; nor eat from a broken dish; nor sit on a broken seat; nor tear his nails with his

teeth; nor break mould or clay; nor cut grass with his nails; nor ride on the back of a bull or cow; nor pass otherwise than by the gate into a walled town, or an enclosed house; nor approach the roots of trees by night; nor play with dice; nor eat whilst he reclines on a bed; nor sleep quite naked; nor go any where with a remnant of food in his mouth; nor sleep with his feet wet; nor advance into a place undistinguishable by his eye, or not easily passable; nor pass a river swimming with his arms; nor stand upon hair, ashes, bones, potsherds, seeds of cotton, or husks of grain; nor stroke (or scratch) his head with both hands; nor, after his head has been rubbed with oil, touch with oil any of his limbs; nor receive a gift from a keeper of a slaughter-house or oil-press, nor from a king not born in the military class who is declared to be on a level with the keeper of ten thousand slaughter-houses: he who receives a present from an avaricious king, and a transgressor of the sacred ordinances, goes in succession to twenty-one hells,"—which it is needless at present to enumerate, but which, I recollect, include the "hell of iron spikes, the sword-leaved forest, and the pit of red-hot charcoal."

"In the list of the moral duties of a Brahmin occur the following:—"Let him never oppose priests, cows, or persons truly devout; nor deny a future state; nor throw a stick when angry at another man." A twice-born man is forbidden to assault a Brahmin on pain of being whirled about for a century in hell; even smiting him in anger with a blade of grass must be expiated by twenty-one transmigrations into impure quadrupeds; and shedding a Brahmin's blood is punished in a horrible manner:—"As many particles of dust as the blood shall roll up from the ground, for so many years shall the shedder of that blood be mangled by other animals in his next birth."*

"To these precepts, which you will doubtless consider as possessing very little interest, unless, indeed, some of them may be found to resemble those given by the holy Brahmins of your own nation in the sacred books of Mousa,†—my sage instructor used

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* The celebrated Mahratta chieftain Doulut Rao Scindia, when inflicting the punishment of death on some Brahmins of noble birth, contrived, rather ingeniously, to evade the forfeiture above mentioned, *by blowing them up with rockets!*—Ed.

† Moses.—Ed.

to add many such aphorisms as the following, which, as they were taken from the works of some of our most celebrated poets, I found considerably less difficulty in recollecting:—

"*Koŏl ko deepuk poŏtur hy, moŏkh ko deepuk pān;*
Ghur ko deepuk istiree, dhurr ko deepuk prān."

i. e. To the family the lamp is the son, to the mouth the lamp is the betel-leaf;
To the house the lamp is the woman, to the body the lamp is the soul.

"Why, O Bikram! should any one affect greatness? It is certain that every one must go from this world below the earth.

"In this world our contingent existence is the cause of decay; we may or may not exist, but the existence of the Deity is necessary.

"Thou art the servant of God; if thou pass away, all mankind say of him who dies that he has paid the debt of nature.

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* Hindoos.

کل کو دیپک پتر هي مکھ کو دیپک پان
گھر کو دیپک استري دھر کو دیپک پران.—Ed.

"The men of this world are infidels entirely; they are employed the whole day in idle and foolish prattle.

"But say thou, O Bikram!

"My spiritual guide and KRISHN* are both before me, which of them shall I adore? I devote myself to my own preceptor, who has pointed out to me the real guide.

"Many have died while counting their beads, yet the instability of their minds was not removed; therefore, quitting the rosary which is in your hand, revolve that of the heart.

"The whole sea of this world is a deceitful vapour; you shall see that your lip will never be wet in it.†

"O friends! content yourselves with the homely fare of your own firesides.

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* Hindoos. كشن or كرشن, the most celebrated form of the god *Vishnoo*, or rather *Vishnoo* himself, being distinct from the ten *Avatārs* or incarnations. He is the Apollo of the Hindoos, and is supposed by Colonel Wilford to have lived about 1300 years before Christ. His exploits are the subjects of the poem called Maha Bharatha. He was probably a successful soldier, who flourished before the historic times.—ED.

† *Vide* p. 191, Note *.—ED.

"However distressed and ruinous my condition, I detest and avoid the society of the pampered favourites of fortune.

"A fly settled on the honey, his wings were entangled; he wrung his hands and shook his head; avarice is a grievous misfortune.

"Be not desirous of wealth, you will derive no advantage from it; return, seek not your own ruin, she is a prostitute from whom you can never expect conjugal affection.

"Never, oh my heart! shed tears for the death of any one; but weep exceedingly over those who are vehemently attached to this life.

"Restrain thy hands from violence and injustice; this very thing is, as one would say, thy *Sulam.**

"Acquire whatever you can in the season of youth; the task is arduous and the time short.†

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* Ar. سلام, *salutation, peace, safety.* سلام عليكم, *sulām ăleikum*, i. e. *peace be to you* (address at meeting); to which the answer is عليكم سلام, *aleikum sulām*, i. e. *to you be peace:* the salutation thus, properly, *beginning and ending with peace.*—Ed.

† "Ars longa, vita brevis." Hippoc.—Ed.

" When the *Sheikh** in his old age became the pupil of children, all the dead, starting from their graves, exclaimed, The resurrection is at hand.

" The tongue, though of flesh, is a sword of steel.

" But

" Whence can these poets of the present day obtain skill in their art? for wretched is the texture of such weavers as these.

" Therefore, from the *Manava-Dharma-Sastra*,† learn, O Bikram! that

" The chief temporal good is by some declared to consist in virtue and wealth; by some in wealth and lawful pleasure; and by some in virtue alone; by others in wealth alone; but the chief good here below is an assemblage of all three: this is a sure decision.

" Let not a man be querulous, even though in pain; let him not injure another in deed or in thought; let him not even utter a word by which his fellow-creature may suffer uneasiness; since

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* شيخ, a venerable old man, a chief.—Ed.

† The code or ordinances of Menoo.—Ed.

that will obstruct his own progress to final beatitude.

" Let a retired Brahmin bear a reproachful speech with patience; let him speak reproachfully to no man; let him not, on account of this frail body, engage in hostility with any one living.

" A mansion with bones for its rafters and beams; with nerves and tendons for cords; with muscles and blood for mortar; with skin for its outward covering; filled with no sweet perfume, but loaded with filth;

" A mansion infested by age and by sorrow; the seat of malady; harassed with pains, haunted with the quality of darkness (or passion), and incapable of standing long; such a mansion of the vital soul let its occupier always cheerfully quit.

" Let a Brahmin say what is true, but let him say what is pleasing; let him speak no disagreeable truth, nor let him speak agreeable falsehood: this is a primeval rule.

" Let him say 'well and good,' or let him say 'well' only; but let him not maintain fruitless enmity and altercation with any man.

" The soul is its own witness; the soul itself is

its own refuge; offend not thy conscious soul, the supreme internal witness of man!

"The sinful have said in their hearts, 'No one sees us:' yes, the gods distinctly see them; and so does the spirit within their breast.

"O friend to virtue! that supreme spirit which thou believest one and the same with thyself resides in thy bosom perpetually, and is an all-knowing inspector of thy goodness or of thy wickedness.

"Let a Brahmin, if he seeks happiness, be firm in perfect content, and check all desire of acquisition; for happiness has its root in content, and discontent is the root of misery.

"Grass and earth to sit on, water to wash the feet, and, fourthly, affectionate speech, are at no time deficient in the mansions of the good.

"No guest must be dismissed, who comes in the evening, by a housekeeper; he is sent by the retiring sun; and, whether he come in fit season or unseasonable, he must not sojourn in the house without entertainment.

"Let not himself eat any delicate food without asking his guest to partake of it: the satisfaction of

a guest will assuredly bring the housekeeper wealth, reputation, long life, and a place in heaven.

" Let him take care, to the utmost of his power, that no guest sojourn in his house unhonoured with a seat, with food, with a bed, with water, with esculent roots, and with fruit.

" Even from poison may nectar be taken; even from a child, gentleness of speech; even from a foe, prudent conduct; and even from an impure substance, gold.

" From every quarter, therefore, must be selected women bright as gems, knowledge, virtue, purity, gentle speech, and various liberal acts.

" Single is each man born; single he dies; single he receives the reward of his good, and single the punishment of his evil deeds.

" When he leaves his corse, like a log or a lump of clay, on the ground, his kindred retire with averted faces; but his virtue accompanies his soul.

" Continually therefore, by degrees, let him collect virtue, for the sake of securing an inseparable companion; since, with virtue for his guide, he will traverse a gloom,—how hard to be traversed!

" On a comparison between death and vice, the learned pronounce vice the more dreadful; since, after death, a vicious man sinks to regions lower and lower, while a man free from vice reaches heaven.

" He who perseveres in good actions, in subduing his passions, in bestowing largesses, in gentleness of manners, who bears hardships patiently, who associates not with the malignant, who gives pain to no sentient being,—obtains final beatitude.

" They who have read many books are more exalted than such as have seldom studied; they who retain what they have read, than forgetful readers; they who fully understand, than such as only remember; and they who perform their known duty, than such men as barely know it.

" And now, O Bikram! son of the holy Pundit Baboo* Nand Lal Thakoor, in order to impress your tender mind with a proper sense of the advantages of speaking neither too much nor too little, I shall not carry my discourse to a greater length at present, but shall bring it to a conclusion, by re-

* Hindoos. بابو, a title equivalent to Mr or Squire.—Ed.

citing to you the short and very appropriate story of the Silent Poet, as follows :—

" In the company of a certain Rajah,* a Poet, having come, sat down and remained silent. Upon this, some one of the Rajah's company said,—" Why, what has happened to-day, Mr Poet, that you are sitting as if you had made a vow of taciturnity ?" In answer to this person's observation, the Poet said nothing, but merely repeated the following couplet :—

" *Uti ka bhula nu burusna, uti kee bhulee nu dhoŏp ;*
" *Uti ka bhula nu bolna, uti kee bhulee nu choop.*†

" A great deal of rain is not good, neither is a great deal of sunshine ;
" A great deal of speaking is not good, neither is a great deal of silence.'

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* Hindoos. راجا, a king or prince. It is a title of authority, and therefore to be distinguished from a prince, meaning a *king's son*, which is شهزادہ *shahzadu*.—Ed.

† Hindoos.

ات کا بهلا نه برسنا ات کي بهلي نه دهپ
ات کا بهلا نه بولنا ات کي بهلي به چپ

"Immediately upon hearing this, that person, in like manner, repeated the following couplet:—

"*Koun chuhe hy burusna? koun chuhe hy dhoop?*
"*Koun chuhe hy bolna? koun chuhe hy choop?*"*

"Who is it that wishes for rain? who is it that wishes for sunshine?
Who is it that wishes to speak? who is it that wishes for silence?'

"To which the Poet again answered with this couplet:—

"*Malee chahe burusna, dhobee chahe dhoŏp;*
"*Sah jo chahe bolna, chor jo chahe choŏp.*"†

"The gardener wishes for rain, the washerman wishes for sunshine;

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* Hindoos.

کون چهي هي برسنا کون چهي هي دهپ
کون چهي هي بولنا کون چهي هي چپ

† Hindoos.

مالي چاهي برسنا دهوبي چاهي دهپ
ساه جو چاهي بولنا چور جو چاهي چپ

" It is the honest man who wishes to speak, the thief who wishes for silence."

I am,

Most respected Wilfred,

Your faithful friend,

I. N. O.

*Alexandria, 22d of the month Elul, in the year 584.**

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* *i. e.* 12th September, 1824.—Ed.

No XII.

Divine Poems of the Hindoos—The Vedas—Death of Bikram's Father—A Suttee—Indian Names—Story of the Necromancer and King Bikramaditya, in Illustration of Suttees.

"In this manner, my respected friend," continued Bikram, "did my venerable *Goroo*, day after day, inculcate the duties of religion and maxims of ethics, intermixing with them scraps of poetry and simple narratives, fitted to convey instruction to my susceptible mind. In short, during the years of my childhood, on account of the sedateness of my manners, and my aptitude for learning, I was beginning to be considered somewhat in the light of a prodigy; and few of our sages entertained any doubt that I would ultimately obtain a distinguished rank in society, either by extraordinary austerities, or by extraordinary application to the study of the religious poems,

which constitute the two grand, or rather the only avenues to distinction among the Brahmins.

" My assiduous attention at the reciting of the Sacred Poems, of which I now recollect little or nothing, was considered by all as an uncommon sign of good in a person of my tender age; whilst the fact is, that neither I nor many others who attended assiduously at the recital, were capable of understanding a single word of the sacred language in which these compositions are written; and I dare say, although we had understood the language, we would have been still very far from comprehending the proper meaning of these oracles of mystification.

" You will perceive by this that I am no very staunch believer in the orthodoxy of such things; for the truth is, that owing to the course of events subsequent to this the opening scene of my life, I have been thrown amongst men of various, and even of opposing systems of belief, which, I dare say, has tended to render me somewhat loose in my attachment to such matters.

" This, however, you will easily understand is by no means the case with my countrymen in general. A Brahmin, in particular, believes that the very re-

cital of these sacred poems purifies him from sin, and he would consider complaint as impious, however dull that recital might prove. With a betel-leaf in his mouth, seated on a mat, he will listen, day after day, for whole months, and with every appearance of devotion, whilst some more gifted reader chants aloud to the admiring assembly accounts of the actions of some favourite deity, or the tenets which every devout son of Brahma is bound to believe.*

"I was thus making surprising progress in the paths of erudition; and, doubtless, had I protracted to a

* "During certain months of the year, and on a lucky day, a rich Hindoo frequently assembles four or five thousand persons in an extensive building. At one end is an elevated place for the reader; at the opposite one is a curtain, beyond which are seated the women. The audience seat themselves on mats, according to their respective castes. Before the reading commences, each one addresses the book in terms similar to these:—'O Book! be thou the goddess of instruction; impart to me knowledge.' Both the author and hero of the poem are honoured by a sacrifice,—an offering of flowers and rice. When the reader comes to a passage more than usually animating, the auditors, whose circumstances will permit it, present him, in token of gratitude, with little silver chains. They all return, day after day, until the book be wholly perused. The poem *Maha Bharata* occupies five months in reading."—Note in M. Langlois' *Monumens Littéraires de l'Inde.*—Ed.

long period my state of *Brahmachari*,* or bachelorhood, as my inclinations at that time seemed to indicate, I must have attained to an intimate acquaintance with the eighteen grand divisions of Hindoo science, including the four *Vedas*, the four *Upavedas*, the six *Vedangas*, and the four *Upangas*, which constitute the sum total of *Vidya* or *knowledge* in my country.†

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* Hindoos. برهماچاري is the first step in life of a Brahmin, or the first of the four religious classes or states of mankind; it is the time devoted to study.—Ed.

† All the knowledge (بدیا) of the Hindoo is distributed into eighteen divisions. Of these the first are the four *Vedas* (بید) or Scriptures, which he considers to have been immediately revealed from heaven, and which contain the received notions of his divinities, and the worship, whether external or internal, that must be paid them. Thus religion is the foundation of all his science. Next come four others called *Upavedas* (اپ, secondary); these relate to medicine, music, and some other arts. To understand these eight divisions thoroughly, recourse must be had to the *Vedangas*, (انگ, body,) which are comprised in six books, and which relate to pronunciation, grammar, prosody, the explanation of some sacred words, the rites of religion, &c. Lastly, are the four *Upangas*, relating to logic, moral philosophy, jurisprudence, and history.

"The eternity of the *Veda*," says Mr Colebrooke, "or authenticity of its revelation, is attempted to be proved by showing that

"This was a consummation which, in my case, appeared to be extremely probable; but the whole affair was soon broken in upon by one of those unlooked-for accidents which sometimes interrupt the course of even the smoothest and most monotonous portions of human existence. 'Life,' says the poet Abroo, 'is like the fallacious appearance of water in a sandy plain;* its flattering promises are like a bubble.'

"The accident to which I allude was the sudden death of my father, which, as you may easily conceive, caused no small commotion, as well as a wonderful change of circumstances in our family.

"My father, according to the almost general custom of the sacred class of Brahmins, had several wives; how many I cannot, at this time, pretend,

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it had no human origin; and for this purpose the principal argument is, that no human author is remembered. In the case of human compositions, it is said, contemporaries have been aware that the authors of them were occupied in composing those works: not so with the *Veda*, which has been handed down as primeval, and of which no mortal author was known."—Ed.

* Arabic, سراب, *Serāb.* A vapour resembling the sea at a distance, formed by the rays of the sun or moonlight on a sandy plain, glare; (French, *mirage.*)—Ed.

with certainty, to recollect; but my mother, for several reasons, happened to be the favourite. She had been married to my father at the age of fifteen, and, at the time of his death, had lived with him thirteen years, during which period she brought him two sons, of whom I chanced to be the younger; my brother, whose name was Khoorm Chundra, being at this time eleven, and I somewhat more than eight years of age.

"Notwithstanding the disparity of their ages, my father being at the time of his decease considerably above sixty, and consequently more than double the age of my mother, which is by no means an uncommon circumstance in the marriages of the Brahmins, —as my mother was a person of a strong mind, and at the same time remarkably attached to her husband, who was regulated by her almost in everything, matters were so managed that no matrimonial jars, so far as I can remember, ever took place to the disturbance of the family.

"Although my father's death was, no doubt, a misfortune, yet a more serious one, to me at least, soon followed in consequence; and that was the resolute determination which my mother adopted of burning

herself on the funeral-pile of her husband. She was a person of strong feelings, and, as I have said already, of a high mind; so that the whole bent of her inclinations, conjoined with what you would no doubt denominate the prejudices of her education, as well as the strong arguments brought forward, doubtless from interested motives, by the members of the priesthood,—all impelled her irresistibly to the consummation of this sacrifice, which is termed by the Brahmins *Sohgomon*,* i. e. *going along with*, or the act of a widow's burning herself *with* her husband's body; and from this act of devotion she obtains the title of SUTTEE,† which means *a chaste, virtuous, constant woman.*

"The act of a widow's burning herself at a period

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* Hindoos. سہگمن; termed also *Suhumurna*, سہمرنا, "*dying along with.*"—ED.

† Hindoos. ستّی. "Relationship with a Suttee," says Dr Gilchrist, "gave a certain rank in India in the estimation of the natives. The son of a woman who had performed Suttee ranked as a knight; if he could boast that his sister also had burned herself, he would be considered as a baronet; if he had other relations who had also sacrificed themselves, he would rank as a baron, and so on, up even to the dignity of a king, according to the number of females of his family who had performed Suttee."—ED.

considerably subsequent to the husband's death, along with some article that belonged to him, in contradistinction to the *Sohgomon*, is denominated *Anoogomon*,* or *going after*; but this, although allowed to all other castes, is prohibited expressly by the *Shasters* † to a Brahminee; and, therefore, she must either burn on her husband's funeral-pile or not at all. Now, it is mentioned in our sacred books, that 'there are three millions and a half of hairs upon the human body, and every woman who burns herself with the body of her husband, will reside with him in heaven during a like number of years. In the same manner as a snake-catcher drags a snake from his hole, so does a woman, who burns herself, draw her husband out of hell, and she afterwards resides with him in heaven;' which consideration has no doubt a powerful effect in inducing women of strong feelings to perform this remarkable act of self-devotion.

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* Hindoos. انگمن; termed also *anoomurna*, انمرنا, "*dying after.*"—Ed.

† Hindoos. شاستر, Hindoo religious books, Hindoo law or scripture.—Ed.

"In illustration of these ideas, and to show the nature of the arguments that are brought forward in support of this very ancient,* but, at the same

* In reference to the antiquity of the ceremony of *Suttee*, it may be observed that Diodorus Siculus, in his Narrative of the Expedition of Alexander the Great into India, gives the fullest and most interesting account of the nature and origin of the custom that is to be found in any ancient author. He says, "This institution took its rise amongst these barbarians (the Rajpoots) from the crime of one wife who destroyed her husband by poison." He then gives a full relation of the ceremony, which he characterizes as "an unheard-of crime, and abhorrent from Grecian laws and customs." After describing the contest which took place between the two wives of Ceteus, the leader of the Indian troops, for the privilege of burning on the funeral-pile, and which was decided in favour of the younger of the two, he thus proceeds:—"She who had lost her cause departed weeping, rending the veil which covered her head, and tearing her hair, as if some great calamity had been communicated to her. The other, rejoicing at her success, proceeded to the funeral-pile, crowned by the females of her household with mitres, (μιτραις.) She was decked with other ornaments, as if for a nuptial festival, and was attended by her relations, chanting a song in praise of her virtue. As soon as she reached the pile, she took the ornaments from her person, and distributed them amongst her attendants and friends, as memorials, one would say, of her affection. The ornaments consisted of a multitude of rings upon her fingers, set with precious stones of various colours. Upon her head was no small number of stars of gold, discriminated by means of stones of all kinds. About her neck were many gems, some small, and the rest gradually increasing to a larger size. At length, having embraced her family, she was placed upon the pile by her brother, and, to the great astonishment of the people who

time, I must say, very cruel and absurd practice,—I shall recite a Bengalee story, which forms part of a very old and celebrated collection called the *Singhasun Buttesee*, or '*Throne of the Thirty-two Images.*'

"The principal agent in the story is Prince Bikramaditya,* a sovereign who reigned in ancient times among the Rajpoots, and whose memory is so much

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assembled to witness the ceremony, she terminated thus heroically her life. Before the pile was lighted, the whole army, in military array, marched three times round it. The widow, bending towards her husband's body, uttered no pusillanimous cry when the flames began to roar, which excited towards her the pity of some of the spectators, whilst others extolled her resolution. There were not wanting, however, individuals amongst the Greeks who condemned this custom as cruel and inhuman."

The date of this occurrence is the first year of the 106th Olympiad, or B. C. 314. We have, therefore, in this instance, demonstrative evidence of the prevalence and even antiquity of the Suttee ceremony in India more than 2140 years ago.

Compare in Col. Tod's "Annals of Rajasthan," p. 633, &c.—Ed.

* There are several monarchs of this name mentioned in Indian histories, but the most celebrated is the one spoken of in the text, from whose reign the *Hindoo* era called the Sambat year is computed. This Bikram or Vikramaditya, more commonly called Bikramajeet, was King of Oujein, and began his reign, according to Colonel Warren's computation, about fifty-seven years before the era of Christianity.—Ed.

revered that he is held up, till this day, in India, as a model to all rajahs, for strict justice, greatness, and beneficence.

"It was in honour of this great and fortunate sovereign, that, after due calculation of my horoscope, with observation made of the aspects of the heavenly bodies at the hour of my birth, and examination of the marks apparent upon my body, on placing the *zunnar** around my neck, the sage members of the Pat Saleh or Brahminical College of Kashee, having declared in the most solemn manner that I should be learned, magnanimous, fortunate, and renowned, it was resolved that my name should be BIKRAM,—to which the cognomen of DILWALEE† was added

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* Arabic, زنار, a belt, a Hindoo rosary, a string which all the Hindoos wear by way of charm or amulet. (From Gr. ζωναριον.)

"When a child is born," says Dow, "some of the Brahmins are called. They pretend, from the horoscope of his nativity, to foretel his future fortune by means of some astrological tables of which they are possessed. When this ceremony is over they burn incense, and make an offering according to the circumstances of the parents; and, without ever consulting them, tie the zunnar round the infant's neck, and impose a name upon him, according to their own fancy."—ED.

† In regard to names, it may be observed that the Indians of quality, like great folks among ourselves, are in general not con-

on a subsequent occasion, as you will hear by and by.

STORY OF THE NECROMANCER AND KING BIKRAMADITYA,

IN ILLUSTRATION OF SUTTEES.

"The Twenty-ninth Image, seeing King Bhoj* approaching the throne, for the purpose of being

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tented with two or three, like the *prænomen, nomen*, and *cognomen* of the Romans; but, on the contrary, they have them sometimes to the extent of a dozen or more. Ex. gr. Etga-Maha-thana-depade-won-Shengdan mang-yee Maha-meng-la-yoza; and, His Highness Murjah Rajah Stree Poosa pauty Narrain Ghuzzaputty Rauze Behauder Munnia Sooltan, Rajah of Vizianagram!

Names of pure Indian quality possess not unfrequently the advantage of sounding well; as, for example in the following list taken, as they stand together, out of a Burmese state paper; and which, when pronounced with due cadence, would form a very pleasing nursery rhyme:—

Hynjee Wyngeree,
Rung Jhung,
Acherung Tingra Bo,
Rhungra Chowdree Puree Joree,
Tinga Twanga Paeinromgee,
Thwygeree Chowdree,
Mijoo Chowdree,
Chowdree Meystrang See!—Ed.

* The celebrated Rajah Bhoj, whose name stands high in Hindoo traditions, was King of Oujein, eleventh in descent from Bikramaditya.

installed, said,—" Oh, King Bhoj! the glorious King Bikramaditya sat on this throne; I am about to relate a story respecting him: listen! " One day a Necromancer arrived at King Bikramaditya's gate, and said to the porter: ' Oh! porter, I, having heard the renown of the glorious Bikramaditya, King of kings, am come from a very distant land for the purpose of being introduced in the royal presence; make my representation known to the King.' The gentleman-usher having represented the case to his Majesty, in conformity to the royal orders, commanded the porter to conduct him in. The Necromancer being made aware of the court-etiquette by hundreds of goldsticks, reached the margin of the royal court, and began to gaze at the splendour of the well-ordered assembly. When he beheld the glorious Bikramaditya, King of kings, seated on his throne, fanned with the white *chamur*,* adorned with various gems, and waited on with the golden sceptre and the argent canopy, surrounded

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* Hindoos. چامر, a fly-flap, commonly made of the tail of the Bos grunniens or *Yac* of Tartary, and conferred as an emblem of royal favour.—Ed.

by hundreds of discriminating and learned ministers, as well for consultation as for business, and by Kalidas* and the other *Pundits* renowned for various knowledge,—he represented, with joined hands,† that if his Majesty, together with his ministers, would look with attention, he would exhibit some surprising sights to them. When the King heard the request of the Necromancer, he gave orders to begin."

In the meantime, however, most illustrious Wilfred, allow me to subscribe myself, your sincere friend,

I. N. O.

Alexandria, 7th of the month Tisri,
in the year 585.‡

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* Hindoos. كالداس, name of a celebrated poet, one of the nine gems or eminent men of Bikramaditya's court.—Ed.

† The Indian manner of saluting a superior.—Ed.

‡ *i. e.* 7th October, 1824.—Ed.

No XIII.

Conclusion of the Story of the Necromancer and King Bikramaditya—Preparations for the Suttee—Description of the Scene.

" SCARCELY had the Necromancer received the King's permission, when a man, with a sword in one hand, and holding a beautiful young woman by the other, suddenly made his appearance before the King, and thus addressed him :—' Oh, King of kings ! some declare that the object of the highest importance in this world is knowledge ; but to this I cannot assent, for my own opinion is, that lovely females and abundance of wealth are the things of the greatest consequence : for this reason, no one willingly trusts these into the hands of another. But to-day there is to be a battle in the ethereal

regions between the Gods and Titans, and it is my duty to go to the assistance of *Indra.** This is my wife, dearer to me than life itself. It is not fitting to go to a field of battle accompanied by a woman. I have not sufficient confidence to depart after having intrusted her to some one else; but knowing that the King of kings is truly pious, cherishing a stranger as he would his own family, one who keeps his own senses under subjection, and possesses the

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* The *Swarga*, (سورگ,) or Hindoo paradise, and the dominion over the *devas*, (دیو,) or subordinate deities, are confided to a sovereign named Indra. His dignity is not unchangeable; he may be displaced by the prince who has successively sacrificed 100 horses; or by the saint who has long submitted to extraordinary austerities. Hence he is jealous of the mortal who attempts to subvert him.

The great men of Ava seem to claim some relationship with the above-mentioned sovereign, as appears from the following paragraph, which occurs in a state-document transmitted by the Burmese authorities to one of our officers:—

"Moonkoong Aloompoo, and Mueeng-Amah Muntue (the one a Phokun, commander-in-chief of the forces, and the other a state-counsellor,) represent for the information of the presence who has come into Assam by the orders of the honourable Company's government, that the Prince of Moonkoong and the Prince of Assam, (by) caste were brothers, descended from Indra, and, as our title Swurgee Rajah (celestial princes) signify, alighted from heaven by means of a gold and silver ladder."—Ed.

most benevolent feelings, I place my wife in his care and depart for the field of battle. My request is, that, till my return, your Majesty will make every effort to protect her, and confer so important a favour on me.'

"When the King heard this request he complied with it; and the husband having given his wife in charge to the Monarch, took leave of the King, and, before the eyes of all present, he ascended into the air from the place of the royal assembly. Till the moment he was out of sight, the King and the whole of his courtiers continued, with upraised eyes, fixed in astonishment. After he had become invisible to all, the heavens were filled, as it were, with the war-shout of combatants. On hearing these sounds, the King and all his court became like statues, from surprise. At this instant the two hands of the husband dropt in the assembly; next fell his two feet; and, after a short delay, his severed head came tumbling down. When the wife beheld her husband's head, after bitter lamentations, she thus addressed the King:—'Oh, great Monarch! just as the moon-beam disappears with the moon, and in

the same way as the lightning vanishes with the cloud, exactly so is it the first duty of a wife to attend upon her Lord; I am determined, therefore, to follow my husband. Let an order be issued to prepare the funeral-pile and the other requisites.' The King, who was most tender-hearted, replied to her: —' Most devoted of wives! the engagements we enter into in this life are only binding as long as life continues. While your Lord was alive, so long was he your husband; at present what connexion subsists between you? Where consists the virtue of abandoning life for a person with whom all connexion has ceased? Here is now what is your option: if you no longer desire enjoyments, take refuge in practising the rites of those who study the Divine perfections, and devote yourself to the worship of God; if, however, you still take delight in the pursuit of pleasure, you shall be married to whatever worthy man you will select, and enjoy the highest state of bliss. I will give abundance of wealth: want you shall in no way feel.'

'This devoted wife, on hearing the King's words, replied,—' Great King! your Majesty is an evident

incarnation* of religion, therefore religion must be encouraged by your Majesty. Even though it is possible to practise the rites of those who study the Divine perfections by abandoning our passions, still the duties of a faithful wife are to be upheld. Yet in this human frame there is an unsteadiness, even on making the greatest effort, in the acquisition of salutary knowledge; and in the exercise of discretion, the powerful foe to lust and the other passions. Difficult is it, therefore, to maintain the duties of widowhood as laid down in the Scriptures! Easy is it to deviate from the duties of a widow! And just as the wife has a right over the wealth acquired by her husband, even so should the death of the wife follow that of her lord. Besides, at the nuptial hour, in the presence of Fire, with the recitation of sacred texts, the marriage is completed by the promise of the wife's husband to be faithful 'to the dissolution of the body.' The energy of a man is typified under a female form, yet man can exist without his energy; but the energy cannot subsist without man.

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* Hindoos. اوتار, *Avutar*, birth, descent, incarnation of the Deity. The Hindoos reckon ten *avutars* of the god Vishnoo.—Ed.

As an illustration of this, the fire which is formed of the *Manimantra* and *Mahoushadha*, &c. subsists without its inflammatory power, but the inflammatory power is never found without fire. Further, great Prince, it is experienced in this world, that, for whatever reason life is quitted, there must be an extremity of affection for that object. Therefore, O great King! by popular belief, by Scripture, and by reason, what I design should be accomplished. And under what idea would your Majesty forbid any voluntary act? Upon whatever object the mind is steadfastly intent, the prohibition of any one else is altogether nugatory; just as much as the attempt to arrest the stream of a river rushing downwards.'

"The King being convinced by this discourse that the wife was resolved to be burned with her husband, said to her,—'Oh, faithful wife! all which you have declared is perfectly true; as to what I recommended, it was only to try your constancy.' The King, after saying these few words to this devoted wife, gave orders preparatory to the funeral-rites; and the woman, being extremely agitated, entered the pit of the funeral-pile in pursuit of her

husband, with as much alacrity as a person, burnt up by the heat of the warm season, enters the most refreshing water.

"Whilst the King and all his courtiers were engaged in applauding the chastity, piety, and noble conduct of the wife, the husband appeared in the assembly, wounded in every part of his body, and covered with streams of blood. The King and his courtiers, being perfectly astonished, began to stare at one another. The husband addressed the King, saying,—'Oh, great King! the affair about which I went being now accomplished, and having likewise obtained renown from it, I am returned; give orders, therefore, that my wife be now restored to me; I am about to return to my own country.' When the King heard these words, not being able to fix in his own mind what answer he should give, he began to look at his ministers. The ministers, guessing what were the King's wishes, said to the man,—'Most renowned warrior! a little while after you left this, a head resembling yours dropt down before us. Your wife, beholding your head, after much lamentation, not paying any attention to his Majesty's remonstrances, burnt herself along with

it. The place of the funeral-pile is visible, go and see it.'

"The husband, on hearing the reply of the ministers, remained silent for a short time; then, heaving a deep sigh, he addressed the King,—'Great King! must all the praise of the exalted justice which is attributed to your Majesty by the inhabitants of the Three Worlds,* be falsified by the untowardness of my fate? But if your Majesty, knowing my wife to be extremely beloved by me, is only sporting with me,' then such sport should not be practised. Not having seen my beloved wife for a long time, I am extremely uneasy in mind.' The King replied, that it was no trick, it was nothing but the truth. The husband answered,—'Great King! I well know the extent of your Majesty's equity; it is now incumbent on you to restore my wife to me, or to give me your own.' The King, on hearing this, through dread of injuring his fame for justice, went that instant into the Queen's apartments, and taking the Queen-consort by the hand, led her into the assembly. When he got there, the man had

* Viz. Heaven, Earth, and Tartarus.—Ed.

disappeared. At that moment the Necromancer presented himself before the King, and represented with joined hands,—'Oh, King of kings! I exhibited this illusion by means of magic: every thing you have seen was deceptive; put away all uneasiness, and regain your tranquillity.' The King being very much delighted with these words of the Necromancer, sent the Queen back to her own apartments, and seated himself in the assembly. Just at this time a present arrived in the presence of the King, which was sent by the king of the land of *Pandya*, consisting of a collection of various riches, together with hundreds of elephants, horses, &c. King Bikramaditya gave all these to the Necromancer, and having thus gratified him, he dismissed him."

"The twenty-ninth Image then said, 'Oh, King Bhoj! whatever monarch is thus in awe of justice, he is worthy to sit on this throne.'

"The glorious King Bhoj was stopped by these words for that day."

"The foregoing considerations," said Bikram Dilwalee, "had all the influence on my mother's mind which the most bigoted Brahmin could desire, and,

therefore, all matters regarding the consummation of the *Suttee* were soon arranged to the entire satisfaction of all parties.

"It was on a fine morning in the month Bysakh,* soon after I had completed my eighth year, that the preparations for this remarkable event,—too remarkable an event in my life, indeed, ever to be forgotten,—were carried into effect in the most splendid manner, and in strict accordance with all the rules of the *Shasters* relating to such solemnities. The spot selected for the consummation of this sacrifice, which is, unfortunately, too frequent an occurrence in my country to create much sensation,†

* *i. e.* April.—Ed.

† From the parliamentary papers which have been brought forward on the subject of *Suttees*, it appears that, in 1815, 378 widows were sacrificed on the funeral-piles of their husbands in the presidency of Bengal; in 1816, 442; in 1817, 707; in 1818, 839; in 1819, 650; in 1820, 597; in 1821, 654; in 1822, 583; in 1823, 575; making a gross total, in nine years, of 5425 individuals who had thus perished; and, taking into the account those who had been burned at Fort St George and Bombay, the number would be nearly 6000. In short, two women, on an average calculation, were said to be destroyed in that manner every day in the year! The children, of various ages, who were left in an orphan and destitute state, in consequence of these sacrifices, in Bengal alone amounted in the above nine years to 5128.—Ed.

was a plain piece of ground of considerable extent, situated on the right bank of the Ganges, several *coss** to the westward of Benares.† The ruddy pinnacles of the pagodas, and, here and there intermixed, the lofty minarets of a Mohammedan temple, might be discerned marking the precincts of the 'sacred city' to the eastward;† on the north the 'holy Ganges' rolled its deep murmuring waters

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* Hindoos. كوس, a measure of about two miles.—Ed.

† "Few places in Gangetic India offer a more picturesque or imposing appearance than Benares from the river. The bank is lined with an uninterrupted range of spacious *ghats*, and crowned with an infinite number of small temples of the most elaborate workmanship, which present themselves to view in varied and rapid succession. Structures of more bulk and greater extent, the dwellings of opulent individuals or the domiciles of religious orders, occupy the intervals between these lighter edifices; and the back-ground is filled with a series of lofty buildings, rising tier above tier, and topped with every possible variety of pinnacle and minaret. The whole is of a grey or red stone, diversified by the variegated tints which time has given to their hue. The picture is perfect, without the addition of human figures; but when, as on the present occasion, the *ghats* and surmounting edifices are covered with a dense population, dressed in the greatest possible variety of colour and costume, a scene occurs to which it would be difficult for the pencil, and still more so for description, to render justice." *Vide* Asiatic Journal, No CXXXVI. p. 525.—Ed.

with a noise which gave an idea of solemnity, if not of reverence,* to the scene; a dense *jungle*,* at the distance of a few *coss*, bounded the view in a beautiful manner on the south side; whilst, far to the westward, the wide expanse of the Jumoona, hastening to join the Ganges, reflected the early beams of the morning, and the distant mountains of Boondelkhund served as sublime boundaries to the prospect.

"In the immediate neighbourhood of the spot where the *chaura*† had been dug, and the funeral-pile erected with the corpse upon it, a considerable crowd became very soon assembled; and the keen scramble which took place among the *huramzadus*‡ for eligible situations for beholding the *tumasha*,§ might have afforded vast amusement to any unconcerned spectator. At one corner might be seen a

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* Hindoos. جنگل, a forest.—Ed.

† Hindoos. چورا, the place in which Hindoo women are burned.—Ed.

‡ Hindoos. حرام زادے, low-born fellows, scoundrels.—Ed.

§ Hindoos. تماشا, an entertainment or show, a spectacle.—Ed.

juggler tossing up his balls, or daggers, or twirling his rings in the air with the most monotonous placidity imaginable; at another a *Jogee*,* intent on the fulfilment of his vow, presented a no less interesting exhibition to the spectators, by distorting his limbs, hanging suspended head downwards from a tree, or by performing some other feat tending to inspire the beholders with admiration of his sanctity, and remarkable attainments in austerity and devotion;—whilst the impudent *Fakeers*,† with their never-ending *suwal*,‡—'*Baba, koŏchh moŭlà nàm ka sŏuda kuro*,'§—interrupted the stillness which seemed at times about to take possession of the scene.

"This was soon interrupted in a more impressive manner, however, by the appearance of the holy Brahmins, as they passed along in solemn procession, arrayed in their most splendid habiliments, ac-

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* Hindoos. جوگي, a devotee.—Ed.

† Ar. فقير, a religious mendicant.—Ed.

‡ Ar. سوال, begging, request.—Ed.

§ Hindoos. بابا کچھ مولا نام کا سودا کرو, *i. e.* "Sir, show me some kindness in the Lord's name!"—Ed.

companied by gongs, cymbals, tambours, lutes, and other instruments of music, to the neighbourhood of the pile. Next came their victim,—my poor, dear mother,—dressed simply but elegantly in white raiment, bedecked with an immense profusion of jewels, and surrounded by her nearest relatives, including my brother and myself, together with a long train of female attendants for assisting in the ceremonies.

"After being immersed, with all due observance, for the *seventh* and last time, in the sacred waters of the Ganges, and having solemnly pronounced the fatal *sunkulp*,* my mother, with the most heroic intrepidity, and with scarcely any assistance from the attendants, mounted the funeral-pile, and placed herself immediately by the side of her deceased husband."

You will allow me here, most excellent Wilfred, to subscribe myself,

Your faithful friend,

I. N. O.

Alexandria, 21st of the month Tisri, in the year 585.†

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* Hindoos. سنکلپ, the act of promising or vowing religiously, a vow.—Ed.

† i. e. 21st October, 1824.

No XIV.

Consummation of the Suttee—Hindoo Notions of future Beatitude—Bikram Escapes from the Brahmins—A Rajpoot Ameer.

WITHOUT troubling you with remarks, most sage Wilfred, which, I am sure, would not be at all acceptable, as they would interrupt the pleasure which, without doubt, you derive from the narrative, I shall proceed to give you, in his own words, the continuation of the story of the Rajpoot:—

"Every thing necessary for the consummation of the *Suttee* seemed to be now accomplished, and the officiating Brahmins were preparing to put the fatal torch into the hand of my brother, in order that he might set fire to the pile, as had been previously arranged with my mother should be done. This, however, they were not to do till they should receive a certain signal from herself, which had been

agreed upon between them. They were now anxiously waiting for this last intimation, when my mother, beckoning one of the Brahmins to her, requested that she might be allowed to take me once more to her bosom, to bid me farewell.

"It was known to all that I was her favourite child, and that her yearnings of affection towards me might be considered as the only link that remained now unbroken in the chain that attached her to the world. It was judged proper, therefore, at once to gratify so reasonable a request; and the Brahmin, to my great horror, taking me up in his arms, placed me in the bosom of my mother.

"'Ah, my darling Bikram!' said she,—'*Jigurgoshue mun*,*—in thy countenance I see portrayed the expressive features of my beloved lord. I love thee, Bikram, with heart and soul; and nothing would detain me a moment from the completing of this sacrifice, except my regret at parting with thee, thou darling child of a fond, doating mother! Yet, however much I love thee, I cannot,

* Pers. جگر گوشۂ من, *lit.* "*Corner of my liver.*"—Ed.

I must not, forget the dearer ties that bind me to my husband. Yes, in this degenerate age, when many weak-minded females, led astray by the base doctrines of foreign seducers,—cloaking their cowardice and want of loyalty to their husbands with flimsy pretexts which every true child of Brahma must despise,—keep themselves back from the fulfilling of this great sacrifice, which is so fraught with advantage to their husbands, and with honour to themselves and to their families,—it shall never be said that the spouse of the revered Brahmin, Nand Lal Thakoor, hesitated for one moment to pass through the fire into his embraces. Nay, in the name of *Jusouda*,* Bikram, I will take thee with me! I will present thee to Brahma himself, and this will indeed be a sacrifice that may entitle me in his sight even to a full *Calpa*† of beatitude. But, first, let me

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* Hindoos. جسودا, the name of a goddess, the mother of *Krishna*. *Vide* p. 177, Note.

† The shortest period in Hindoo chronology is an age, or a *Juga* (جگ); four of these constitute one *Mahayuga*; seventy-one of these are under the control of a *Menoo*, and the aggregate is thence denominated a *Manwantara*. There are fourteen *Menoos*,

adorn thy neck with this chain and jewel, that, until our ashes are collected, it may remain upon thy bosom as a sacred *talisman* guiding thee to the regions of bliss and immortality.'

"So saying, my mother hastened to fasten around my neck this same golden chain which you perceive I still wear, and to which is attached a precious stone with the lotus-flower,—the sacred emblem of Krishna,*—engraved upon it.

"I had no objections whatever to the fastening of the jewel around my neck; but I must confess that, as you may readily believe, I had small inclination to yield to the will of my too affectionate mother, in regard to accompanying her through the fire into the presence of Brahma. No!—I was not exactly

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and the total of their reigns constitutes a *Calpa* (کلپ) or space of 4,294,080,000 years, when all the inferior worlds perish with their inhabitants: the gods and sages alone survive. A *Calpa* is a day of Brahma; his night is of equal duration; three hundred and sixty-five double *Calpas* make up his year, and he exists a hundred years; after which the annihilation is entire. The duration of a *Mahayuga*, or aggregate of four ages, is 4,220,000 years. —Ed.

* The figure of the combined triangles is used for designating the followers of *Siva*, and that of the lotus for the votaries of *Krishna*.—Ed.

so tired of my life, or so enthusiastically set upon enjoying the felicities of the supreme state of bliss, which the Boodhists have denominated *Nerawāna*,* as to exclaim at once in the words of the old poet of Frangistan,—

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* The species of happiness enjoyed by the good in the lowest heaven, according to the Boodhists, differs not so much in kind as in degree from that of the earth. They have here the company not only of men, but of the gods who are natives of the place. Here both gods and men remain until they are so far improved in virtue as to be fit for the second heaven, or *Devi-lokaya*, which is as superior in happiness as in station to the heaven below. Thus they ascend in dignity as in enjoyment, until they have passed through eighteen kingdoms. They then enter the lowest of the *Brachma-lokayas*,—a state of happiness far superior to that of the *Devi-lokayas*. While ascending through the six kingdoms of the *Brachma-lokayas*, they throw off not only every remains of moral imperfection, but even of passion and of sensation; so that, after abiding for a time in the highest *Brachma-lokaya*, they are rendered fit for the supreme state of bliss in *Nerawāna*. Here is no sensation, no perception: here is total extinction of being; and to this both gods and men are equally subject. Boodhu is believed to have passed through all the *Devi-lokayas*, and nearly all the *Brachma-lokayas*: he is, therefore, rapidly approaching the end of his existence, the blissful *Nerawāna*, which he is expected to enter soon after the middle of the present century. A new dispensation of religion will then be necessary, and there is reason to hope that the Christian is that which is destined by an All-wise Providence to supply the place, and to annihilate this monstrous system. *Vide* Asiatic Journal, No CXXV. p. 574.—Ed.

'Grant me, released from matter's chain,
To seek, O God! thy home again;
Within thy bosom to repose,
From whence the stream of spirit flows!
A dew-drop of celestial birth,
Behold me spilt on nether earth;
Then give me to that parent-well,
From which this flitting wanderer fell.'

"I was by no means slow, therefore, in using exertions for my preservation; and, accordingly, as soon as my mother's hands had placed her last gift around my neck, I took the opportunity of slipping down off the pile at the instant she gave the signal for setting it on fire. It was a fearful moment! The pyre had been so well prepared, and the combustibles were in such excellent condition, that the roaring flame ascended to heaven, bearing, in a few minutes, the soul of its victim, as it were, triumphant on its wings.*

* We can scarcely conclude the interesting subject of *Suttees*, at present, better than by quoting the following sonnet, entitled, "The Suttee," from a new edition of "Sonnets and other Poems," by D. L. Richardson:—

"Her last fond wishes breathed,—a farewell smile
Is lingering on the calm unclouded brow
Of yon deluded victim. Firmly now
She mounts with lofty mien the funeral-pile,

"When I felt my feet upon the ground, I turned my head, for an instant, to look at the awful scene; and, on beholding my brother, at the instigation of the Brahmins, acting as the executioner, if not the murderer, of my dearly-beloved parent; considering at the same time that the cursed priests had certainly contemplated my destruction as well as that of my mother, by evidently proceeding on the supposition that I was on the pile at the time when my brother, by their orders, applied the torch to it,—little additional consideration was required to make me

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Where lies her earthly Lord. The Brahmin's guile
Hath wrought its will;—fraternal hands bestow
The kindling brand;—the crackling embers glow,
And flakes of hideous smoke the skies defile.
The worthless throng their willing aid supply,
And pour the kindling oil. The stunning sound
Of dissonant drums,—the crowd's exulting cry,—
The failing martyr's pleading voice have drowned;
While fiercely-burning rafters fall around,
And shroud her form from Horror's straining eye!"

We are glad to understand that the present Governor General of India, Lord W. Bentinck, has now adopted measures for entirely doing away with these inhuman practices; so that we may expect that the immolation of widows, which has continued in India for not less than 3000 years, will, in a short time, be unknown to the world, except as a matter of history.—Ed.

hasten from the dreadful spot, and seek my safety by running off as fast as my legs could carry me.

"As soon as I had attained the open plain, unobserved by any of the spectators, who were all too intent upon the interesting object before them to pay me any particular attention, the sound of the musical instruments, combined with the shouting of the multitude, which burst upon my ear, added wings to my speed; and, without stopping for a moment to look behind me, I set off in the direction of the hill country, which lay at a considerable distance to the westward. I continued my exertions with very little intermission for the space of four or five hours, during which time I had contrived to place an extent of not less than six or seven *coss* between the dreaded Brahmins and myself; but now my limbs completely failed me, and my desire of escaping from those who, I dare say, after all, never entertained any intention of pursuing me,—yielded entirely to the pressure of fatigue.

"The spot in which I found myself at this time was rather of a wild character, as I had taken a south-westerly direction on leaving the neighbourhood of the Ganges, and was now approaching a considerable range of hills, connected with th

Vendhya mountains, which pass through Bahar, Benares, and Allahabad, nearly to the ocean on the west. The hills were beginning to lengthen their shadows, the distant *jungle* was assuming the sombre hue of evening; the shrieking of the peacocks, the chattering of the sparrow-hawks, with other sounds of wild animals, which, to my mind, seemed extremely ominous, and much calculated to inspire an idea of danger, determined me at the moment to proceed no farther; and, therefore, seating myself upon a detached rock, which lay at the foot of the hill whence it had fallen, I gave way to despondency at the terrors of my situation, and wept aloud.

"This fit, however, did not continue long, for the calls of hunger began now to occupy my attention. I was fortunately pretty well supplied with sweetmeats, which had been liberally bestowed upon me before the commencement of the ceremonies in the morning, and I accordingly applied myself with avidity to the store of these which I possessed. But, alas! although I was hungry, and also fond of sweetmeats, yet my heart was too full to allow me to swallow but a few mouthfuls; grief and despondency caused the morsel to stick in my throat, and I con-

tinued for some minutes shedding tears copiously, and exclaiming, with a heart like to burst,—'*Ay maduri âzeezi mun*,*—Oh, my dear mother!'

"My exclamations were interrupted rather suddenly by the sound of a horse approaching; and immediately a mounted warrior made his appearance from the eastward, round the side of the hill at the base of which I was seated. His person was entirely covered with a species of chain-armour, which, as it cast back the slanting rays of the descending sun, impressed the beholder with an idea of splendour and terror intermixed. A handsome turband, with many folds, enveloped his head, from which the appendant *shumlu*† reached his shoulder. A leathern belt, with its golden buckle, and *talismans* affixed to it, sustained his scimitar, in a scabbard enriched with precious stones; whilst on one side a large pistol, and on the other a golden-hilted *khunjur*,‡ were

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* Persian, ای مادر عزیز من.—Ed.

† Hindoos. شملہ, the worked or embroidered end of a *turband* or *kumur-bund*, sometimes tucked into the folds and sometimes left flying loose; also a narrow kind of shawl for tying round the waist or the head.—Ed.

‡ Arabic, خنجر, a dagger, a HANGER.—Ed.

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suspended at his waist. The horse was covered in great part by the chain-armour in which his rider was enveloped; from beneath which a rich saddle and tiger-skin covering met the eye of the attentive observer, and served to complete the appearance of the warrior, which was that of a person possessed of authority, as, from the boldness of his demeanour, was indeed at first sight apparent. His age might be guessed at about fifty; but nearer observation rendered it probable that he wanted only a few years of sixty, as, on a close inspection, several wrinkles and other marks of advancing age might be discerned.

"On approaching the place where I was seated, the cavalier addressed me in a compassionate tone, and inquired what was the cause of my being alone in such a situation, and what was the reason of the sounds of bitter grief which he had heard, and which had caused him to deviate from his direct course to afford the assistance which such sounds seemed intended to solicit.

"To his kind interrogations I could answer nothing for some time, except reiterated exclamations of '*Ay maduri âzeezi mun*,—Oh, my dear mother!"

But, at length, from my confused intimations, he began to comprehend the nature of my situation so far as to understand that I was an orphan, and that I was flying, in terror of my life, from the Brahmins.

" ' Unfortunate child !' said he, ' I will be your protector. You cannot detest the accursed, blood-thirsty, guileful Brahmins more than I do.* You cannot remain in this forlorn situation after the shades of night close in; for, if the ravenous animals from the neighbouring *jungle* should spare you, exposure to the heavy dews from the surrounding mountains would be enough to send a destructive fever through your veins. I shall take you

* Madhajee Sindia, the chief of the Mahrattas, about the year 1786, attacked the fort of Ragooghur, and having captured it, and made Bulwunt Singh, the Raja of the Kychee Rajpoots, and his young son, Jye Singh, prisoners, confiscated the property and territories of the family. Shere Singh, a Thakoor, or lord of the Kychee tribe, assembled the scattered adherents of Bulwunt Singh, and commenced a desperate and systematic course of predatory warfare, with the professed object of compelling Madhajee Sindia to release his prince. The Pundits, or Brahmins of the Deckan, were the chief objects of his vengeance. Their noses and ears were cut off, and their infants murdered by this merciless chief, who answered to all remonstrances that he would teach Madhajee Sindia what it was to destroy a Rajpoot principality. *Vide* Sir J. MALCOLM'S *Memoir of Central India*, vol. i. pp. 466. 468.—ED.

with me, and I will make a man and a Rajpoot of you, and that is better than a whole college of Brahmins.'

"'Oh!' said I, catching at his last words,—'do not take me to the Brahmins.' 'No,' he replied, 'you shall soon be far from them,'—and, at the same time, without dismounting, he lifted me easily from the ground, placed me on the saddle before him, and set off, at considerable speed, round the west side of the mountain.

"We had not proceeded far when we fell in with a troop of fifteen or twenty horsemen, armed with matchlocks, who had come by the other side of the eminence, and seemed to be awaiting the return of their leader, who now joined them, with me upon the horse before him.

"'Here, Zalim,' said he, addressing a tall horseman who was stationed at the head of the troop, and whose raiment and accoutrements were similar to those of the Chief, only made of less costly materials,—'take charge of this child; put a *doshalu**

* Hindoos. دوشالہ, TWO SHAWLS, (being always worn together by the natives).—ED.

around him,—see that he comes to no harm; and let us push on speedily, for the sun is nearly down, and the moon will not rise to-night in time to serve us.'

"I was now quickly transferred to Zalim's charge, who obeyed with alacrity the directions of his master; and, having secured me on the saddle before him, with the *doshalu* wrapt around me in such a manner as to prevent my falling off, and to defend me from the cold dew which was now beginning to descend,—the whole troop put their horses to a round trot, and proceeded, in a westerly direction, through the *ghât*.*

"Although the ground over which we travelled was of a very unequal nature, so that we had sometimes to ascend considerable eminences, the descent of which, being broken and uneven, was always unpleasant, and frequently attended with danger; yet to such expert horsemen, with the small, active, well-trained horses which they bestrode, these difficulties, being matters of every-day occurrence, were

* Hindoos. گهاٹ, a pass or defile between mountains. —Ed.

very seldom attended with accidents of a serious kind, even in regions of a much wilder and more dangerous character than the present. The progress of the troop, therefore, continued with considerable speed, and I soon became so accustomed to the regularity of the horse's motion, that, owing to my being comfortably wrapt up, and also very much exhausted by the occurrences of the day, nature gave way under the pressure of grief and fatigue, so that I fell sound asleep in the arms of my protector."

Taking advantage of Bikram's nap, you may allow me here, most wise Wilfred, to subscribe myself,

Your faithful friend,

I. N. O.

Alexandria, 7th of the month Haswan, in the year 585.*

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* *i. e.* 6th November, 1824.—Ed.

No XV.

The Bivouack—Omeed Singh—Story of a Brahmin's Orphan—The March—Journey to Rajasthan—Grassiah Chiefs—The Ameer's Castle—A Friend.

"My dreams," continued Bikram, "during the time I was asleep on Zalim's saddle, were by no means of the most agreeable kind. Brahmins and wild beasts alternately commenced attacks upon me, till, at length, the former seemed to have gained their ends, and made sure of my destruction; for now a ferocious old priest, with a beard that descended to his girdle, raised me suddenly from the ground, and, whilst the gongs and tambours were responding to the voices of the multitude, methought he was about to hurl me on the blazing pile! I gave a shriek, and awoke;—for Zalim was in the act of lifting me from the saddle; and, when I had time

to rub my eyes* and look around, a curious scene presented itself to my sight.

"In the midst of a deep glen, surrounded by craggy, wooded eminences, with here and there a torrent brawling amongst the rocks, several watch-fires were blazing briskly; around which groups of armed figures were to be seen, some of whom were stretched out upon the ground asleep, and others were sitting closely occupied in conversation, or eating, or smoking. The troop which had just arrived were engaged in making arrangements for rendering their horses and themselves as comfortable for the night as circumstances would permit. A couple of elephants with *howdahs** were standing beneath a tree nearly in the centre of the bivouack; and, at a small distance from them, a large tent was pitched, around which several horses were picketed in complete marching order.

"I had scarcely had time to observe particularly the different parts of the scene which I have thus attempted to describe, when my attentive friend,

* Hindoos. هودہ, a litter.—Ed.

Zalim, by the Ameer's orders, took me directly to the tent and presented me to him.

"'You have done well, Zalim,' said the Chief as we entered;—'leave the child. This,' he continued, addressing a young man who was seated beside him, 'this, my son, is the unfortunate boy whom I picked up in the *ghât* near Benares; and I have brought him here to be thy *ghoolam*.'*

"On hearing this I made my *sulam* in the most respectful manner to the young Ameer; and remained, with my hands joined upon my bosom, awaiting in silence the orders of my lord.

"He did not keep me waiting long in this attitude; for, rising immediately from the carpet on which he was seated, he approached the place where I was standing, and, taking me kindly by the hand, —'Laljee,'† said he, 'what is thy name?'

"I have hardly ever seen a more interesting figure than that of the young Ameer who now stood before me. His age was evidently not more than nine-

* *Vide* p. 155, Note †.—Ed.

† Hindoos. لالجي, an endearing epithet applied to children, from larla, لال, beloved.—Ed.

teen, but he was more than six feet in height, with well-proportioned limbs, a full open countenance beaming with benignity, piercing black eyes, and the marks of greatness apparent on his forehead.

"Emboldened at once by his pleasant demeanour, I answered,—'The name of your highness's slave is Bikram.'—'Bikram,' replied he, 'thou shalt be my *ghoolam*, the *ghoolam* of Omeed Singh,* son of Ashraff Singh, a Thakoor† of Rajpootana. I like thy countenance, and in me thou shalt always find a protector. And now, in the name of Ek-linga,‡ thou must fast no longer.' So saying, he placed in my hands the remains of a *pulâo*,§ upon which he had been supping; and, beckoning to me to sit down on the corner of his own carpet, and to satisfy myself with victuals and drink, he resumed his place

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* Hindoos. سنگھ, a lion. It is used as a common title by the Rajpoots.—Ed.

† Hindoos. ٹھاکر, a lord, master, chief, (among Rajpoots); equivalent to the *feudal Baron* in Europe during the Middle Ages. —Ed.

‡ *Ek-linga* or *Mahadeva* is the patron divinity of the Seesodia Gehlotes of Mewar.—Ed.

§ Hindoos. پلاؤ, a kind of dish made of flesh and rice.—Ed.

at the side of his father, who was now closely occupied with his *hooqqu*.

"'Omeed Singh,' said the Ameer, 'I know thou wilt treat the boy well, for thou hast kindliness in thy nature, like a true Rajpoot; besides, he is an orphan; and although we are at war with the Brahmins of the *Dukkhin*,* yet thou knowest that even a Brahmin's orphan is under the protection of the divine Krishna, as, by the following well-known incident, has long ago been proved.

"'A Brahmin's orphan was compelled by hunger to seek sustenance in driving an oil-mill; instead of oil the receptacle was filled with blood. The frightened oilman demanded of the child who he was;—'A Brahmin's orphan,' was the reply. Alarmed at the enormity of his guilt in thus employing the son of a priest, *he covered the palm of his hand with earth, in which he sowed the toolsee*†

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* Hindoos. دکھن, south; the southern part of India, the *Deckan*.—Ed.

† Hindoos. تلسی, the name of a plant worshipped by the Hindoos. (Ocymum sanctum.) *Toolsee* was a nymph beloved by *Krishna*, and by him turned into this plant.—Ed.

seed, and went on a pilgrimage to Dwarica. He demanded the presence (*dursun**) of the god;—the priests pointed to the ocean, when he plunged in and had an interview with Dwarica Nath,† who presented him with a written order on the *Rana*‡ for forty-five *begahs*§ of land. He returned and threw the writing before the *Rana*, on the steps of the temple of Jugger-nath.‖ The *Rana* read the

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* Hindoos. درسن.—Ed.

† Hindoos. دوارکا ناتھ, Lord of Dwarica, i. e. *Krishna*. Dwarica is the name of a Hindoo holy place on the bank of the Western Sea, near the mouth of the Gulf of Cutch.—Ed.

‡ "A Hindoo prince in Central India is called *Rawul*, *Rana*, or *Raja*. His common appellation in his tribe is *Bapjee*, or Father; and he is sometimes flattered with the name of *Purthi Nath*, or Lord of the earth. His relations and kindred, who are termed *Thakoors*, have in general independent estates, for which they pay a certain sum, or give military service, (sometimes both,) to their superiors." *Vide* Malcolm's *Central India*, vol. i. p. 545.—Ed.

§ Hindoos. بیگھا, a quantity of land containing twenty *Kutthas*, کٹھا, or 120 feet square.—Ed.

‖ Hindoos. جگ ناتھ, *Jugga-nath* signifies Lord of the creation. "This is one of the names of Bishen and the Obatar, or Being, who is said to preside over the present period. He is represented under the figure of a fat man, sitting cross-legged, with his arms hanging down by his side as if they had no strength.

writing of the god, placed it on his head, and immediately made out the grant. This is 350 years ago, as recorded by an inscription on stone, and his descendant, Koshala, yet enjoys it.'*

"To this story of the Brahmin's orphan, I paid very great attention; being delighted to find that marked interference was vouchsafed by the Divinity in their affairs.

"Nothing further passed at this interview, but I was now, once more, committed to the care of the faithful Zalim for the night. He took me with him to the place where he intended to bivouack, not far from one of the watch-fires, and having here spread a cloth, taken from the back of one of the elephants, we both stretched our wearied limbs upon it, wrapt ourselves up as comfortably as we could, and, in a few minutes, slumber closed my eyes.

"The sun had not advanced far in his course from the eastern horizon when I was awoke by my guar-

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This last circumstance alludes to the imbecility of this age. His temple (in Orissa) is in the greatest repute of any now in India." *Vide* Dow's *History of Hindostan*, vol. i. p. xxviii.—Ed.

* *Vide* Colonel Tod's Annals of Rajasthan, vol. i. p. 552.—Ed.

dian, and told to prepare myself for a long journey, which he gave me to understand, to my great astonishment, would remove me far from the neighbourhood of the Ganges,—that wonderful river which I had been hitherto taught to consider as the complete boundary of the universe; and the idea of quitting it, perhaps for ever, to encounter the *Kala-panee*,* was to my mind the cause of no little uneasiness.

"I was provided with a good seat on the back of one of the elephants; and, every thing being in readiness, the whole body, consisting of several hundred men, together with the horses and elephants, moved off to the sound of the *tubuls*† and brass trumpets of the Ameer.

"The *hurawul*,‡ consisting of about 30 horsemen armed with lances and matchlocks, was headed by

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* "The natives of the interior of India," says Sir John Malcolm, "term transportation *Kala-panee*, (كالا پاني) or black water, (alluding to the sea,) and have an indescribable horror at it."—Ed.

† Hindoos. طبل, a drum.—Ed.

‡ Hindoos. هراول, the advanced guard of an army.—Ed.

the young Ameer Omeed Singh, whose dress was composed of a handsome white turband, with a *bala-bund* * of crimson silk, a purple tunic and trowsers, with a doublet of chamois leather, and boots of the same; a *khunjur* stuck in his *kumurbund*,† a curved scimitar by his side, a shield of rhinoceros-hide cast over his left shoulder, and a lance in his right hand, completed his equipment. In the centre marched the two elephants, on one of which rode the Ameer Ashraff Singh himself; and on the other, at some distance behind, I was seated, as already mentioned, still under the charge of Zalim. We were surrounded by about 140 footmen, who had something of a wild and even savage appearance, and were all armed with bows and arrows and long swords. The *chundawul*,‡ consisting of about 20 horsemen, armed like those before mentioned, closed the cavalcade.

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* Hindoos. بالا بند, a silken fillet encircling the *turband*, which was once valued as a mark of the sovereign's favour, and was tantamount to the courtly "orders" of Europe.—Ed.

† Hindoos. کمر بند, a girdle, a waist-band.—Ed.

‡ Hindoos. چنداول, the rear-guard.—Ed.

"It is unnecessary here to detain you with a particular account of the journey which we performed at this time; and indeed my whole ideas in regard to the situation of places were at that period so confused, that it would be a matter of no small difficulty for me to give an explanation of our route that would be at all intelligible. Suffice it to say, that, after passing through the sacred city of Allahabad, where the majestic Jumoona enters the holy waters of the Ganges, crossing Boondelkhund, we entered *Rajast'han*,* and journeyed along the right bank of the Jumoona till we reached Etaweh, a town in the province of Agra, ten miles below which the Jumoona is joined by the Chumbul. At this place we

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* *Rajast'han*, راجستهان, "The Abode of Princes," *Rajwana*, *Raethana*, corrupted *Rajpootana*, is bounded by the valley of the Indus on the west; by Boondelkhund on the east; to the north by the sandy tracts (south of the Sutledge river) termed *Jungul-des*; and by the Vindhya Mountains to the south.

This space comprehends nearly eight degrees of latitude and nine of longitude, being from 22° to 30° north latitude, and 69° to 78° east longitude, embracing a superficial area of 350,000 square miles.

The Rajpoot states are *seven*, viz. Mewar, Marwar, Ambere or Jeipoor, Bikanere, Jessulmere, Kotah, and Boondi.—*Vide* Tod's "*Annals of Rajast'han*."—Ed.

made a halt of two days, being the only rest for any considerable space that we had yet been allowed. After this we continued our route along the rapid Chumbul, the paramount lord of the floods of Central India, which, with the exception of the short flat between the town of Kotah and the Pali *ghat*,* is seen rushing through the rocky barriers which attempt to arrest its noble stream; and, entering the district of Harrowtee in the *soubah*† of Ajmere, we reached the place of our destination, in the neighbourhood of Kotah, on the seventeenth day from our leaving Allahabad.

"During the continuance of our journey, Zalim was at considerable pains instructing me in every thing relating to our destination, and the wonderful things that I should see in Rajpootana; giving me at the same time a full account of my master's family, and the tribe of Rajpoots with which he was connected; as also some explanations in regard to the nature of the expedition from which they were just returning.

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* A ferry.—Ed.

† Hindoos. صوبہ, a province.—Ed.

"All this information, which, of course, I did not comprehend fully at the time, but came to understand clearly afterwards, I shall now attempt to set before you in as concise a form as possible.

"The name of our chief, as has already been mentioned, was Ashraff Singh. He was a Thakoor, or Ameer of considerable eminence, connected with the Seesodia Gehlotes of Mewar, and descended from the Lalawut,* or elder branch of the Rajpoots of Kycheewarra. He was properly one of those leaders described under the general term *Grassiahs*;† that is, chiefs, who, driven from their possessions by invaders, have established and maintained a claim to a share of the revenue, upon the ground of their power to disturb or prevent its collection.

"Ashraff's grandfather, at the time of the first

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* The younger branch of the Rajpoots of Kycheewarra is termed Bijawut.—Ed.

† The word *Grassiah* is derived from *grass*, (گراس) a Sanscrit word, which signifies a *mouthful*; and has been metaphorically applied to designate the small share of the produce of a country which these plunderers claimed. The contribution was called *Tankah*, (ٹنکا.) The Grassiah chiefs are all Rajpoots. *Vide* Malcolm's *Central India*, vol. i. pp. 508. 510.—Ed.

Mahratta invasion,* had been obliged to abandon his paternal possessions among the Kychee Chouans under the Rana of Jeipoor; and, retiring northwards before the overpowering enemy, he fixed his residence in a strong castle near Kotah, whence he frequently descended, at the head of his retainers, to take vengeance on the Mahrattas, and to collect the *Tankah* from the surrounding territories. The same system was continued, and carried even to a greater extent by his son, and also by his grandson, the present Thakoor.

"The recent enormities committed by Madhajee Sindia, the chief of the Mahrattas, had incited Ashraff Singh to employ every exertion, that he might render effective aid to Shere Singh and the other Ameers, who had commenced a desperate and systematic course of predatory warfare, with the professed object of compelling Madhajee Sindia to release their prince, Bulwunt Singh, from captivity.

"It was with a view to the furtherance of this main object that Ashraff had at present been employed in collecting the *Tankah*, and in assisting to incite

* A.D. 1736.—Ed.

every leader within the range of Rajpoot influence, from the banks of the Indus to the confines of Bengal, to aid them in their exertions against the Mahrattas.

"Our Chief, as I have already described him, was a person of keen passions, but possessed of great kindliness of disposition; and being possessed also of great valour and much experience, he was highly beloved by his dependants, and held in great estimation by the other chiefs. He was remarkably fond of children; and Brahma had blessed him with a good family of three sons and two daughters, of whom Omeed Singh was the eldest.

"This youth, whose *ghoolam* I had now become, began very soon to manifest towards me the utmost condescension and benignity of disposition. As soon as we had arrived at the Ameer's castle, which was denominated *Khergurh*, and stood on a rocky eminence, encircled almost entirely with groves of tamarinds, peepul, and semul* trees, not far from the banks of the river Looni,—my young master

* *i. e.* The cotton tree, which grows to an immense height.—Ed.

took me with him to the armoury,* and introduced me to the keeper, for the purpose of being supplied with weapons suitable for a young Rajpoot.

"These, which Omeed Singh himself selected with great care, and bestowed upon me with his own hands, consisted of a *sirohi* scimitar of small size, but of excellent temper; a bow of buffalo-horn, with a small quiver filled with arrows made of reed; also, a small buckler made of the hide of the rhinoceros, beautifully ornamented; and a handsome *khunjur* stuck in my *kumurbund*, in imitation of my master, completed my equipment.

"'And now, Bikram,' said he, 'that *sirohi* I

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* "No prince or chief is without his *silleh-khaneh* (سلح خانه) or armoury, where he passes hours in viewing and arranging his arms. Every favourite weapon, whether sword, matchlock, spear, dagger, or bow, has a distinctive epithet. The keeper of the armoury is one of the most confidential officers about the person of the prince. These arms are beautiful and costly. The *sirohi* (سروهي) or slightly-curved blade, is formed like that of Damascus, and is the greatest favourite of all the variety of sabres throughout Rajpootana. The long cut-and-thrust, like the *Andrea Ferrara*, is not uncommon, nor the *khanda* (کهانڈا) or double-edged sword. The matchlocks both of Lahore and the country are often highly finished and inlaid with mother-of-pearl

myself brought from Mushed,* and it was for three or four years my inseparable companion. I now bestow it upon you, as being suitable in size to your years, which are as yet tender; but, should occasion require, I have no doubt that your valour will shine to such advantage, that the quality of the scimitar will be enhanced in the eyes of men? For what says the poet?—

"It is the quality of a sword that it should shine by its own lustre;
But it is not effective unless in the hands of the brave." †

"Thus was I transformed at once from a priest to

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and gold: those of Boondi are the best. The shield of the rhinoceros-hide offers the best resistance, and is often ornamented with animals, beautifully painted, and enamelled in gold and silver. The bow is of buffalo-horn, and the arrows of reed, and barbed in a variety of fashions, as the crescent, the trident, the snake's tongue, and other fanciful forms."—*Vide* Tod's "*Annals of Rajast'han*," vol. i. p. 646.—Ed.

* The city of Mushed in Khorasan is celebrated for the manufacture of sword-blades, which are forged by artisans from Damascus, and are highly esteemed.—Ed.

† Arabic, وعادة النصل أن يرهي بجوهره
وليس يعمل الا في يدي بطل

The word, جوهر, here rendered *lustre*, means properly the blackish marks in the steel of well-tempered scimitars.—Ed.

a warrior, and I must confess that I felt myself much gratified with the change.

" His highness and I were now inseparable companions. In all his excursions his " *Laljee-ghoolam*," which was my common designation in the family, was his constant attendant; and I became soon the sharer of all his toils, his dangers, his pleasures, and his griefs.

" Ah, Omeed Singh! thou friend of my heart! never shall the Brahmin's orphan forget thy kindness! The remembrance of thy friendship to me is even yet the solace of my soul; and the fond idea of meeting thee again is not unfrequently present to my mind! But, although it is perhaps written that in this state of being we shall never see each other more, yet, in our subsequent stages of existence, it may please Brahma to bring us together, as, in other states of being, we certainly had been in the prior ages of eternity; for how else can be explained the reciprocal satisfaction with which our souls were impressed at our intercourse with one another even from the first?

" Perhaps, my friend," continued Bikram, " you cannot enter fully into my feelings in regard to this

matter; but it is a subject that is certainly both curious and interesting; and your declaring to me your sentiments respecting it, would at present be to me a source of no small gratification."

I was much impressed with the earnest manner in which Bikram Dilwalee thus appealed to my feelings respecting the interesting subject of Friendship; and I immediately proceeded to give him my opinion concerning this matter at considerable length.

But, before introducing these observations, you may allow me now, most intelligent Wilfred, to bring this epistle to a close, by subscribing myself,

Your faithful friend,

I. N. O.

*Alexandria, 23d of the month Haswun, in the year 585.**

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* *i. e.* 22d November, 1824.—Ed.

No XVI.

The Doctrine of Metempsychosis or Transmigration of Souls—Opinions of the Greeks contrasted with those of the Persians, the Hindoos, and the Jewish Doctors on this Subject—Friendship.

"YOUR ideas in regard to the transmigration of souls, my friend," said I to Bikram, "are curious; but, at the same time, it must be confessed by every person possessed of reflection that they are not entirely devoid of truth.

"When we think of the waking dreams which we often enjoy,—when ideas pass through our minds which bear the similitude of *recollections*, although it is impossible for us to say that any thing ever occurred during our present life which could give origin to the feelings which are then experienced; or when we meet with persons whose faces are to our

minds familiar, and for whom we feel spontaneously a strong liking or the contrary, although it is at the same time impossible for us to conceive that we could ever have met with them before ;—such things as these can be accounted for only by supposing the possibility of a pre-existent state ;* and in the same way these states or stages of existence may be continued, for any thing that we can tell, indefinitely hereafter.

" We all know that the whole frame of nature is subject to an infinite variety of changes ; and we also know, that whatever changes any piece of matter undergoes, the matter itself is never *annihilated*, but continues to exist *for ever*, although it changes its form. But if this is true in regard to *matter*,—the coarse crust of the universe,—can we possibly say less in regard to *spirit*,—the ethereal principle of being, the essence of existence itself?

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* The pre-existence of souls was generally believed among the Jews. They assert that they were all created upon the first day ; that they were all placed in the garden of Eden ; and that it was them which God addressed when he said, " Let us make man." That they enjoyed great happiness in paradise, from the expectation of being united to bodies ; and that he sends those souls into

"To this purpose an old Emperor of Frangistan, called Marcus Antoninus, in his 'Meditations,' observes as follows:—

"'My being consists of *matter* and *form*,—that is, of soul and body; *annihilation* will reach neither of them; for as they were produced out of *nothing*, so they will always remain *something*. The consequence is, that every part of me will serve to make something in the *world*; and thus I shall be tossed from one figure to another through an infinite succession of changes. And what wonder of all this? This constant method of alteration gave me my being, and my father before me, and so on to eter-

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bodies according to their merit in their pre-existing state. They farther teach, that souls were created twofold; one for the husband, and another for the wife. That when these souls which were originally formed for each other are united on earth, then marriage proves happy and comfortable, and when the reverse, unhappy and discordant.

They farther teach, that these souls came perfectly pure from the hands of the Creator. Accordingly, there is still a prayer, said to be composed by the doctors of the great synagogue, in these words: "O God, the soul that thou hast given me is pure; thou hast created it; thou hast fashioned it; thou hast breathed it into me; thou keepest it within me; thou wilt retake it when it shall flee away; and wilt restore it at the time thou hast pointed out!" Compare at page 169, Note †.—Ed.

nity backward; for I think I may speak thus, though the world is confined within a certain determinate period.*

"'Alexander the Great and his groom, when

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* Some parts of a Persian work, entitled *Akhlak-e-Naseri*, (اخلاق ناصري) i. e. *Naser's Ethics*, written by *Naser-ud-Din* about the middle of the thirteenth century, are curious, as they discover a remarkable analogy to the theological arguments of European writers in regard to the immortality of the soul. The following passage, as Colonel Wilks observes, approaches (he might have said is identified with) the doctrine of modern chemistry:—

"Moreover, any person, who minutely considers the properties of bodies,—has an accurate knowledge of their dependence on the laws of composition and association, decomposition and disjunction, and is well versed in the whole science of the *world of corruption and decay* (chemistry),—must know that no body whatever becomes entirely destroyed; but that accidents, modes, composition, association, figures, and qualities, which subsist in a compound subject, may be changed, while the amount of matter shall still remain the same. For example,—water may become air, and air fire, but the matter which receives these three separate appearances will still subsist: otherwise, it could not be said that water became air, and air fire. For if an entity should be destroyed, and another produced, so that no sort of junction subsisted between them, it would be impossible to say that one entity became the other entity, or that such matter bore the property of having its forms extinguished and varied. Now, seeing that material substances are not susceptible of annihilation, uncompounded essences, which are purer than base matter, will stand still higher touching the impossibility of annihilation."—Ed.

dead, were both upon the same level, and run the same fortune of being either scattered into *atoms* or absorbed in the *soul* of the *universe*.

" ' What abundance of motions there are in the body,—what abundance of thoughts and sensations in the mind at the same time! What a vast number of operations are performed, and how much business is despatched within us in a single moment! He that considers this wont wonder so much that infinitely more productions should start out together in the universe, or that the *soul of the world* should, by once exerting himself, look over, actuate, and govern the whole mass of matter.

" ' The vast continents of Europe and Asia are but corners of the creation; the ocean is but a drop, and Mount Athos but a grain in respect of the universe; and the present instant of time but a point to the extent of eternity. These things have all of them little, changeable, and transitory beings. Remember likewise that all things proceed from the *soul of the universe*, either by direct or consequential causality. Thus the growling deformity of a lion, the poison of serpents, thorns and dirt, and whatever seems coarse or offensive in Nature, start

out of something more noble, or belong to the entireness of her beautiful productions. Don't therefore suppose them insignificant and unworthy the *Being* you worship, but consider the fountain from whence all things spring.

" ' He that has taken a view of the *present* age, has seen as much as if he had begun with the world, and gone to the end of it; for all things are of a kind and of a colour.

" ' The mutual dependence all things have, and the relation they stand in to each other, is worth your frequent observation. For all the parts of matter are in some measure linked together, and interwoven, and, for this reason, have a natural sympathy for each other. And thus *Motion* and the *Continuity of Matter* makes one *Body* consequent and connected to another.

" ' All parts of the universe are interwoven and tied together; and no one thing is foreign or unrelated to another. This general connexion gives unity and ornament to the world; for the world, take it altogether, is but one. There is but one sort of matter to make it of, one God to govern it, and one law to guide it; for run through the whole

system of rational beings, and you will find reason and truth is but single and the same. And thus beings of the same kind, and endued with the same reason, are made happy by the same exercises of it.

"'All compositions of matter fly off apace to the common stock and receptacle; spirits are quickly swallowed up in the *Soul of the Universe*, and so is memory and fame in the Gulf of Time.

"'Does continuity and connexion create sympathy and relation in the parts of the body? Why, resemblance, and, as one may say, consanguinity of nature, does the same thing among rational beings; for though they are not tacked together by *extension* and union of *place*, they seem all made to cooperate with each other. This thought will be more intelligible and affecting if you frequently consider yourself as a *Member* of the *Rational System*; but if you reckon yourself only a *Part*, this relation will prove too weak for a principle of action. This remoter notion wo'n't cherish good nature enough, nor carry it to a just improvement. You wo'n't love mankind so heartily as you should do; under this persuasion, a generous action will never delight and regale you; you will do a good office merely for fa-

shion and decency, but not as if it were really a kindness to yourself.*

" ' Is any one afraid of dissolution and change, I would gladly know what can be done without it? If the course of Nature and the method of the *Universe* wo'n't reconcile us to the expectation, we are somewhat unreasonable. Pray, must not your wood be turned into a coal before your bath can be ready for you? Must not your meat be *changed* in your stomach to make it fit to nourish you? Indeed, what part of life or convenience can go forward without alteration? Now, in all likelihood, a revolution in your carcass and condition may be as serviceable to the *World* in general, as those alterations above mentioned are to you.

" ' All particular *Bodies* are quickly dissolved, and hurried through the *Universal Mass*, where at last they incorporate, grow serviceable, and become

* The Persian poet Sâdee says,—

" The children of Adam are members of one another;
For in the creating of them they are of one essence:
When chance brings one member into pain,
Quietness does not continue to the other members;
If thou art without concern for the distresses of others,
It is not proper that they should call thy name Man."

Vide Goolistan, p. 16.—Ed.

a sort of limbs to the *World.* How many such eminent sages as *Chrysippus*, *Socrates*, and *Epictetus*, have sunk in the Gulf of Time! And the same reflection will hold good concerning any other person or thing whatsoever.

" ' God, or the Spirit of Nature, works the mass of *Matter* like wax. Now, for the purpose, it is a *horse;* soon after you shall have it melted down, and run into the figure of a *tree;* and, from this form, 'tis possible it may remove into the flesh and bones of a man, or what you please. And 'tis but a little while that it is fixed in one *Species.*

" ' That *Being* which governs Nature will quickly change the present face of it. One thing will be made out of another by frequent revolutions, and thus the World will be always coming new out of the mint.

" ' Let the transmutation and shuffling of the Elements be frequently the subjects of your meditation. Consider the Course of the Stars as if you were driving through the sky and kept them company. Such contemplations as these brighten the Soul, and scour off the rust contracted by conversing here below.

" What's sprung from Earth dissolves to Earth again,
And Heaven-born things fly to their Native seat."*—

" ' If the matter does not stand thus, either the *Atoms* will be untwisted, or the Elements scattered into insensibility.†

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* Euripides' *Chrysippus.*

† The *Vedantins*, or followers of the *Veda*, in arguing against the doctrines of the *Jains* and *Boŏdhists*, who are reckoned complete heretics by the Hindoos, because they deny the divine origin of the *Veda*, make use of the following system of reasoning, in opposition to the doctrine of *Atoms*, in particular, which is upheld by Canade, the leader of these sectaries :—

" The whole world, with its mountains, seas, &c. consists of substances composed of parts disposed to union : as cloth is wove of a multitude of threads. The utmost subdivision of compound substances, pursued to the last degree, arrives at the atom, which is eternal, being simple ; and such atoms, which are the elements, earth, water, fire, and air, become the world's cause, according to Canade : for there can be no effect without a cause. When they are actually and universally separated, dissolution of the world has taken place. At its renovation, atoms concur by an unseen virtue, which occasions actions ; and they form double atoms, and so on, to constitute air ; then fire ; next water ; and afterwards earth ; subsequently body with its organs ; and, ultimately, this whole world. The concurrence of atoms arises from action (whether of one or both), which must have a cause : that cause, alleged to be an unseen virtue, cannot be insensible ; for an insensible cause cannot incite action : nor can it be design, for a being capable of design is not yet existent, coming later in the progress of creation. Either way, then, no action can be,—conse-

" ' Whatever drops out of Life is catched up somewhere, for the World loses nothing. (That is,

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quently no union nor disunion of atoms; and these, therefore, are not the cause of the world's formation or dissolution.

" Eternal atoms and transitory double atoms differ utterly; and union of discordant principles cannot take place. If aggregation be assumed as a reason of their union, still the aggregate and its integrants are utterly different; and an intimate relation is further to be sought as a reason for the aggregation. Even this assumption therefore fails.

" Atoms must be essentially active or inactive: were they essentially active, creation would be perpetual; if essentially inactive, dissolution would be constant.

" Eternity of causeless atoms is incompatible with properties ascribed to them; colour, taste, smell, and tactility: for things possessing such qualities are seen to be coarse and transient. Earth, endued with those four properties, is gross; water, possessing three, is less so; fire, having two, is still less; and air, with one, is fine. Whether the same be admitted or denied in respect of atoms, the argument is either way confuted: earthly particles, coarser than aerial, would not be minute in the utmost degree; or atoms possessing but a single property, would not be like their effects possessing several.

" The doctrine of atoms is to be utterly rejected, having been by no venerable persons received, as the *Sanc'hya* doctrine of matter, a plastic principle, has been in part by Menu and other sages."

On one important point of conformity between these sectaries and the orthodox *Vedantins*, it may be proper to offer here a brief remark, as it is one on which the *Jains* appear to lay particular stress. It concerns the transmigration of the soul, whose destiny is especially governed by the dying thoughts, or fancies entertained at the moment of dissolution. The *Vedas*, in like manner, teach

nothing is *annihilated.*) Within this circumference of *Corporeity,* all things have their several *Forms* and *Revolutions;* and here 'tis likewise that they return into *Element* and First Principle, under which notion those of the World and your own are the very same; and all these last changes are made without the least repining; and why then should the same Matter that lies quiet in an *Element* grumble in a *Man?*

" ' Providence does not grant force and faculties at random; but every thing is made for some end. The Sun, as high as he is, has his business assigned, and so have the Celestial Deities.* And where is the wonder of this? But, pray, what were you made for?—For your pleasure?—Common Sense wo'n't bear so scandalous an answer.

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that the thoughts, inclinations, and resolves of man, and such peculiarly as predominate in his dying moments, determine the future character, and regulate the subsequent place in transmigration. As was his thought in one body, such he becomes in another, into which he accordingly passes.—Ed.

* The Emperor means the stars, which the Heathens and some Christians, too, believed to be animated; and that a spirit or intelligence was seated in the centre, and governed the motions of the luminaries.

Mr Colebrook, in his " Essays on the Philosophy of the Hin-

"'All things are in a perpetual flux, and a sort of consumption; you yourself are so, and the whole world keeps you company.

"'Let death make *atoms* or a *vacuum* of me, or

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dus," has the following remarks on this curious subject:—"Pythagoras, as after him Ocellus, peoples the middle or aerial region with demons, as heaven with gods, and the earth with men. Here again they agree precisely with the Hindus, who place the gods above, man beneath, and spiritual creatures, flitting unseen, in the intermediate region. The *Vedas* throughout teem with prayers and incantations to avert and repel the molestation of aerial spirits, mischievous imps, who crowd about the sacrifice, and impede the religious rite.

"Nobody needs to be reminded that Pythagoras and his successors held the doctrine of metempsychosis, as the Hindus universally do the same tenet of transmigration of souls.

"They agree likewise generally in distinguishing the sensitive material organ (*manas*) from the rational and conscious living soul, (*jivatman*); θυμος and φρην of Pythagoras; one perishing with the body, the other immortal.

"Like the Hindus, Pythagoras, with the other Greek philosophers, assigned a subtle ethereal clothing to the soul apart from the corporeal part, and a grosser clothing to it when united with body.

"They concur even in the limit assigned to mutation and change; deeming all which is sublunary mutable, and that which is above the moon subject to no change in itself. Accordingly the manes, doomed to a succession of birth, rise, as the *Vedas* teach, no further than the moon, while those only pass that bourne who are never to return. But I am here anticipating on the *Vedanta*, and will therefore terminate this treatise; purposing to pursue the subject in a future essay, in which I expect to show that a greater degree of similarity exists between the Indian doctrine and

what you please; it will come to this upshot at last: it will either extinguish my *Being*, or translate me to another state.'

"Thus speaks the old Emperor of Frangistan; and with these sentiments of his,—which I have been tempted to quote here at considerable length,—I, as well as the wise men of my own nation, do in great part agree.*

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that of the earlier than of the later Greeks; and, as it is scarcely probable that the communication should have taken place, and the knowledge been imparted, at the precise interval of time which intervened between the earlier and later schools of Greek philosophy, and especially between the Pythagoreans and Platonists, I should be disposed to conclude that the Indians were in this instance teachers rather than learners."—Ed.

* "The Jewish doctors maintained a revolution of souls after death, which is so obscure and encumbered that it is hardly possible to give any rational description of their sentiments. They maintain that Adam included in himself all those souls that were created upon the first day. That every soul was divided into so many beams of light, and that every spark of the soul is constrained to separate the good from the evil occasioned by the sin of Adam, and that this is done by its exact fulfilment of the negative precepts, which are multiplied to the number of *three hundred and sixty-five*. The soul ought also to fulfil the good, by the observance of the positive precepts; and that as it is impossible to attain to that degree of perfection during one life, because of the frailty of human constitutions, therefore the soul is under the necessity

" The Persian Soofees * say, in the favourite distich which they repeat among themselves,—

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of being united to several bodies before it can attain that necessary degree of excellence.

" These soul-revolutions are performed in two different ways. The one is denominated Emoryonal, and the other Revolution. The former is the descent of a soul into a man already born, therefore who has another soul. That soul comes down from heaven to animate that body, or to purchase for it some new degree of perfection, and then that soul undergoes all the infirmities of the body, or enables him to perform his necessary duties, and then this second *holy soul* is deemed the father of him whom it animates.

" In the Revolution again, the soul goes into a body newly formed, either to expiate some sin committed in a former life, or to become more pure and holy; because it would be unreasonable to suppose that the Holy Ghost would make a soul which was already happy any more to see corruption. They likewise add, that this revolution sometimes takes place, in order to marry a woman that was not married in a former state of being.

" Farther, in their revolutionary system they distinguish two kinds of souls which have been from the beginning. The first are those of Cain, and the second those of Abel. In the first evil and good are blended, but the second are more excellent. For instance, the Egyptian whom Moses slew was one of Cain's souls, and Moses was one of Abel's. Accordingly, the souls of Abel went into all the pious and good, under the Old Testament dispensation, and those of Cain into the bad. Nay, the Jews even extended the transmigration of souls into brute animals. They, however, in general deny the transmigration of the souls of women, because God will not permit them to become perfect."—*Vide* " Modern History of the Jews," pp. 239, 240.—Ed.

* The word *soofee*, صفي, is originally Arabic, meaning *clear*,

"'There is only one essence, but there are a thousand forms or figures;

"'And how numerous soever these forms may be, they are not worthy of engaging our attention.'

"And, you know, there is a striking resemblance between this distich and the following passage, which occurs in one of your Indian books, called the Baghavat:—'He who considers all the different species of beings as forming but a single essence diversified to infinity, that man knows Brahma.'*

"My ideas in regard to the interesting subject of

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pure, just, and is used to denote the Persian sect of the *Mystics* or SOPHISTS.—ED.

* "The principal operations of nature," says Sir W. Jones, "are not the absolute annihilation and new creation of what we call *material substances,* but the temporary extinction and reproduction, or rather, in one word, the transmutation of forms: whence the epithet *Polymorphos* is aptly given to nature by European philosophers: hence *Iswara, Siva, Hara,* (for those are his names, and near a thousand more,) united with ISI, represent the *secondary causes,* whatever they may be, of natural phenomena, and principally those of temporary destruction and regeneration; but the Indian Isis appears in a variety of characters, especially in those of PARVATI, CALI, DURGA, and BHAVANI, which bear a strong resemblance to the JUNO of HOMER, to HECATE, to the armed PALLAS, and to the Lucretian VENUS."—ED.

Friendship, it is impossible for me to express better than as they are set forth in certain beautiful verses, which I took the trouble, many years ago, to render out of an ancient manuscript in the language of Javan.* The native of Room,† who was the original author of the verses, was most probably a citizen of Thebes in Bœotia, and must have lived some time subsequent to the era of Iscander Dulkarnein,‡ that is Iscander of the Two Horns, whom the Franks call Scanderbeg or Alexander the Great.

"As you seem to have something poetical in your temperament, I shall make no apology for reciting to you the following verses, which you must consider as a free translation from the manuscript of the native of Room above mentioned, with some small additions of my own intermixed."

But, I think, it will be more respectful to the old

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* In Hebrew and Arabic, (יון, يونان) *Javan, Joon, Joonan.* Ionia means Greece.—Ed.

† Room is used in Arabic (روم) to denote *Rome, the Turkish empire, Greece*, or *Romelia*.—Ed.

‡ *Vide* at page 70, Note.—Ed.

Poet, as well as more agreeable to yourself, most wise Wilfred, to close my present epistle here, and introduce the "Verses on Friendship" in my next.

I am,

Most respected Seignior,

Your faithful friend,

I. N. O.

Alexandria, 10*th of the month Cisleu, in the year* 585.*

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* *i. e.* 8th December, 1824.—Ed.

No XVII.

VERSES ON FRIENDSHIP.

Introductory Lines—Examples—David and Jonathan—Socrates Dying—Damon and Pythias—The Theban Band—Their Battle-Song—Alexander the Great—Euphorbus and Menalcas—Conclusion of the Poem.

I HAVE no doubt, most intelligent Wilfred, that you are now anxiously waiting for the sublime "Verses" which I promised in my last, and which I forthwith brought forward, in the hearing of the Rajpoot, as follows.

After some preliminary matter, which, in my opinion, is not very relevant to the subject in hand, the Poet proceeds thus:—

" O gentle Love! great is thy sacred power
To rule the heart of man in every hour.
In youth, when Vice would hurry him away,
When Reason oft would yield to Passion's sway,
Then thou step'st in, and with thy heavenly aid
Prevent'st his being to vile excess betrayed;
In Manhood's prime, when Valour fires his heart,
And even in Age when fiercer thoughts depart,
Then, oft we find, thou dost him still retain
A willing captive in thy silken chain;
With careful hand he fans Love's gentle fires,
Till with his life the quivering flame expires.

" Nor less does kindred Friendship rule the mind,
And all the soul with her firm fetters bind.
In every ill we meet with here below,
A Friend, by sharing, mitigates our wo;
And all our bliss confers a double joy
When friendly converse does our lips employ.

" Whether we wander o'er Earth's desert lands,
Through Scythia's snows or Afric's burning sands;
Whether we climb with pain the heights which rise
With glittering glaciers towering to the skies;
Or, stretched at ease, partake the balmy gales
Of India's plains or Persia's fragrant vales;
Whether we bound o'er Ocean's roaring waves,
Or stem the rippling stream which gently laves
The verdant bank with beauteous flowers bespread,
Where calm Repose prepares the rosy bed;—
In health—in sickness—even in Death's alarms—
FRIENDSHIP can fill the soul with secret charms;
Can from the mind make grief and anguish fly,
And give to taste the bliss—the raptures of the sky.

" Eternal Friendship! thou didst reign above,—
Sweet emanation of celestial Love!
Before the whirling planets took their way,
Or kindling suns had shot an infant ray;—
Long didst thou reign upon the heavenly plains,
Ere thou wast given to soothe a mortal's cares and pains.

" O! that to sing thy triumphs I might gain
A single spark of that ethereal strain
With which the Hebrew warrior sung thy praise,
When all his soul resounded in his lays;
When, bending o'er his sword, he mourning hung,
While grief severe his gallant spirit wrung;—
His sovereign slain,—his country's glory fled,—
His dearest friend laid low amongst the dead!
And such a friend;—scarce ever mortal found,—
With valour, goodness, kind affection crowned!
Dread was the field, and woful was the day,
Which tore a friend like this from man away!
Then love to friendship yielded up the throne,
And over all the soul she reigned supreme alone.

" ' For what was woman's love,' the hero cried,
' Compared with thine, for which I would have died!
Oh Jonathan! my joy, my life, my all!
I'll never, never cease to mourn thy fall:
Nor Judah's land alone shall sound thy fame,
But all the world shall echo with thy name;
And all shall wish,—but, ah! they'll wish in vain,—
For such a friend to ease their heart of pain.
Might I but find another friend like thee,
What would a splendid throne or kingdom be?
I'd give thee all,—with thee I'd share my soul,—
Or wander, naked, round from pole to pole,—

Might I but once regain that joyful mind
Which now has fled with thee, and left distress behind.'

" Thus cruel Death breaks friendship's tender ties,
And thus the heart bleeds for the friend that dies;
While oft that friend himself, amidst the scene,
Smiles tranquil even at Death's terrific mien;
And tries to comfort and relieve the mind,
With soothing words and consolations kind,—
Pointing to regions far beyond the sky,
Where Friendship ever lives,—where Love can never die!

" 'Twas thus with SOCRATES, the sage renowned,
Whom once ungrateful Greece in prison bound;
If prison walls or brazen chains can bind
The ethereal Spark, which ranges unconfined;
Which bursts each band that feeble man applies,
Explores the vast abyss,—or soars above the skies,—
With freedom traces heaven's empyrean round,
And hears celestial notes of sweetest sound!
Can bind the ocean,—stop the lightning's flight,—
And bring all Nature's secret laws to light;
Can stretch her view beyond duration's end,
To where eternal years in ceaseless range extend;
Can with a bound o'erleap creation's line,
And prove herself, indeed, to be by birth Divine!

" With thoughts like these the Sage's mind was fraught,
And to his friends these heavenly truths he taught;
Those friends who felt affection's warmest glow,
And mourned his fate with undissembled wo.
How happy he to have such friends at death,
To close the eye,—to catch the latest breath!

A CRITO formed with kind and manly soul,—
A XENOPHON to write and tell the whole,—
And PLATO's wondrous self, with ready pen,
To point him out the wisest—best of men!
And O! how blest were they with such a friend,
Who thus could truth with sweet affection blend.

" 'Oh! weep not, Crito,' said he, 'though I die,—
Good is the hour which bids the spirit fly;
The poisonous herb may lay this body low,
But envy cannot reach me where I go;—
You'll close my ashes in the silent urn,
But still this spark divine shall ever burn,—
Throughout revolving ages still the same,
It shall for ever blaze—a never-dying flame!

" 'Think not, my Friend, that Friendship then can die;—
No! she shall never cease to live on high;
Still co-existing with the eternal Gods,
A heavenly dweller in those blest abodes
In which, at first, her bright career began,
And whence she came below to comfort mortal man.'

" Thus spake the Sage; then, calm, resigned his breath,
Forsook the ungrateful world, and sunk in death!

" And is there, then, the man who would not give
His blood, the price, that such a Friend might live?
Can there be found the man on earth below
Who would not bare his bosom to the blow,
To save a friend like this the stroke of fate,
And give the good man's virtues longer date?*

* The sentiment here brought forward occurs in the "Epistle to the Romans," chap. v. verse 7:—"For scarcely for a righteous

Yes! sometimes still a Friend like this will rise,
And, like Pylades,* wrestle for the prize;
As he, with dear Orestes, kindly strove
Which of them should be sacrificed to love:
Or, like the sacred Brothers of the sky,†
When one of them was fated not to die,
He would not take alone his immortality;
Shared with his Friend the boon which Jove had given,
And made him spend half of his days in heaven.

"Such was thy triumph, Friendship, at the time
When virtuous Damon, in a foreign clime,
Was, by the Tyrant's‡ will, condemned to death,
Beneath the murderous axe to yield his breath.
His weeping spouse he ne'er had seen again,
Had not thy heavenly aid assuaged his pain;
When Pythias ventured nobly, in his stead,
To lay himself amongst the glorious dead!

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man will one die; yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die."

It has been observed, and perhaps with justice, that "The difficulty is not so great to die for a friend, as to find a friend worth dying for."—Ed.

* "When Thoas, King of Taurus, who had condemned Orestes to death, doubted (they being alike as well in visage as affection) whether should be Orestes, Pylades said he was the man, and Orestes (as the truth was) avouched himself to be the man, that his friend might not for his sake lose his life." *Vide* Dr Littleton's *Dictionary*.—Ed.

† Castor and Pollux.—Ed.

‡ Dionysius of Syracuse.—Ed.

Then even a tyrant's mind confessed thy power,
And sweet Compassion ruled the blissful hour;
His heart relented at the moving scene,—
He gave them back to Friendship's joys again.

"How powerful is the sacred oath which binds
The feeling hearts, and faithful souls of Friends!
Not with more force did Jove's own mandate fix,
When to the dread decree he swore by gloomy Styx,*
Than Friendship's oath impressed upon the soul,
When all the feelings own its strong control.
Not hostile armies, then, in dire array,
Can fill the mind with terror or dismay,
Or turn her from her firm resolve away;
But boldly on, to life or death, she goes,
Nor, with one Friend, fears thousands of her foes,—
Prepared to bleed, to conquer, or to die,—
Hope nerves her mighty arm, and flashes in her eye!

"By such an oath that sacred Band† was bound,
Which rose, victorious, once on Theban ground;

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* To swear by the river Styx was reckoned the most sacred oath with the heathen divinities, according to that of Virgil, Æn. VI. 324:—

"Stygiamque paludem,
Di cujus jurare timent et fallere numen."

"The Stygian floods,
The sacred streams which heaven's imperial state
Attests in oaths, and fears to violate." *Dryden.*—Ed.

† This sacred battalion was composed of three hundred Thebans, united in a strict friendship and affection, and engaged, under a particular *oath*, never to fly, but to defend each other to the

Which bold Pelopidas at Leuctra led,
And which at Mantinea fought and bled.
At once astonished Sparta saw them stand—
The brazen bulwark of their native land;
She felt their arm,—confest their sacred power,—
And many a Spartan mother mourned the hour,
When great Epaminondas used their might,
And poured them, thundering, through the ranks of fight!

"See! where they march,—their arms refulgent shine,—
And on each face appears a beam divine;
The trembling earth re-echoes to their tread;
While heaven, auspicious, brightens o'er their head;
Now, more and more, the trumpet's sound draws nigh;
And, hark! their mingling shouts ascend the sky;
And, as they march, thus ardent, bold, and strong,
All with one heart and voice, they sound their battle-song:

1.

"'O Thebes! throw open now thy seven-fold* gates,
Pour all thy warriors on the embattled field;
See, where Minerva waves her sacred shield!

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last drop of their blood. At the battle of Leuctra they fought under the personal orders of Pelopidas. They appeared victorious likewise at Mantinea; but at the fatal battle of Chæronea, after having for about thirty-five years upheld the glory of their country, they were completely destroyed by Alexander, who, being only sixteen or seventeen years of age, appeared then, for the first time, as a commander under the orders of Philip his father. Under him fell the Theban band, and with them fell the independency of the Grecian states. *Vide* Rollin.—Ed.

* Thebes in Bœotia was called *Heptapylos*, from its *seven* gates,

"See, where bright Glory beaming on thee waits,
Led on her way, exulting, by the Fates!
Soon to thy prowess all thy foes shall yield,
For with firm valour every breast is steel'd,
And dreadful are the arms which all thy children wield.

CHORUS.

" ' In war, for Friendship's and for Freedom's cause,
We still shall fight for THEBES, her altars, and her laws!

2.

" ' When Cadmus* first came from Phœnician ground,
And raised a city on the Grecian plain;
Thus sung the Augurs in prophetic strain:—
' O Thebes! thy name shall through the world resound,
With glorious fame thy children shall be crowned;
No bounds shall e'er thy bright advance restrain,—
Thy foes shall rage with envy and with pain,
But thou shalt higher rise, and wider spread again.'

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as Thebes in Egypt was called *Hecatompylos*, from its *hundred* gates.—ED.

* Cadmus, the Phœnician, is said to have built the city of Thebes, in Bœotia, when he was sent by his father in search of his sister Europa; and thus, in the Thebais of Statius, we find Polynices, prince of Thebes, deriving his descent from Cadmus:—

" Cadmus origo patrum, tellus Mavortia Thebæ,
Et genitrix Jocasta mihi."

" Know then, from Cadmus I derive my race,
Jocasta's son, and Thebes my native place."—*Pope.*

The name CADMUS is Hebrew (קדם), and means an ORIENTAL. —ED.

CHORUS.

" ' In war, for Friendship's and for Freedom's cause,
We still shall fight for THEBES, her altars, and her laws!

3.

" ' Behold thy PINDAR rise in future days!
See! how he vivid—rapid—bounds along;—
The praise of heroes fills his fiery song,
Ethereal ardours breathing in his lays,
And spreading round a soul-enkindling blaze;
Where Grecian princes to the contest* throng,
It darts like lightning all their ranks among,—
Revives the languid mind, and elevates the strong.'

CHORUS.

" ' In war, for Friendship's and for Freedom's cause,
We still shall fight for THEBES, her altars, and her laws!

4.

" ' Nor less, O Thebes! shall be thy fame in war:
Behold thy great and brave commanders shine!—
PELOPIDAS presents his front divine;
And, like a blazing comet or a star,
EPAMINONDAS flashes from afar—
To Lacedæmon dread portentous sign!
See! where he spreads the thick embattled line,
Or makes the piercing wedge† and phalanx deep combine.'

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* The Olympic and other public games of Greece.—ED.

† It is well known that Epaminondas gained the battle of Mantinea by the bold and original manœuvre of running his troops into the form of a wedge, and so penetrating the compact body of the Lacedæmonians.—ED.

CHORUS.

" ' In war, for Friendship's and for Freedom's cause,
We still shall fight for THEBES, her altars, and her laws!'

5.

" ' Yes,—let us follow War's o'erwhelming stream,—
Black o'er the field it now begins to pour;
The earth and sky re-echo to the roar!
Sweet Peace has fled like Fancy's airy dream;
O! let us try her presence to redeem,
And make her sceptre brighter than before;
That Friendship's self may spread from shore to shore,
And reign in every heart supreme for evermore!

CHORUS.

" ' In war, for Friendship's and for Freedom's cause,
We still shall fight for THEBES, her altars, and her laws!'

" Thus sung the Band; then pouring o'er the plain,
Like boundless torrent rushing to the main,
Beneath their feet proud Sparta humbled lies,
Each stern opposer quickly sinks and dies,
Or from the field in shameful terror flies;
Victorious Thebes stands glorious to the sight,
And thus triumphant shines by matchless Friendship's might.

" But, ah! too soon dread Chæronea came,
And quenched in Freedom's blood bright Friendship's flame!
There first appeared that Thunderbolt of War,
Which, scorching, passed o'er Asia's plains afar.—
Yes, go great Hero! spread thy conquests round
From Libya's sands to India's farthest bound;
March in thy might from Macedonia's strand,
To where eternal summers bless the land;

Let cities hail thee, kings before thee fall—
Move on in triumph, seize and conquer all:
But know that Friendship's curse still on thee waits,
And quick shall be her vengeance by the Fates.
One of thy Friends* by thine own hand shall die;
Another†—sweetest, dearest in thine eye,
Shall, by intemperance, yield his youthful breath,
And all thy joy shall vanish at his death:
Because great Thebes‡ nor Friendship thou didst spare,
But all, beneath thine arm, fell, groaning, shrieking there!

"Thus Friendship shone in former ages bright;
Nor less in future times shall be her light.
I see a train of glorious Friends arise,
And with their presence hail my wondering eyes:
For martial Friendship ever shines the same,
And fires each hero's breast with equal flame.
But now from scenes of blood we turn our eyes,
To where Euphorbus with Menalcas lies;
Beneath yon spreading oak they rest reclined,
While Friendship pours her bliss upon the mind:
And, while the gush of joy bedews his cheeks,
Menalcas thus to kind Euphorbus speaks,—

"'How, dear Euphorbus, shall my tongue impart
The glowing feelings of my grateful heart,

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* Clitus.

† The death of Hephæstion, the darling friend of Alexander the Great, was caused by excessive drinking, to which he was encouraged by the example of Alexander himself.—Ed.

‡ The destruction of Thebes by Alexander was one of those barbarous acts of which he had several to repent of during the latter part of his life.—Ed.

To thee, a tender and a generous friend,
Who oft hast eased the sorrows of my mind?
When by devouring flames my house I lost,
When lightning laid my cattle in the dust,
When the swoln river bore my flocks away—
And when my cheerful pipe forgot to play;
Then thou, with comfort and assistance kind,
Didst prove thyself, indeed, a faithful friend.'

" Thus speaks Menalcas, and Euphorbus says;—
' Forbear, my Friend, from thanks, forbear from praise;
Oft has thy gladsome voice revived my heart,
And made my cares and sorrows all depart:
In jocund youth when artless beauties please,
We've oft inhaled the healthful mountain-breeze,
And taught the gale to catch that lovely name
Which then had filled the breast with amorous flame;
Oft have I joyed to hear your pipe in play,
For then it drove unwelcome cares away,—
And now, my friend, begin the cheerful song,
For Echo waits to bear the notes along.'

" Even when by death a friend has been removed
Whom with affection dear our soul has loved,
Oft some kind token, lingering still behind,
Recalls his grateful image to the mind:
His smiling portrait,—or his favourite book;—
The spreading elm-tree by the purling brook,
Which often heard us, at the close of day,
In pleasing converse pass the time away;—
We love them all, and bless them for his sake,
For oft they bid our former joys awake,
And make them pass revived before our view,
And thus each former scene of bliss renew.

"Go, heavenly Friendship! range Earth's regions o'er,
Each savage scene, and every barbarous shore,
Whence Truth and Peace have long in terror fled,
And Ignorance and Murder rear their head,—
There, Friendship, raise thy banner o'er the land,
And make the world obey thy sweet command:
Diffuse thy sacred joys through every breast,
And make them, willing, taste thy grateful rest.
O! rise and shine with never-ending day,
And give us all to bask in Friendship's genial ray!
Then Discord shall expire, and Murder cease,
And all the world shall live in bands of peace:
Then wanton Echo shall resound the song
Which warbles fragrant groves and bowers among;
The whole Creation shall rejoice in one,
And all shall live in unity with Man."

I am,

Most delectable Wilfred,

Your faithful friend,

I. N. O

Alexandria, 24th of the month Cisleu,
in the year 585.*

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* *i. e.* 22d December, 1824.—Ed.

No XVIII.

Characteristics of English, Persian, Hebrew, and Chinese Poetry—The Mahabharata—Meer Tuqee's "Advice to Bad Poets"—Story of the Poet Hilali and the Vizier of Ispahan—Jami—Kalidas—The Modern Poets of Hindoostan—Ode to Friendship.

WHEN I had concluded the foregoing "Verses on Friendship," most courteous Wilfred, I asked the Rajpoot his opinion of them.

"I don't pretend to be a deep judge of these matters," replied he; "and, besides, there are several things introduced by the old Ionian,—I think you called him,—which I do not clearly understand. However, I think the rhyme is pretty good, only it does not occur frequently enough to be altogether agreeable to my ear. It is, indeed, too much in the *Musnuwee** style to suit my taste; for, I must

* Ar. مثنوي, the sort of verse in which the couplets rhyme regularly, as in English heroic verse; a poem in that verse.—ED.

confess, that the sort of poetry which introduces frequent *bayts*,* with double and even triple rhymes, including all the *three* kinds of measure which, you know, are denominated by the Persian poets the *rattling*, the *placid*, and the *mixed*,†—especially when it is recited in the *droopud*‡ style,—is much more consonant to my ideas of good writing, than that sort of poetry in which all the *bayts* look as if they had been cast in the same mould, and the poet seems afraid of nothing so much as the introducing of too much rhyme into his composition.§ In this

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* Ar. بيت, a house, temple, edifice. A couplet, a verse, (in poetry.) Milton says, "*To build the lofty rhyme.*"—"It is curious to observe that the relation between *a house* and *a verse* is also preserved in our word *stanza*, taken from the Italian; it is originally a room of a house, and came to signify a subdivision of a poem, a staff."—*Vide* NOBLE'S *Arabic Vocabulary*, p. 28.—ED.

† Pers. بحر هزج, بحر رمل, بحر رجز.—ED.

‡ One of the characteristics of this style is an almost incredible rapidity of utterance.—ED.

§ "A taste for little prettinesses and strained ingenuity," as has been well observed, "is one of the stages by which the literature of all nations must pass in its progress to perfection." This is exhibited in the endless double, triple, and sometimes even quadruple rhymes with which the poems of the Persians and Arabians are stuffed even to satiety. In the poem, for instance, which Arab Shah, the Arabic historian, indites on the death of his hero,

way it is impossible for your poet to attain the tasteful variety which I have seen exhibited sometimes

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Tamerlane, we have no less than *one hundred and nine* lines, all rhyming with the first one! An Asiatic, whose rich and melodious language affords an endless repetition of the same sound, would consider this as a circumstance which required very little effort on the part of the writer; but to a European, whose language is comparatively harsh and cumbrous, such an exhibition of interminable reiteration would convey an idea either of painful exertion, or of puerile amusement, which he would look upon as quite incompatible with the strength of understanding, or dignity of genius, required in a writer of any respectability. "On the whole," says Dr Gilchrist, "it will, in all probability, be granted, that Oriental taste in the belles lettres is at least some centuries behind our own.—I question much if any Orientalist could defend the *yuke* (یکی, *one person,*) of Sadee recurring no fewer than *sixty-four* times in a poem of only *forty-eight* lines."

The same remark applies, in some measure, to the style of the ancient Hebrews, in which we find a peculiar predilection for something like the species of writing called *acrostick* in rather an uncommon degree. The following portions of Hebrew Scripture are written in this style, viz.—Psalms xxv, cxi, cxii, cxix; the Lamentations of Jeremiah; as also the *twenty-two last* verses of the Book of Proverbs, each of which begins with a different letter of the Hebrew alphabet in its order. In Psalm cxix, each of the first *eight* verses begins with *Aleph* א, each of the next *eight* verses begins with *Beth* ב,—and so on through all the *twenty-two letters* of the alphabet. The Persian poets have adopted a practice somewhat analogous to this, by writing what they call a *Deewan*, (دیوان), which is a series of poems, each verse of every one of which ends with a particular letter of the alphabet in its order.

even by a Chinese;* although they are, by no means, the finest poets that are to be met with in the Orien-

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Thus all the verses of the first poem end in *Alif*, ا; all those of the second end in *Be*, ب;—and so on through all the *thirty-two* letters of the Persian alphabet. A poet who has completed such a *Deewan*, or series of poems ending alphabetically, acquires thence the name of *Hafiz*, (حافظ); which is an Arabic word signifying *a man of great memory*.

A rhymster of Persia being at one time desirous to improve upon this ingenious system, took it into his head, by way of a great amelioration, to exclude the letter *Alif* ا entirely out of his poem. Having accomplished this, he presented his performance to the prince, in the full expectation of receiving a great reward and much praise for his ingenuity; but his highness, it seems, was not exactly of the same opinion; for, it is said, that having examined the poet's performance, he returned it to him without bestowing any present, and merely observed, rather dryly,—That, in his opinion, it would have been a great improvement to the poem if the author had taken the trouble to exclude the other *thirty-one* letters of the alphabet out of it also.—Ed.

* "The mechanical structure of Chinese poetry appears, according to Sir George Staunton, to be similar in principle to that of our own. 'Their stanzas are measured, as with us, and the order of the characters, or words, is regulated by what we term accent or intonation, just as our syllables and words, when monosyllabical, are chosen and placed according to quantity.' There are, however, peculiarities in the structure of Chinese poetry, as may be found in that of the respective nations of Europe. The odes of the Shiking contain only four characters (or syllables) in a line; the poets Loo and Le, about 700 years after Confucius, introduced the metre of five syllables. A Chinese writer upon this subject

tal regions. Where is there any thing amongst their productions that is worthy to be once named with our sublime ancient poems, the *Mahabharata*,* the *Ramayana*, and the *Harivansa*? without men-

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states that some stanzas consist of four or eight lines, containing five or seven characters in each, and rhyming every other line, and sometimes every other *character*,' a peculiarity not very dissimilar to one which is found in Spanish verse."—Vide *Asiatic Journal*, No CXVIII, p. 408.—Ed.

* "Little had it been thought," says the work above quoted, "that the absurd theology of the Hindoos contained poems, which, for grandeur of conception and fertility of invention, were not often surpassed by the productions of the western world. We then found that the obscure nations of Hindoostan could boast of compositions so ancient, that the languages in which they were preserved had, during more than twenty centuries, ceased to be oral; and that, even rejecting the exaggerations of Indian chronology, some of them must have existed considerably more than 3000 years."

Mahābhārata, in Hindoos. مہابھارت, means the great war of the descendants of *Bhārat*; and is the name of the grand epic poem of the Hindoos, containing an account of the wars of the *Pandaus*, (پانڈو) and of *Krishna*. It was written by *Vyāsa-deva*. It may here be mentioned, that the Cabinet of Oriental MSS. in the library of the King of France contains a work of singular rarity and value, as well as of considerable importance in many respects; namely, a Persian translation of the above-mentioned celebrated Sanscrit poem *Mahabharata*, performed by command of the Emperor Akbar. Prefixed to the work is a preface

tioning the numberless other treatises on history, philosophy, law, physic, and divinity, all of which are the subjects of Sanscrit verse.

"Now, our celebrated poets, MEER TUQEE, SOUDA, TUPISH, and TABAN, have, in imitation of Hafiz, Sâdee, and the other great poets of Persia and Arabia, given us very pleasing specimens of their success in the prosecution of this delightful art.

"Meer Tuqee, indeed, laments very much the decline of poetry which has taken place in modern times. He has written a poem on the subject, which he calls '*Advice to bad Poets*,'* and which is a

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of twenty-seven pages, containing very exact and particular details respecting the circumstances which led to the translation. It is the composition of the celebrated Abou l' Fazl, Akbar's vizier, and author of the *Ayeen Akbari*, the *Akbar-Namch*, &c. The vizier seems to have been greatly oppressed by the extraordinary length of the poem, as the following curious ejaculation testifies:—

"Praised be God that there exists no other history equally long and prolix, equally strange and marvellous, in the different annals of the universe; and that there are no longer any traces of such extraordinary loquacity amongst the inhabitants of the world."—ED.

* The above-mentioned poem is to be found in the collection of the works of Meer Mohammed Tuqee, published at Calcutta in 1811, and also in the *Muntakhabat-i-Hindi*, or Hindoostanee Selections of Professor Shakspeare.—ED.

satire directed against those who, fancying themselves gifted with poetical talents, neglect the proper means of study. There was a time, says the author, when such talents were cultivated under the direction of able instructors in the art of poesy. The public then possessed taste and discernment, and only men of superior abilities could claim the regard due to a poet. The present rage for writing verses, he continues, is productive of no benefit, civil or religious,—the lowest trades are far more useful to society; indeed, he adds, if no poets existed at all, the loss of them would be no great calamity. Poetry, he says, is still more objectionable in respect to religion, than useless in relation to civil matters. 'Modern compositions are chiefly filled with exaggerations, as ridiculous as they are false; if, therefore, religion be incompatible with falsehood, how can poets lay the least pretensions to piety, who are in the habitual practice of lying?'

"He then describes the foolish encouragement given to the swarms of pretended poets, by the bad taste of the public, and by the flattery of their brethren in the degraded art. The poor novice, bewildered by the silly praises bestowed upon him,

thinks himself bound to desert the pursuits of the station in which he was born, and give himself up wholly to poetry. Presumptuous ignorance, however, he observes, must not always flatter itself with attaining literary consideration; nay, fools who persist in writing verses, may expose themselves to indignity, and even to cudgelling, like the poet whose mischance the author recounts as follows:—

STORY OF THE POET HILALI AND THE VIZIER OF ISPAHAN.

"'HILALI one day presented himself at the palace of the governor of Ispahan, a great admirer of poetry. On being announced by the chamberlain, the Prince immediately commanded that he should be admitted, received him with demonstrations of vast respect and veneration, and insisted upon his being placed near him. Hilali, delighted at his reception, expatiated in praise of the Prince's great and good qualities; even the approach of night could not stop the career of his flattery. The Vizier, however, maliciously brought forward the topic of poetry with a view of discovering the Poet's talents.

Hilali did not require solicitation; he poured forth verses, but unluckily was guilty of sundry gross violations of the laws of metre. The Prince, whose taste was delicate, was disgusted, and his anger increasing at every new blunder,—"Let some one," cried he, "bring me a cudgel;" and grasping, with a vigorous hand, the fatal instrument, he applied it with such force to the shoulders of Hilali, that the poor poet fell senseless. Being supposed dead, he was conveyed to his abode in great haste; and soon the whole *bazar* rang with nothing but this accident. The Poet's heirs were all in motion; but Hilali, recovering from his swoon, with a feeble voice articulated these words: "Be careful not to imagine that the Governor is an enemy to poetry; on the contrary, he loves the art, and is skilled in it; but he is very difficult on this point, and most modern verses are detestable to him. Probably he found some defects in mine, which was the cause of his rage; for he is generally good and generous, and has often bestowed marks of his favour upon such of my colleagues as have been admitted into his presence. If he has ill-used me to-night, this is no reason why I should calumniate him. I feel that

it is necessary that I should study more deeply the rules of the art to which I have devoted myself. I will, therefore, seek an able poet, fix myself near him, and attend assiduously to his advice; perhaps I shall thereby acquire that knowledge in which I am now deficient, and reach a certain degree of perfection in the science of verse." So saying, he rose, and went immediately in search of the celebrated poet Jami.* He passed some time with this distinguished poet, exercising his natural talents under his observation.

" 'When Hilali had acquired such instruction as Jami deemed sufficient, he quitted his tutor, and presented himself again at the Prince's gate. The chamberlain, astonished at the return of a person who had been so mercilessly cudgelled, advertised his master of this visit. " Well," replied the Prince, " it is perfectly right; let no one oppose his access to me; I hope to-day he will retire content." When, however, Hilali entered the presence, he dared not advance, nor raise his humbled head. He remained

* Abd al Rehman Maulana Jami, the celebrated Persian poet, was born in the town of Jami in Khorasan, and died at an advanced age in Herat, A.D. 1492.—Ed.

some time in the same attitude, exposed to the burning rays of the sun. At length the Governor made a sign for him to approach; and he did not dismiss him without a munificent present. One of the Prince's court, who witnessed both receptions, remarked upon their dissimilarity. "Sire," said he, "at the former interview, after receiving the Poet in a most gracious manner, you nevertheless applied a cudgel to his shoulders: at the present, on the contrary, you make him a handsome present, and send him away without ceremony. I should be glad to learn the motive of conduct so contradictory." The judicious Governor replied,—"The contempt of poetic rules established by our ancestors has at present risen to an inconceivable height; nay, if ignorance had the power, it would annihilate them altogether. Thus the lesson I gave to Hilali when he first presented himself was necessary; the report of the adventure will spread abroad, and those who fancy themselves possessed of talents will no longer confide implicitly in their own opinion, but will obtain instruction from skilful masters. But for this, every fool would have boldly vented his impertinences here, till, by degrees, poetry would become in-

famous,' and the name of a poet an opprobrium. When I cudgelled Hilali, he did not possess the skill imparted by a knowledge of the art of versification. He is now no longer the same person, and I have found him worthy of my favours."

"The poet concludes as follows :—'It was thus that formerly merit could be distinguished, whilst, at the present day, no regard is paid but to verses which creep in the dirt. This defect of discernment, on the part of the public,' is therefore the true cause of the imperfection of modern compositions. Mediocrity has beaten out a track unknown to classic authors, and carries off the praise due to talent. The enthusiasm of genius, the purity of elocution, are now reckoned as nothing; each scribbler fancies himself the SAHBAN* of eloquence.

"'But enough, my Calam; cease to trace useless lines. The flourishing ages of literature have passed away. Which of our fellows listen with pleasure to an ingenious thought? Where is the man

* A very celebrated Arabian poet.—ED.

who can pretend to comprehend it? I perceive around us only men without capacity; and I doubt whether my own talent is sufficient to rank me with poets.'*

" In short, Meer Tuqee's opinions on this subject cannnot be summed up better than is done in the following lines :—

' Why have good poets lost the fame they had?
Because the silly world prefers the bad.
In vain does genius fire the poet's song,
And elocution pour its tide along:
Cold mediocrity usurps the bays,
And steals, by dung-born arts, the public praise.
Then leave, my friend, the pen and polished lay;
The golden age of wit has passed away.
Who now regards, as erst, a sprightly thought?
Who tastes the fruit of talent as he ought?
Degenerate world! which vain pretenders fill,
Devoid of judgment, genius, taste, and skill.' †

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* Meer Mohammed Tuqee, the author of the poem above mentioned, is a modern Hindoo poet of some celebrity. He flourished in the reign of the Emperor Shah Alum, the son of Aurungzebe. The anecdote he relates concerning his brother poet Hilali, who enjoys a high reputation in Persia, (to which country he belonged,) is of dubious authenticity.—*Vide* " Asiatic Journal," No CXXIV. p. 56.—Ed.

† Meer Tuqee's lamentations regarding the decline of Poetry in modern times, must no doubt remind the English reader of

"Now, notwithstanding what I have said on a former occasion, I am, in many respects, a great admirer of these ancient poems of ours, which contain many excellent descriptions of Indian manners, and are the great inspired depositories of the religious opinions of my country; but, with all these allowances, I am by no means inclined to go the length that Meer Tuqee does, in extolling the ancient poets at the expense of the modern ones.* What! be-

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Swift's celebrated "Battle of the Books" on a similar subject; and which gave birth to the following well-known epigram:—

"Swift for the ancients has argued so well
'Tis apparent from thence that the moderns excel."—Ed.

* "In all our conversations with learned Hindus," says Sir W. Jones, "we find them enthusiastic admirers of poetry, which they consider as a divine art, that had been practised for numberless ages in heaven, before it was revealed on earth by Valmic, whose great heroic poem is fortunately preserved: the Brahmans of course prefer that poetry which they believe to have been *actually inspired*, while the Vaidyas (who are in general perfect grammarians and good poets, but are not suffered to read any of the sacred writings, except the *Ayrveda*, or Body of Medical Tracts) speak with rapture of their innumerable *popular* poems, epic, lyric, and dramatic, which were composed by men not literally inspired, but called, metaphorically, the sons of Sereswati or Minerva; among whom the Pandits of all sects, nations, and degrees, are unanimous in giving the prize of glory to Calidasa, who flourished in the court of Vicramaditya, fifty-seven years before Christ. He

cause the *Mahabharata* and the *Ramayana* are great and *inspired* poems, are we to say that the *popular* productions of such celebrated men as ASŬR, and FIDWEE, and MEER, and SOUDA, and TURSHĖZEE, and ASHRAFF, and JOORRUT, and TUJULLEE, and DURD, and JAN TUPISH, and MEER TUPISH, and SHER ALEE, and SUJJAD, and HUSUN, and WULEE, and HYRAN, and KHOOSRO, and TANASHAH, and ALEE HYF, and ABROO, and HIDAYUT, and MEEN, and QAIM, and MUUNUWEE, and SOZ, and BIHAREE, and AZEEN BEG, and ZUHOOREE, and NUQEE MUHSHUR, and MOOS'HUSEE, and YUKRUNG, and FOORSUT, and BUQA, and KASHEENAT'H, and ARZOO, and BEG NALAN, and NAJEE, and HATIM, and BEGUM, and AMAN NISAR, and SHURFOODEEN, and MOOHSIN, and PURESHAN, and FUZL ALEE, and TOOLSEE DAS, and MOOSHIFĖE, and HUSRUT, and BUYAN,

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wrote several dramas, one of which, entitled SACONTALA, is in my possession, and the subject of it appears to be as interesting as the composition is beautiful; besides these he published the *Meghâduta*, or Cloud-messenger, and the *Nalodaya* or Rise of NALA, both elegant love-tales; the *Raghuvansa*, a HEROIC poem, and the *Cumara Sambhava*, or Birth of CUMARA."—ED.

and YUQEEN, and JUMAL, and TUJURROOD, and OOZLUT, and SUBQUT, and ASHOOFTU, and TUNHA, and KULEEN, and AWARU, and TAHIR, and WUHHAB,—all whose names are well-known as Hindoostanee poets,* from the days of the great KALIDAS† downwards, throughout the wide extent of the universe,—are we to say that the beautiful productions of such authors,—without speaking of those of Meer Tuqee himself,—are not to be held in estimation by gods, genii, and men! I think they must. And I think besides,—without mentioning the THOUSAND AND ONE poets of Arabia,—that the HUNDRED AND FIFTY poets of Persia,‡ and

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* It must certainly be confessed, in regard to the Rajpoot's catalogue of Hindoostanee Poets, that in *quantity* of manufacturers, at least, his nation may lay claim to the palm of poetic merit with considerable prospect of success. We have seldom seen such a galaxy of poetical talent as is here displayed.—ED.

† Compare at page 200.—ED.

‡ "There is a manuscript at Oxford," says Sir W. Jones, "containing *the lives of a hundred and thirty-five of the finest Persian poets*, most of whom left very ample collections of their poems behind them; but the versifiers, and *moderate poets*, if Horace will allow any such men to exist, are without number in Persia.

"At the beginning of last century, a work was published at Constantinople, containing the finest verses of *five hundred and forty-nine* Turkish poets, which proves, at least, that they are singularly

the FIVE HUNDRED AND FIFTY of the regions of Room,* are not worthy, in general, to be compared with the modern poets of Hindoostan; and the one-half of them, indeed, are not even deserving of their *Tukhullus*.†

"Now, to prove to you that I am possessed of some little taste in these matters, and have some right to pass an opinion in regard to them, I must tell you, by way of a secret, that I am somewhat of a poet myself; and might assume a *Tukhullus* any day without being at all liable to the charge of presumption in so doing. The study of poetry has, in many situations, been a great source of pleasure to me; and my attempts at composition, if not very successful, have served the same purpose with me

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fond of this art, whatever may be our opinion of their success in it."—ED.

* *i. e.* Turkey. *Vide* at page 263, Note †.—ED.

† In Persia and India, those who have the talent of making verses, assume the name of SHAIR, (شاعر,) or poet, and hold a certain rank in society from this title. Such usually take up a *Tukhullus*, (تخلص,) or poetical name, by which they style themselves in their poems.—ED.

as tossing flowers do with the elephant, viz. to kill *ennui.**

"But I shall give you a small specimen, so that you may be able to judge for yourself of my proficiency; and you must make all due allowance for what may be called almost a first attempt, as I composed it many years ago, while resident with my friend on the banks of the winding Looni, when youthful feelings were warm and unrestrained. It was written originally in the Persian language, of which my ever-valued friend Omeed Singh was an ardent admirer, and in the study of the poets of Persia he was indeed a wonderful proficient.

"The piece is entitled 'An Ode to Friendship,' and is therefore a very appropriate *Kitâu* † for fill-

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* The elephant is the only animal besides man that feels ennui; even in its wild state it may be seen plucking flowers, and flinging them away with its trunk. Akbar the Great in India had elephants that could shoot a bow.—Ed.

† A short piece of poetry, in which the two first lines do not rhyme together, is called *Kitau*, (قطعه), *a fragment;* when both lines of each couplet rhyme together through a whole composition, it is called *Musnuwee*, (مثنوي).—Compare at page 280, Note.—Ed.

ing up a corner in your *Deewan*, or Book of Poems, on that interesting subject."

The Rajpoot then recited his poem to me, which I shall here present to you, most sage Wilfred, in an English dress, keeping as near to the original as possible.

ODE TO FRIENDSHIP.

1.

HAIL, Friendship, sacred balm for every wo!
Thou soother of the troubled breast,
Impart to me thy gentle rest,
And on my soul thy calm repose bestow.

2.

When golden Summer smiles around,
When blooming flowers bedeck the ground,
And through the grove the balmy zephyrs play;
Then let us wander where the silver rill
Runs, softly murmuring, down the verdant hill,
And pass in sweet discourse the time away.

3.

When through the air the wintry tempest flies,
And stormy clouds with blackness fill the skies;
When o'er the rocks the foaming torrents pour,
And Echo answers to the dinsome roar;

Then let us to yon humble cot remove,
Where gentle Peace and sweet Contentment live,
And there the true and genuine blessings prove,
Which sacred Friendship to the heart can give;
And count the heavenly joys of former days,
Which from remembrance time can ne'er erase.

4.

When cold Adversity, with sweeping blast,
Lays all our comforts prostrate in the dust,
And black misfortunes stand in dread array;
'Tis then a Friend can give us kind relief,
Can ease the bosom overcharged with grief,
And drive our dull corroding cares away.

5.

And when pale Sickness, with her ghastly train,
Extends us languid on the couch of death;
O gentle Friendship! ease our hearts of pain,
And in thy breast receive our latest breath:
And then on seraph wings ascend on high,
And take thy blest abode eternal in the sky.

I am,

Most courteous Wilfred,

Your faithful friend,

I. N. O.

*Alexandria, 12th of the month Tabath, in the year 585.**

* *i. e.* 9th January, 1825.—Ed.

No XIX.

Opinions of Northern Sages concerning Oriental Literature—"A Poet's Miseries"—Burmese Scepticism—Story of the Sceptic and the Hebraist—Socrates—Continuation of the Story of the Rajpoot—Story-Telling Debate.

In reference to the Rajpoot's "Ode to Friendship," most ingenious Wilfred, I could not but express myself much pleased with his performance.

"You have completely established your right," said I, "both for the assuming of a *Tukhullus*, and for the passing of an opinion on the subject of Poetry. This is, indeed, a subject on which there are almost as many opinions as there are men in the world. It is almost entirely a matter of taste; and they have got an old and a true adage in Frangistan, —'De gustibus nil disputandum,'—which means, being interpreted, 'There is no quarrelling about

tastes.' Poets are, therefore, sometimes very undeservedly subjected to reproach, because they do not, or rather because they cannot hit the taste of men of varying opinions, and belonging to different countries, ages, and states of society.

"It is no wonder, then, that such absurd observations as the following should be hazarded by the writers of Frangistan on the subject of Eastern literature,—a subject which is evidently too sublime for their frigid understandings to comprehend.

"'The wild and extravagant character of Hindoo composition,' says one of these Northern sages, 'the monstrous exaggerations and puerile conceits which disfigure the largest portion of it, and the visible efforts perceptible throughout to support the pretensions of a particular class, at any expense or sacrifice, are sufficient to convince us that the repugnance of Western readers to the study of Hindoo learning is not without reason. Every reader will not confess, though he may feel, the toil and *ennui* which attend the perusal of the *Mahabharat*, or *Ramayan*, works which, to a Hindoo, will be pleasant when *ten times repeated*. When it is recollected that there are few works in Sanscrit, of

which we have any knowledge, that deserve to be characterized as historical; that the Sanscrit poetry offers violence to a taste formed upon the classic models of the West; that the allegories of the Hindoos are so recondite and obscure that they afford no pleasure to a reader not imbued with the religious feelings they are designed to awaken; and that the whole fabric of Sanscrit learning is artfully raised upon the basis of a system of policy foreign to every principle acknowledged amongst European societies; there can be no wonder that, whilst Western nations regard with some degree of veneration the science and literature of the Hindoos, they should refrain from studies which would, according to appearance, merely confer a reputation for *learning*, without imparting any substantial *knowledge*.

"Persian literature may be considered to consist of poetry and apologues: with the exception of mystic philosophy and ethics, there is little of native growth which deserves the name of literature in modern Persia besides the productions of Hafiz, Feerdouzi, and Sâdee; and tales, many of which are borrowed, with more or less embellishment, from Hindoo sources. The poets of Persia may perhaps

be placed at the very head of the Asiatic bards; there is a playfulness, a vivacity, a warmth of fancy, and occasionally a depth of feeling, in the works of those just named, which it would be vain to seek in Chinese penury and Hindoo metaphysics. In China and ancient Hindoostan, the art of poetry seems to have been, to a great extent, mechanical: the writer who could reduce his language to certain rhythmical restraints stamped his production with the character of verse.

" ' The approximation of Persian poetry to the standard of European taste is counterbalanced by an adverse consideration,—a want of interest in the subjects, and of variety in the embellishments. The former defect is felt, probably, by Western readers alone; but the sad monotony of the images employed to adorn and illustrate a Persian poet's sentiments,—the perpetual recurrence of " roses" and " boölboöls," with their amatory intercourse,—must be tiresome, one would think, even to a Persian.

" ' Arabian literature has something to recommend it. The historical records which it contains are extremely valuable, because they afford, in

many instances, the only information attainable respecting events with which our own history is intimately connected. Arabian poetry, however, possesses not many attractions to a Northern reader. Whatever eloquent appeals may be made in its behalf by those who, with all a patron's partiality, plead the claims it offers to our regard, the very arguments urged in its favour tend to prove that Arabian poetry never can be universally popular, because those arguments demonstrate that none but Arabs can taste its beauties. Arabian poetry is like a plant formed by nature to luxuriate in the desert, but which droops and dies beneath a temperate sky, and in a rich and cultivated soil.'

"Another of these Northern monsters,—who evidently possess not more taste for Oriental poetry than one of the sea unicorns of their own Hyperborean regions,—has the impudence to speak as follows:—

"'Of what consequence is it to a civilized reader how the puerile imagination of some unknown Malay scribe made *Deewa Indra* and *Sita Dewi* express themselves upon some topic of love or murder; or what Meer, or Souda, or Tupish, or Taban,

or any other equally well-known writer, may have said on the suspicious question of Hindoo morality; or even how the poets of Persia themselves may have described the loves of roses and nightingales, or sung the praises of tulips and bad wine?'

"Now, such reflections as these are evidently unjust; for I am sure that no man possessed of true feeling, on looking at the splendid and almost interminable list of the poets of Hindoostan, which you gratified me with the recital of a short time ago,—I say no man of true taste and feeling would attempt to deny that your country possesses strong claims upon the consideration of the literary world, even in regard to the *quantity*, without at all speaking of the *quality* of the authors that are therein mentioned.

"To speak more properly on the subject, it ought to be acknowledged by these sages,—as is acknowledged indeed by one of their number, who speaks more sensibly on the subject than the most of them do,—that 'the copiousness and energy of the Arabic,—the mellifluous richness of the Persian,—the intricate expressiveness of the Hindoostanee,—and the imposing profundity and remark-

able originality of the Sanscrit,—can never be duly appreciated by Europeans till the study of these tongues be made to form a part of the system of general education in the Western world. For many reasons, "this is a consummation devoutly to be wished." The stores of learning which are to be found in the "ocean"* of the Arabic language are valuable in almost every branch of literature. The names of Avicenna, Abulfeda, Ebn Haukal, and Arab Shah, need only be mentioned to show that the Arabians have excelled as writers in general physics, in history, and in geography; whilst their great eminence in the art of poetry has been at all times universally acknowledged.

"'With regard to the pleasure and utility that are to be derived from the study of the Persian, we may look upon it in this respect as one of the most interesting languages in the world. In richness, smoothness, and flexibility, it is equal, if not superior, to the Greek; whilst, in energy and copiousness, it is not surpassed by any tongue except the Arabic; and, at the same time, the simplicity of

* *Vide* at page 63, Note.—Ed.

its structure renders the grammar of it a matter of very easy attainment. The poets, historians, and moralists of Persia have been highly and deservedly celebrated.'

"It must, however, be acknowledged that the poets have, in almost all ages and all countries, been an unfortunate generation. The following lines, entitled 'A Poet's Miseries,' which I have seen somewhere, translated, I believe, out of the works of one of the Franks,* describe very forcibly some of the irritating circumstances in which they frequently find themselves placed:—

'Plague on the wight who first, with brain perverse,
Pent up his thoughts within the bounds of verse;
Imprisoned words, though guiltless of a crime,
And fettered reason with the chains of rhyme!
But for his art, my life, unvexed with woes,
Had sweetly passed in undisturbed repose;
My thoughts, like a fat monk's, would then have been
Employed on meals alone, with mirth between;
No wasting griefs would on my vitals prey,
Soft sleep would solace night, and ease the day;
My heart, from passion free and anxious cares,
Too wise to seek Ambition's artful snares:

* From Boileau Despreaux.—Ed.

Of Grandeur, Fortune, and their idle train,
Well pleased I should in ignorance remain;
At court a stranger:—oh! thrice happy I,
Had fate ne'er taught me how to versify!'

"Again, although the public taste does frequently become vitiated, and the poets are sometimes led astray so far as to degrade their noble art by pandering to that vitiated taste, yet I doubt greatly if the Vizier of Ispahan's cudgel-recipe be much calculated to amend the matter. Poets, as well as other professors of the fine arts, should be left free to exercise their vocation in their own way, as there is no doubt that popular favour, like water, will ultimately find its own level; and public taste, although vitiated, like a muddy stream, if left to run freely, will ultimately clear itself from all impurity.

"The Vizier's cure for bad taste in poetry, reminds me of a story told me by my worthy and learned friend Hyman Hurwitz, who was at one time a teacher of our holy tongue among the Franks. One of these infidel Franks, who, next to the Burmese,* are perhaps the greatest sceptics in the world,

* "The inhabitants of Burmah are in a state of high civilization; but, being destitute of the sure word of prophecy, the effect

and are sometimes so outrageous, I am told, as to doubt even of their own existence!—such a person went to one of our Rabbies, and told him that he wished to have some instructions from him in the Hebrew language. The teacher immediately produced his *Aleph-Beth*, and began as follows:—

Teacher. Say *Aleph.*

Pupil. Why should I say *Aleph?*

Teacher. Why? because that is the name of the letter; that is the reason why you are to call it *Aleph.*

Pupil. I can't be sure that *Aleph* is the name

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of this culture of the mind has been to leave them a prey to all the miseries and the uncertainties of scepticism. Like some philosophers of our own country, they doubt every thing,—even that they themselves exist.

"Mrs Judson, in her valuable account of this Mission, gives some curious instances of the absurdity and unhappiness produced by such sentiments. In Mr Judson's Journal, he says,—'Mouny Loong is in reality a complete sceptic, scarcely believing his own existence. He is always quarrelling with his wife on some metaphysical point. For instance: if she says, "The rice is ready;" he will reply, "Rice! what is rice? Is it matter or spirit? Is it an idea, or is it nonenity?" Perhaps she will say, "It is matter;" and he will reply, "Well, wife, and what is matter? Are you sure there is such a thing in existence, or are you merely subject to a delusion of the senses?'"—Vide "*The Recorder*," vol. i. p. 190.—En.

of that letter more than any other thing. You ought to convince me by some sufficient reason that *Aleph* is the name of it, and nothing else.

Teacher. I suspect, Sir, that you are somewhat of a fool; and, therefore, the sooner that we part the better.

Pupil. I am inclined to the same opinion in regard to you; and, therefore, I shall bid you good morning.

" Having thus made his *sulam*, our hopeful Pupil went next to my intelligent friend, the Rabbi Hurwitz, and intimated his wish, as before, to receive instructions in the Hebrew language. But here our gentleman met with his match; as may be gathered from what follows. Having produced his *Aleph-Beth*, the Teacher began, as before, thus:—

Teacher. Say *Aleph.*

Pupil. Why should I say *Aleph?*

Teacher. Because it is the name of the letter.

Pupil. I can't be sure that *Aleph* is the name of that letter more than any other thing. You ought to convince me by some sufficient reason that *Aleph* is the name of it, and nothing else.

" In answer to this the Rabbi said nothing, but

seized his pupil by the ear, and wrung it rather forcibly. 'Oh, my ear!'—exclaimed the Scholar. 'Your *ear!*' retorted the Master, 'how do you know that it is your *ear* and not your *great toe?*' 'I know it is my *ear*,' said the Scholar, 'because my mother told me so.' 'Well, then,' replied the Teacher, 'you must believe that this is *Aleph because I tell you so.*'

"In this case the misbeliever was certainly served in the right way; for if we once give place to doubting on plain subjects there is no end of it. At the same time, it must be acknowledged, that no one ought to be opinionative and obstinate in regard to certain matters, where there is a possibility of saying something to good purpose on both sides of the question. And men of great minds are, therefore, in general, the least inclined to be dogmatical. The Ionian sage, SOCRATES, who is mentioned in the poem which I recited to you, is reported to have said, with great modesty, 'that he knew nothing but this, that he did not know any thing.' Upon which observation, one of the wise men of the North animadverts as follows:—'No man can act, or even be alive, if he knows nothing at all. Beside, to

know that one knows nothing, is a contradiction; and not to know that he knows even that, is not to know whether he knows any thing or not; and that is to know for ought he knows.'*

"But, leaving these sceptical matters, which are too abstruse for common understandings to comprehend,—you may allow me to remark, in regard to the poem of the old Theban, that although the mechanical part of it, that is to say, the structure of the verse, does not altogether come up to what you consider as the standard of perfection; yet, I dare say, the sentiments which it breathes are entirely consonant to your own on the subject. There are certainly some very pretty lines in the poem; and I think those relating to David and Jonathan are particularly so.†

"But setting all these matters entirely aside, I am now anxious that you should proceed with your story, which, I must say, interests me very much;

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* *Vide* WOOLASTON's *Religion of Nature*, p. 98.—ED.

† The lines relating to David and Jonathan, (on whom be peace,) were, in truth, *mine own composition*. But this I did not think worth while to mention to the Rajpoot. *Original Note by the Rabbi.*—ED.

and I am afraid we are now losing sight of it altogether."

On receiving this hint, the Rajpoot resumed his story as follows :—

"My life, during the two or three first years of my residence in Rajpootana, was rather of a monotonous description. With the usual routine of exercises, such as riding, shooting with the bow or the matchlock, throwing the lance, &c. the time was pretty well occupied; but not so much as to hinder my having a good deal of leisure for applying to the study of poetry, for which I began soon to manifest a decided predilection.

"This was much fostered by my young master Omeed Singh, who had a strong tinge that way himself. He was vehemently, indeed I may say enthusiastically, attached to the poetry of the Persians. Feerdousee, Sâdee, Hafiz, and Jami, were his constant favourites; and their works were almost his constant companions.

"Notwithstanding the repugnance which Rajpoots in general have for crossing the *Attok*,* yet, owing to

* *Attok* is the name of a river that separates the province of La-

the disturbed state of affairs on the left bank of the Indus, Ashraff Singh had found it necessary at one time to pass that famous boundary, and take up his residence, for a considerable period, in the Persian territories. Omeed Singh, having accompanied his father, continued with him during the period of his sojourn, and availed himself of the opportunity for getting well acquainted with Persian literature. He was very fond of telling Persian stories, and he possessed an almost inexhaustible fund of them, which he had picked up in the country. On the other hand, I was, of course, no less partial to the Hindoostanee ones, of which I also possessed a great store; and many debates arose regarding the superiority of the stories of Persia and Hindoostan.

"At length Omeed gave it as his opinion, that the only way of effectually deciding the matter was, that he and I should have a regular trial of strength in the way of story-telling. Accordingly, as we hap-

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hore from Peishoor. There is but one place where an army can be conveniently transported, the stream being so rapid in most parts. There is a castle commanding that passage, called the castle of *Attok*. The work *Attok*, (اٹک) is Sanscrit, and signifies *obstruction*.—Ed.

pened at this time to have a considerable deal of leisure, it was agreed that the contest should take place forthwith; and if one day should not be found enough for settling the matter, a second was to be allowed to afford sufficient scope for the exercise of our abilities in the way of story-telling.

"Omeed produced a handsome copy of the Poems of Hafiz, which he had brought from Mushed; whilst, on my part, a copy of Bidpai, which Zalim had procured for me at Allahabad, was staked against the *Deewan* of the sweet singer of Sheeraz; constituting thus a couple of appropriate prizes, one or other of which was to be delivered to whichever of us should be found to afford most amusement by our stories. A certain venerable *Fakeer*, a follower of Nanuk,* was appointed umpire on the occasion; and, as we were likely to have rather too great an audience than too little, a tent was pitched for the purpose, in a retired spot at a considerable distance from the bank of the river, where, in the presence of the *Fakeer*, of Omeed's two brothers, and a few

* Name of a *Fakeer*, or religious mendicant, founder of the sect of *Sikhs*.—Ed.

other select followers, including Zalim, we entered upon our amusing contest.

" I recollect almost every story that was brought forward on the occasion; and, as the greater part of them may be new to you, and may afford a considerable fund of entertainment, I shall give you Omeed's and my own in their order, merely premising, that Omeed's were all given by him as Persian stories, and mine as Hindoostanee."

But, before entering upon this tissue of Persian and Hindoostanee stories, you may allow me here, most intelligent Wilfred, to subscribe myself,

Your faithful friend,

I. N. O.

*Alexandria, 29th of the month Tabath, in the year 585.**

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* *i. e.* 26th January, 1825.—Ed.

No XX.

FIRST DAY'S STORY-TELLING BETWEEN BIKRAM AND OMEED.

The Castle-building Farrier—The Elk and the Ass—Two Farmers quarrelling about a Piece of Ground—Two Women quarrelling about a Child—The Logician and the Swimmer—The Merchant and the Traveller's Mare—The Deaf Man and the Patient—The Youth and the Old Cheat—The Farmer and Four Persons Eating his Sugar-Canes—The Two Brothers and the Ruby—The Banker robbed near the Emperor's Palace—Omen of the Two Crows—The Gentleman and the Philosopher—Four Friends with Miraculous Balls.

WE proceed now, most courteous Wilfred, with the stories before mentioned; and we commence with

BIKRAM.

"THUS they are saying, that a certain shopkeeper of the name of Shadee purchased a pitcher full of pungent oil at the *bazar*, and, standing there, he

began to bawl out,—'Whatever labouring man will convey this to my shop, I will give a penny to him as the reward of his labour.' A farrier of the name of Dilwalee was standing there, he took the pitcher on his head, and set out with it in the direction of the merchant's shop; and, as he was going along, he began to form this contrivance in his own mind, viz.—'With this penny I will purchase a hen. She will give me twenty eggs. Then, after twenty-two days, she will produce twenty young ones. When they shall be grown up, I will sell them, and purchase a she-goat. With her numerous offspring I will purchase a cow. Then with the cow I will purchase a mare. With the mare I will purchase a she-camel; and with that I will purchase a she-elephant.

"'When by this merchandise a great deal of wealth has come to hand, then I will make four marriages. From every wife four sons a-piece shall be born. When they, having become young men, and being mounted on Arabian horses, shall make a design of hunting, then I shall go forth in their retinue, in order that other people may make admiration and honouring of them.'

" In this stupid imagination the thought of the pitcher was entirely gone. It having tumbled from his head upon the ground, went to pieces, and the whole of the oil flowed away; then the shopkeeper, having seized him by the hair of the head, kicked him in such a manner that, during his whole life, that beating shall not be forgotten by him."

OMEED.

" THEY relate thus, that one time an ass contracted an intimacy with an elk, and they continued together in one place for grazing. One night, in the season of spring, the ass and the elk were feeding together, when all at once the ass became delighted, and said,—' O elk! in such a pleasant night as this, when the garden is shedding its odours, and the air is scattering musk around, if I were to show my singing, how delightful it would be!' The elk replied,—' O ass! what speech is this you are uttering? Confine your discourse to what regards pack-saddles and washermen, for there is no voice in ex-

istence harsher than yours; what business can an ass have with singing? I and you have come into this garden by stealth, and if at this time you should set a-braying in the garden, the gardener becoming alarmed will call other people, and then I and you shall be taken prisoners. Just in the same way as one time when some thieves had got into the house of a rich man, and having met with a flagon full of wine in one corner of the house, they set it before them, and said,—'Till it shall be time for committing the robbery, may we not drink this wine?' When they had swallowed the wine, they made a bawling, and showed forth their singing; the master of the house having become alarmed, collected his domestics and seized the thieves, and bound them.' The ass answered,—'I am a person belonging to the city, whereas you are one bred in the desert; in regard to ability in singing, what knowledge can you have? I will indeed perform a song; what can happen to you from hearing me?' In short, the ass commenced his song, the gardener and the master of the house immediately became alarmed, and bound them both."

BIKRAM.

"Two farmers had gone out somewhere from their own village, and having seen by the way a piece of good ground to the extent of some fifty or sixty acres, the one of them said to the other,—'Brother, if this place were to come into my possession and yours, what would you do?' He replied,—'I would certainly put a flower-garden in my portion of the ground; tell me what would you do in your place?' He answered,—'I would make my cows and buffaloes feed there.' The other one replied,—'I don't care whether you take it well or ill, but I certainly would not allow them to graze near my little garden.' The former one answered,—'You have no privilege in the thing at all; I will do in my own ground what I choose.' In short, in this very manner, having made an altercation, they began at last to kick and cuff one another. Upon this several passengers, having seen them quarrelling, became assembled, and having made interference between them, asked them,—'Why are you fighting with one another; tell us the reason of this?' They related the whole matter to them, and, imme-

diately on hearing it, a certain individual in the company said,—' Why, brother, this is that very proverb of yours, viz. ' The thread before it be cotton is gone to fisticuffs with the weaver.' "

OMEED.

" Two women were once making a contention about a child, and they had no witnesses. They both went before the *Kazee* and demanded justice. The *Kazee* sent for the executioner, and said,—' Divide this child into two halves, and give one portion to each of the two women.' The one woman, on hearing this speech, remained silent; but the other woman began to make noise and lamentation thus: —' For God's sake do not divide my child in two; if such be your decision, I do not want the child.' The *Kazee* perceived with certainty that this very one is the mother of the child; he delivered the child to her, and, having inflicted stripes upon the other woman, he drove her away."

BIKRAM.

" THERE is a story that there were two persons embarked in the same vessel, the one a logician and

the other a swimmer. The logician asked the swimmer,—'Tell me, friend, have you learned any thing at all of the science of logic or not?' He replied,—'I have not, till now, even so much as heard of the name of logic; so what mention can there be of learning it?' On hearing this the other one began to make lamentation:—'Alas! you have sunk one-half of your life in the ocean of ignorance.' In the meantime a storm made its appearance; the swimmer jocosely said to the logician,—'Tell me, sir, has your honour had any practice in the art of swimming or not?' He replied,—'None at all.' Then the swimmer, heaving a sigh, said,—'You have indeed thrown away your whole life upon the winds.'"

'OMEED.

"In former times there was an intelligent merchant who had an ill-dispositioned horse. One day, during the time that the merchant was eating some victuals, a person arrived at that place mounted on a mare, and, having alighted, he wished to tie the mare near the merchant's horse. The merchant

said to him,—'Don't tie her near my horse!' The man did not hearken to him, but tied his mare near the merchant's horse, and began to eat victuals along with the merchant. The merchant said to him,—'Who art thou? and what sort of a person art thou who art eating victuals along with me without my permission?' The man feigned himself deaf, and gave no answer. The merchant thought with himself,—'This man is deaf or dumb;' and, being without choice, he became silent. A moment after, the merchant's horse struck the mare such a kick, that her belly was rent open, and she died. That person began to make contention with the merchant, and said,—'Your horse has killed my mare, I must certainly get the value of her from you.' In short, the man went before the *Kazee* and made known his complaint. The *Kazee* sent for the merchant, who went before the *Kazee* and feigned himself dumb; so that whatever matter the *Kazee* asked of him, he gave no answer to it. The *Kazee* said,—'This merchant is dumb; there is no blame attachable to him.' The plaintiff said to the *Kazee*,—'How do you know that he is dumb? At the time when I wanted to tie my mare near

his horse, he said to me,—"Don't tie!" At present he has feigned himself dumb.' The *Kazee* said,—'If he made prohibition to you, what fault of his is there? Get out of this place! you are a great scoundrel and a blockhead, for by your own tongue you have made your conviction.'"

BIKRAM.

"A CERTAIN merchant had an acquaintance, a person who was hard of hearing. By the act of predestination the merchant became sick. The deaf man went to inquire after him, and, while going along in the way, he made up this discourse:—'After having saluted his honour, I will first ask this question,—"Tell me, sir, how is your health?" He will say, "better:" and I will say, "*Ameen!* may it be lasting!" Then I will ask,—"What food do you take?" He will say,—"Rice pudding:" and I will say,—"Good appetite to you!" My next inquiry shall be,—"Who is your physician?" He will say,—"The great Dr Such-a-one:" and I will

say,—" May God grant a complete cure by his means !" ' At length, having entirely made up this plan, he arrived at the house, and having made the usual *sulam*,* he sat down near the patient, and began to ask,—' Tell me, friend, how is your health ?' The patient answered,—' Why do you ask ?—I am dying with a fever.' Immediately on hearing this, he exclaimed,—' Amen, may God cause it to be so !' The helpless sick man was in a complete ferment with his disease, and this speech caused him to be even more so. He next asked,—' My friend, what victuals do you eat ?' The patient replied,—' Dirt.' ' May your appetite be good,' answered he. On hearing this he became even doubly enraged. Again he rejoined,—' Pray tell me, friend, who is your physician ?' In a most excessive rage, the patient replied,—' The angel of death !' ' I give you much joy !' answered he, ' I hope God will grant a speedy cure by his hand !' "

* *Vide* at page 178, Note *.—Ed.

OMEED.

"A CERTAIN youth delivered a hundred *deenars* to an old man and went on a journey. When he came back, he demanded his *deenars*. The old man made denial, and said, 'You did not give them to me.' The youth made known his case before the *Kazee*. The *Kazee* sent for the old man, and asked him,—'Did this youth deliver the money to you?' He replied, 'No!' The *Kazee* said to the youth, 'Have you any witness?' He answered, 'No!' The *Kazee* said to the old man, 'You must take an oath.' The youth fell a weeping, and said to him, 'He has no regard at all for an oath; he has many a time taken an oath to a lie.' The *Kazee* said to the youth, 'At the time when you delivered the money to him, where were you seated?' He answered, 'Under a tree.' The *Kazee* said, 'Why did you tell me you had no witness? That tree is your witness. Go to that tree and say to it, "The *Kazee* sends for thee."' The old man gave a smile, and the youth said, 'O, *Kazee!* I am afraid the tree will not come for your or-

der.' The *Kazee* said, 'Take my seal, and say to it, "This is the seal of the *Kazee*." It will assuredly come.' The youth took the *Kazee's* seal and went away. After a space of time, the *Kazee* asked the old man, 'Will that youth have arrived near the tree yet?' He answered, 'No!' When the youth had gone near the tree, having shown the *Kazee's* seal, he said to it, 'The *Kazee* sends for thee;'—but he heard nothing from the tree. He came back sorrowful, and said, 'I showed your seal to the tree, but it gave me no answer.' The *Kazee* said, 'The tree came, and, after having given its evidence, it went away again.' The old man said, 'O, *Kazee!* what speech is this?—there was no tree came here.' The *Kazee* replied, 'You say the truth, it did not come; but at the time when I asked you, 'Has the youth arrived at the tree?—you gave for answer, "He has not arrived." If you had not got the money from him under that tree, why did you not say, "What tree is it?—I do not know it." From this it becomes evident that the youth says what is true.' The old man got conviction, and gave the money to the youth."

BIKRAM.

"FOUR persons went out from their own village, a Brahmin, a Rajpoot, a Shopkeeper, and a Barber; and, having gone into the field of a certain Farmer, they began each of them to root up the sugar-canes, and, after tying them up in bundles of 50, or 100, they began to suck them. The owner of the field saw them, and thought in his own mind,—'There are four of these persons, and if I say any thing to them they will not even refrain from thumping me. I must use some stratagem in regard to this.' Having settled this matter in his mind, and, making a salutation to each, he thus addressed them:—'Hear ye, gentlemen, the Brahmin is our spiritual instructor, the Rajpoot is my brother, the Shopkeeper is our banker,—in regard to such three persons eating my sugar-canes there is no consequence at all; so far it is well. But this Barber, what was he thinking on to put his hand into my field? Whatever you may think a just requital for this, pray do to him.' On hearing this speech they all remained silent; and the Farmer, snatching the sugar-canes

from the Barber, and beating him with his slipper, put him out of the field. Again, the Farmer began to say,—'Hear ye, brothers, the Brahmin is our spiritual guide, and you are my brother; my property and your property is all one. But this Shopkeeper, what was he thinking of to cause destruction in my field? Well—what you think a proper decision in regard to this matter, pray do to him. If you or I should take away money out of his residence, would he, indeed, allow his property to go away so?' On hearing this speech also they made no answer; then he, having thumped the Shopkeeper also, snatched the sugar-canes from him and put him out. In short, in this very way, he put every one of them out, and thus saved his property. On hearing this circumstance, a certain person wondered at it, and said to his friend,—'What sort of violent matter is this, that a single person should remain triumphant over four men. Pray,' said he, 'explain the circumstances of this matter to me.' He having related to him the whole affair about them, then his acquaintance said,—'What! have you never heard the common proverb, that you are making such a wonder of this matter? "When a

couple of men are broken down, then the whole game is knocked up.' "

OMEED.

" Two poor brothers went upon a journey, and on the way they found a purse full of gold, and a piece of ruby. The younger brother said,—' My design is accomplished, I shall now return home.' The elder brother said, ' I wish to make a travelling of the world.' They made an equal division of the gold, and the elder brother delivered his own share to the younger brother, and said,—' Give it to my wife.' When he arrived at home, he gave the share of the money to his brother's wife, but he did not give her the ruby. After three years, the elder brother came home from his journey, and did not see the piece of ruby with his wife. He inquired of his brother,—' What has become of the ruby?' He said, ' I gave it to your wife.' He replied, ' She says, " I did not get it." ' The other one said, ' She is telling a lie.' The man then began to chastise his wife. The woman ran away, went before the

Kazee; and disclosed her circumstances to him. The *Kazee* sent for her husband along with his brother, and inquired of the brother,—'When you delivered the ruby to this woman, was any person present at the time?' He said,—'Two persons.' The *Kazee* said,—'Send for them.' He gave a little money to those persons, and said to them,—'Come along with me, and give evidence to a falsehood before the *Kazee*.' In short, those two both gave the evidence. The *Kazee* said to the woman's husband, —'Go away and get the ruby from your own wife.' The woman, weeping, went before the *Sultan*, and represented her circumstances to him. The *Sultan* said,—'Why do you not go before the *Kazee*?' She answered,—'I did go; but he did not give decision in a proper manner.' The *Sultan* sent for both of the brothers, together with the witnesses; and, having put them all separate, he gave wax to them, and said,—'Make it into the form of that ruby.' Both of the brothers made it after the same fashion; but both of the two witnesses made it after a different form. The *Sultan* said to the woman, —'Do you also make it.' She made representation, —'I have never seen the ruby; how can I make

it?' The *Sultan* commanded the witnesses to be punished, and said to them,—'If you speak the truth I will free you, and if not I will put you to death.' Being without choice, they made representation,—'We gave evidence to a falsehood.' Then the *Sultan* inflicted some stripes upon the younger brother, and he made confession,—'I committed the fault.' The Emperor commanded the *Kazee* to be reprehended, because he did not make decision in a proper manner; and caused the ruby to be given to the woman."

BIKRAM.

"A CERTAIN banker was robbed under the very eye of the Emperor, beneath the palace-walls. He went to wait on the Emperor, and made representation to him. 'Protector of the world!* robbers have plundered me under the very walls of your Highness's palace.' The Emperor said to him,—

* *Vide* at page 150, Note.—ED.

'Why did you not remain more watchful?' The banker said,—'It was not known to your slave that travellers were liable to be robbed under your Highness's very windows.' The Emperor replied,—'What! have you never heard this common proverb?—"It is dark under the lamp."'

OMEED.

"A CERTAIN person said to his servant,—'If, at the dawn of day, you shall see two crows sitting in one place, be sure to give me information of it, that I may see them, and so, getting a good omen, the whole day shall pass pleasantly with me.' In short, his servant saw two crows in one place, and gave his master information of it. When his master came out he saw only one crow, the other crow had flown away. He became much enraged against the servant, and began to inflict stripes upon him. At that very time a friend sent a present of victuals for him. The servant made representation:—'O my lord! you saw only one crow, and you have got

victuals; if you had seen the two crows, you would have got what I have got.'"

BIKRAM.

"A CERTAIN gentleman having heard praise of the science of a certain learned man from the mouth of a certain student, he became desirous of seeing him, and went to his house to have an interview. The learned man was seated at his own door, intent upon the study of a book. This person, having made his *sulam*, took his seat respectfully in front of him, and said,—'Your excellency in safety!—What kind of a book is this?' He gave for answer,—'Who art thou that art asking me?' He said,—'I am your honour's humble servant.' The learned man replied,—'Begone! thou hast not capability for understanding of this.' The person answered,—'It is quite evident that your honour is looking at a book of occult science; since from it you have made discovery of my capability, without having had any interview with me.' On hearing this speech he became abashed, and said,—'It is a book of manners.' Then this person, laughing, re-

plied thus :—'From this very thing, your honour, such are the *manners* of the master,'—and then took his own road."

OMEED.

"ONCE on a time there were, in the city of Balkh, four persons wealthy and possessed of property, who were intimate, and had a great friendship for one another. By chance, the whole of them became poor; and all the four went before a philosopher, and stated to him the circumstances of their poverty. The philosopher took pity on them, gave each one of them a miraculous ball, and said to them,—'Put one of these balls upon each of your heads, and keep walking along; at whatever place your balls shall fall down, dig in that same place, and then whatever, by fortune, shall come to you out of the ground, you shall take.' Each of these four friends, conformable to the philosopher's directions, kept going along. When they had proceeded several *coss*, the ball of one of them fell from his head. He digged there, and copper made its appearance.

He said to his other friends,—'I esteem this copper in hand better than gold in expectancy; if you choose, you may remain here.' They did not accept of his offer, but continued advancing farther on. When they had gone a little way, the second person's ball fell from his head, and a silver-mine came there in view. He said,—'If you choose, you may remain here; this silver is yours.' They did not consent to this. When they had advanced farther, another person's ball fell from his head; he digged there, and a mine of gold was discovered. He said to the fourth friend,—'There is no treasure finer than gold; I am of opinion that I and you should remain here.' He replied,—'Farther on there will be precious stones; why should I remain here?' When he had advanced one *coss* on his way, his ball fell from his head; and, when he dug up the ground, he saw an iron-mine. Repentant, he exclaimed,—'Why did I quit the mine of gold, and not hearken to the advice of my friend!' In short, he returned back from that place, but he neither saw his friend nor found the gold-mine. He said to himself,—'No one can find more than what is his destiny.' He set out again in the di-

rection of the iron-mine, but, with all his search, he could not find it again. Helpless, he went for the philosopher, but he was not to be found. Being extremely destitute, he repented very much."

I am,

Most intelligent Seignior,

Your faithful friend,

I. N. O.

*Alexandria, 18th of the month Shabat, in the year 585.**

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* *i. e.* 13th February, 1825.—Ed.

No XXI.

SECOND DAY'S STORY-TELLING BETWEEN BIKRAM AND OMEED.

The Scribe and his Attendant—The Old Woman and the Two Partners—The Sick Man and his Attendant—The Durwesh and the Grocer—The Emperor and the Fly—The Merchant's Son and the Tyrant—The Disturbance-maker—The Hungry Man and the Arab—The Bedouin Arab and the Baker—The Man and his Horse—The Dog and the Bone—The Slave that ran away—The Scribe and his Son—The Person that wagered a Pound of his Flesh—The Husbandmen and the Collector—The Emperor and the Jester—The Blind Man with the Rice-milk—The Man that dreamt of Satan—The bold Mendicant—Conclusion—L'ENVOI.

BIKRAM.

"A CERTAIN scribe and his attendant were both sleeping together in one house. The master said to

the attendant,—'Holla, servant! see whether it be raining just now, or if it has cleared up.' He replied,—'It rains.' The master asked,—'How do you know that? I am sure you are laying as still as if you were asleep.' He said,—'The cat came in, I felt her, she was wet.' The master said,—'Put out the lamp.' He replied,—'Keep sleeping with your face covered, it will then be dark enough.' The master, once more, said,—'Shut the door.' The servant answered,—'My good sir! I have performed two pieces of business,—you may now perform one yourself.' In short, this fellow was such a wrangler, and so lazy, that he did not get up at all; but kept laying still, and returning an answer to every thing."

OMEED.

"Two persons committed their property in charge to an old woman, and said to her,—'Whenever we shall both of us come back, we shall take the property.' After some time, one of these persons came to the woman, and said,—'My partner is dead;

you must now deliver the property to me.' The old woman was without remedy, and gave it to him. After some time the other person came, and demanded the property. The woman said,—'Your partner came and represented to me that you were dead; and, notwithstanding every endeavour that I made, he would not hearken to my speech, but carried off the whole of the property.' The afore-mentioned person took the woman before the *Kazee*, and demanded justice. The *Kazee*, after some deliberation, discovered that the woman was not to blame. He said,—'The bargain that you made at first was, that, "when both of us partners shall come together, we shall take the property." Bring then your partner with you, and you shall get the property; but how can you get it alone?' The man was without answer, and went off immediately."

BIKRAM.

"A certain Mooselman was sick, and said to his attendant,—'Go to such a physician, and get some medicine for me.' He replied,—'Perhaps the

doctor gentleman may not be in the house at this time.' The master said,—'He will be in the house —go.' Then answered he,—'If I should happen to meet with him, yet he will perhaps not give me the medicine.' Then he said,—'Take a note with you from me, and he will certainly give it.' The servant answered again,—'Even although he should give the medicine, yet it will not perhaps do any good.' The master replied,—'You base scoundrel! will he give it you as long as you continue to sit here? Will you keep thus making contrivances, or will you go?' He said,—'O, sir! granting that it should even produce the desired effect, yet what is the result? In the end you must certainly die one day. You may just as well die now as die then.'"

OMEED.

"A *DURWESH* went to the shop of a grocer, and made great haste to purchase something. The grocer gave abuse to the *durwesh*. The *durwesh* became enraged, and struck one of his slippers at the grocer's head. The grocer went before the magis-

trate, and preferred his complaint. The magistrate sent for the *durwesh*, and asked him,—'Why did you strike the grocer?' The *durwesh* said,—'The grocer gave me abuse.' The magistrate answered,—'O, *durwesh*! you have committed a great fault; but you are a religious mendicant, and therefore I don't inflict punishment upon you. Go away, and give eight *anas** to the grocer, which will serve as a proper requital for your fault.' The *durwesh* having pulled a *roopee* out of his pocket, put it into the hand of the magistrate, struck one of his slippers at the magistrate's head, and said,—'If such is your decision of justice, take eight *anas* to yourself, and give the other eight to the grocer.'"

BIKRAM.

"ONE day, a fly, having come, settled upon the face of the Emperor Haroun Al Rashid. The Em-

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*There are 16 *anas* (انه) in a *roopee* (روپيه), so that eight *anas* is half a *roopee*.—ED.

peror was teased, and asked one of his courtiers,—'For what purpose would the Supreme God form such a creature as a fly?' The courtier replied,—'Protector of the World!* it is intended to break down the haughtiness of arrogant persons.' The Emperor, on hearing this, remained silent."

OMEED.

"ONE day, an Emperor, who was a tyrant, went to the outside of the city by himself. He saw a man sitting under a tree, and asked him,—'What sort of a person is the Emperor of this country? Is he a tyrant, or a just man?' The man answered,—'He is a great tyrant.' The Emperor said,—'Do you know me?' The man said, 'No.' The Emperor answered,—'I am the *Sultan*† of this country.' The man was frightened, and asked in reply,—'Do you know me?' The Emperor said, 'No.' The man replied,—'I am the son of a certain merchant;

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* *Vide* at page 150, Note.—ED.

† Arabic, سلطان, SULTAN or SOLDAN, a sovereign.—ED.

every month, during the space of three days, I become mad! To-day is one of those three days.' The Emperor laughed, and said nothing to him."

BIKRAM.

"THE son of a certain merchant was a great maker of disturbances. When, having made a disturbance, he was taken to prison, then his father, having paid money for him, would free him, and bring him home. One day, a certain brother of his, by way of exhorting the father, said to him,—'If, in this very way, you continue to make indulgence of your son, and always discharge the fines for him, you will squander away all your wealth, and some day die of hunger.' The father asked,—'What can I do?' The other replied,—'As soon as he shall make another disturbance, and fall into confinement, do not you free him; then, there is no doubt, he will become correct of himself.' The father answered,—'Very well.' In short, having made a disturbance, he fell again into confinement, and his father did not liberate him. He even allowed him to remain

five or four years there. Upon this, a certain good man came to the father, and said,—'Your son has now entirely abandoned disturbance-making, and is become quite repentant.' The father, in obedience to this person's word, freed him, and brought him home. One day, reason or none, he got into a rage at some person, and his father said to him,—'Master! this is the common proverb,—"The rope has been burned, but the twist is not gone."'

OMEED.

"A PERSON was walking along hungry, and saw an Arab who was eating victuals by the side of a pond. He went up to him and said, 'I am just come from the neighbourhood of your dwelling.' The Arab asked him, 'Are my wife, my child, and my camel all in good health?' The man said, 'Yes.' The Arab became quite contented, and paid no regard to that person farther. The man then began to say, 'O Arab! this dog which is now sitting before you, if your own dog were still alive, it would be just such another.' The Arab raised up his head,

and said to him, 'My dog! how did it die?' The man replied, 'It ate too much of the flesh of your camel.' He inquired, 'How did my camel die?' The man answered, 'Your wife died,—and then there was no one to give it grain or water.' The Arab asked, 'How did my wife die?' The man replied, 'In lamentation for your son, she wept excessively, and beat her head and breast with stones.' He asked, 'How did my son die?' The man said, 'The house fell upon him.' On hearing this account of the ruin of his house, the Arab threw dust upon his head, and, leaving his victuals as they were, went off in the direction of his dwelling. The man, by this device, got the victuals."

BIKRAM.

"A BEDOUIN Arab came into the city of Bagdad, and, having seen round loaves in a baker's shop, he became distressed. Helpless, he was living merely on the smell. On seeing the face of a loaf, he made a rent in the collar of patience, and, going up to the baker, said to him, 'O, merchant! what will you

take to let me eat my bellyful of loaves?' The baker made supposition in regard to this youth as he would do to others, how much he might eat. Supposing him to be very hungry, he thought he would not be able to eat more than two or three loaves. He said to him, 'O Arab! give me half a *deenar*, and eat as much as you may wish.' The Arab gave him the half *deenar*, and sitting down on the bank of the Tygris, the baker kept bringing out and giving loaves to him, whilst he, on his part, kept soaking and eating them. The loaves went beyond the value of the half *deenar*, and soon got to the amount of four *dangs*;* nay, having even gone beyond that, they amounted to the value of a whole *deenar!* The baker, being now desperate, said to him, 'O Arab! how much will you eat?' He gave for answer, 'As long as this water shall flow I shall keep on eating.'"

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* Pers. دانگ, the fourth part of a dram.—Ed.

OMEED.

"THERE was a certain person that was very poor. He had a horse. He fastened it up in the stable;* but in the direction towards which the head of a horse is generally put, he put the tail of his; and gave out a proclamation, 'O men! see here a wonderful sight!—a horse's head in the place of his tail!' All the men of the city became assembled; and he got a small piece of money from every person that wished to go into the stable to see, and then he gave him admission. Every one that went into the stable, came back out of it dumbfoundered, and said nothing."

* It is curious that the Arabic word here used is the same with ours, viz. اصطبل, ISTUBUL, A STABLE. It is doubtful, in this and in a multitude of similar cases that might be mentioned, particularly in regard to *Scottish words*, whether the Orientals got the word originally from us, or we from them. This is a very interesting and amusing subject; and it is one upon which the Rabbi has entered with great keenness, and also with considerable success. But it is impossible to do more than merely allude to it in the present volume.—ED.

BIKRAM.

"A CERTAIN dog once found a bone on the bank of a river, and, having taken it in his mouth, when he saw the shadow of it in the water, he thought it was a second bone. Stricken with greed, he stretched out his mouth, that he might take it also out of the water; but he let away and lost then the bone that was in his mouth."

OMEED.

"A SLAVE once ran away from his master. After some days, his master went into another city, and there he saw the slave. He immediately seized him, and said to him, 'Why did you run away?' The slave struck his hand upon his master's skirt, and said, 'You are my slave; you stole a great quantity of money from me and ran off. Now that I have got hold of you, I will inflict punishment upon you.' In short, both of them went before the *Ka-*

zee, and demanded justice. The *Kazee* caused both of them stand near a window, and ordered them to put both their heads out of the window at once. When they had put their heads out, the *Kazee* said to the executioner, 'Strike with your sword upon the head of the slave.' When the slave heard this speech, he drew his head to the inside in a moment; but the master did not move at all. The *Kazee* inflicted punishment upon the slave, and delivered him to his master."

BIKRAM.

"A CERTAIN scribe was always exhorting his son, and saying to him thus, 'Life of your father! the world is a bad place. If you act according to it, you must fear it; and if you don't act according to it, you must still fear it.' His son, on hearing this, used to answer, 'Sir, it is a bad place for bad people. If you act so, then you may fear; but if you don't act so, then you need not fear.' In short, this sort of conversation was continually passing between the two. One day he caused a riding horse of his own to be brought, upon which he had never as yet

been mounted; and, having caused it to be fed and watered, and put in good order, as soon as the horse came, the father said to the son, 'Life of your father! do you ride upon him, and I will look on.' The son, in like manner, said the same thing to the father; till at last, after hearing a great deal of speech on the subject, his father himself got on, and the son kept walking behind, looking at him. Upon this, some persons, having observed him, said, 'See, what a worthless rascal there is! He has got one foot completely hanging in the grave, and yet his concupiscence has not left him. His poor little boy is coming cracking his slippers to keep up with him, and he himself is getting along mounted on his horse!' On hearing this, he immediately got down, and, having caused his son to mount, he himself kept walking behind him, looking on. Then, some men, having observed this, said, 'See, what an unseemly and abominable thing there is! that this fellow has got on horseback himself, and is causing his father to run along in his retinue!' On hearing this, having advanced somewhat farther on, they both got up on the horse's back. Then a certain person immediately bawled out, 'What a couple of merry

fellows these are, who think nothing of putting two loads upon one horse!' On hearing this, they both got down again; and then the groom, with a halter, led the horse along, whilst they kept walking behind, looking on. On seeing them thus, one person said to another, 'Look, brother! the rascal's property is going for nothing, and is not coming of use to any one.' As soon as he heard this speech, the scribe said to his son, 'Well, life of your father! if there is any other plan for escaping from the tongue of the world, you may bring it forward yourself. By me, indeed, nothing else can now be accomplished.' This being unanswerable, the son said to him, 'Sir, what you were saying is, indeed, true, the world is a bad place; if you act according to it, you may fear it, and if you don't act according to it, you may fear it. There is, in fact, no remedy for this.'"

OMEED.

"A CERTAIN person made a bargain with another: —'If I do not gain the game, you may cut off a pound of flesh from my body.' When he did not

gain the game, the plaintiff demanded the fulfilment of the bargain. The other one would not consent to it; so they both went before the *Kazee*. The *Kazee* said to the plaintiff,—'Forgive him.' He would not consent to that; then the *Kazee* got into a rage, and said to him,—'Well, cut it off; but if you cut off more or less than the pound, I will inflict punishment upon you.' The plaintiff was not able for this; so that, being without choice, he forgave the person."

BIKRAM.

"SEVERAL husbandmen came before the Emperor, and sought justice from him on account of the village-collector. The Emperor said,—'There is no person amongst all my servants so equitable as this person is; in fact, he is full of equity from head to foot.' There was a certain witty-speaking fellow amongst the husbandmen; he replied,—'It is a pity but you would divide every member of him in pieces, and send a part into every town; so that the whole kingdom might become filled with his equity.'

This joke met with the King's approbation, and he caused their magistrate to be changed."

OMEED.

"An Emperor, one day, went out a-hunting along with the Prince. When the weather became hot, the Emperor and the Prince put their cloaks upon the back of a jester. The Emperor fell a-laughing, and said to him,—'O, jester! you have there the load of an ass.' The jester replied,—'Nay, I have, in fact, the load of two asses.'"

BIKRAM.

"A stupid fellow once asked a blind man,—'Will you eat some rice-milk?' The blind man said,—'Rice-milk! what is it like?' He replied,—'It is white.' The blind person asked him again, 'White! what is it like?' The man answered,—'It is like a *bugla*.'* The blind man said,—'A *bugla*! what

* Hindoos. بگلا, name of a bird, a species of heron.—Ed.

is it like?' The fellow put his hand into a crooked form, and said,—'It is like that.' The blind man, having examined it by groping, said,—'How can I possibly eat rice-milk if it is like that? it would certainly stick in my throat, and kill me.'"

OMEED.

"THERE was a fellow, in a dream, had an interview with Satan. He struck him a slap on the face, seized him by the beard, and said to him,—'O, accursed! thou art the enemy of our race, and, for the purpose of putting deceit upon us men, thou hast got a long beard!' When he had struck him another slap on his face, he awoke, and perceived that he had got his own beard in his hand! He became quite abashed, and laughed at himself."

BIKRAM.

"A CERTAIN soldier, that could write and read, having become entirely disgusted with all worldly

transactions, became a *Fakeer*, and began to wander about from country to country. In the lintel, right over the gate of a certain city, he saw something written, and began to examine it. On this he observed inscribed, in a certain corner, 'THE BOLDNESS OF MEN IS THE HELP OF GOD.' Immediately on reading this, he became enraged, and said,—'Over the gate of whatever city such a lie as this is written, how can one suppose that there should be any thing worth while in the inside of it?' On saying this, he did not go into the city, but turned about and went away from it. After having gone a certain distance, however, he began to consider thus with himself:—'I have pronounced what is written by some person to be a lie, without having any proof of it; in doing this I have acted with very great injustice.' With this consideration, he immediately returned back again; and, having spread his mat, he went and sat within that very gate; having formed this resolution with himself,—'I shall have in marriage the daughter of the Emperor of this city.'

"Upon this, he spent three days there, without water or bread; and, during all that time, he did not say a word to any one, nor did he eat any thing;

and although the people of the city used many endeavours to make him eat and drink, yet he never gave them any answer. Information of this having reached the Emperor of that place, he called for the *Vizier*, and said to him, 'Go, at this very time, to the *Fakeer*, and, whatever he shall ask for, having given it to him, make him eat and drink something, then dismiss him and return.' In exact conformity to the Emperor's orders, the *Vizier* went to the *Fakeer*, and said to him, 'Great Sir! the order of the Presence to me is thus,—"Whatever the request of the *Fakeer* may be, be sure you fulfil it to him before you come back." Whatever your worship's desire may be, therefore, please command it, and your slave shall cause it to be presented to you.' The *Fakeer* said,—'I intend to take in marriage the daughter of the Emperor; therefore, bring her here to me. There is nothing except this that I have any wish for.' Immediately on hearing this speech, the *Vizier*, being without answer, came back again to the Emperor. The Emperor asked him, 'Well, have you dismissed the *Fakeer* before you came?' He made representation,—'Protector of the World! the expression which the *Fakeer* used,—your slave

must be excused, as he cannot take it upon his tongue.' His Excellency said, 'Well, write it down and give it me.' The *Vizier*, on receiving the order, wrote down the *Fakeer's* request, and conveyed it to his Excellency. The Emperor, after some deliberation, said, 'It is a matter of no consequence. Tell him, when he shall come here with fifty pounds of unbored pearls, then he shall receive the princess in marriage. The custom of the emperors of this place is, that the husband shall fill the lap of the bride with fifty pounds of unbored pearls.' The *Vizier* went again to the *Fakeer*, and told him what the Emperor had said. He replied, 'Very well.' He then tied up his mat and his water-jug, and went towards the sea for the purpose of getting the pearls, and the *Vizier* returned to the Emperor. The Emperor then said,—'If that *Fakeer* be a complete gentleman he will bring the pearls; and if not he will go off himself. If he turns out to be a master of miracles, then there is no disgrace in my giving my daughter to him, because his dignity is superior to ours; if he should desire it, we should even confer the imperial authority upon him in every thing.'

" In short, when that *Fakeer* arrived upon the sea-shore, having bound up his loins, he took his water-jug in his hand, and began to empty out the water from the sea. When he had kept emptying out, day and night, till four-and-twenty *puhurs** had passed, then the sea, having assumed the form of a man, came to him, and asked him,—' O, *Fakeer!* why are you constantly taking out the water of the ocean, and throwing it away?' He said,—' I am emptying out the water, that I may get fifty pounds of pearls.' The other replied,—' If you should get the fifty pounds of pearls, will you not then empty out the water?' The *Fakeer* answered, ' No.' ' Well, then,' said he, ' shut your eyes close, I am about to give you the pearls.' The *Fakeer* shut his eyes accordingly, and he, having brought fifty pounds of extremely large new pearls, put them into his hand. He took them, gave him a benediction, and immediately returned, and sat down again in that same gate.

" When information of this came to the Emperor,

* *i. e. Watches. Vide* at page 153, Note.—Ed.

he sent for the *Vizier*, caused the *Fakeer* to be called, and, with great veneration, caused him to be seated upon a throne. In short, as soon as the princess was brought, and set before him, the *Fakeer*, taking the bundle of pearls out of his wallet, put them into her hand, saying to her at the same time,—'Sister, take them!' On hearing this, the Emperor put his finger between his teeth, and said to the *Fakeer*,—'Great Sir! what is that you said?' The *Fakeer* answered,—'Your honour! I have spoken the truth.' The Emperor then asked,—'What was the demand you made?' He replied,—'Please your honour, there is no answer necessary to my demand. It merely appeared agreeable in the *Fakeer's* sight to make trial of a certain matter, and that he has accomplished. Over the gate of your city it is written, that "THE BOLDNESS OF MEN IS THE HELP OF GOD." This, in the *Fakeer's* opinion, seemed to be a lie. But so it is not; the person has, indeed, written what is true.' So saying, the *Fakeer* took his departure from that place."

"When I had finished this long story," continued Bikram, "I was not a little mortified, on looking

around, to perceive that my audience, not even excepting Omeed and the venerable *Fakeer* himself, were, in fact, *all fast asleep.*"

I am,

Most excellent Wilfred,

Your ever-faithful friend,

ISHMAEL NOBILIUS OLEANDER.

*Alexandria, 9th of the month Adar, in the year 5585.**

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* *i. e.* 6th March, 1825.—ED.

L'ENVOI.

Thus far, kind Reader, have we followed the manuscript of the Rabbi. What is here given may serve as a specimen of what is intended, viz. "to form an amusing Oriental Miscellany and pleasant Tyro's Guide to Orientalism." The subject is almost unbounded; as it embraces, nearly, the whole field of Oriental Literature. Shall this, as it is the *first*, be also the *last* volume of our undertaking? Or shall there be another volume? Or, perhaps, an Annual? These are questions for the Public to decide. I was told by the booksellers, who are known to be wise in their generation, that the work could not succeed, because Oriental Literature is not popular in this country. But why should it not be rendered popular? Germany and France have done much for Orientalism; and in the latter country especially it has been long decidedly popular. And why not in Britain? Is it because Britain is the only nation in the world that is well paid

for her Orientalism, and has, at present, not less than 100 millions of Orientals under her dominion? Or, is it because there is nothing in Oriental Literature that can ever become popular? This is absurd. Therefore, should this undertaking prove abortive,—as it is, no doubt, true, that

"The best laid schemes o' mice and men,
Gang aft a-gley,"—

I shall be inclined to attribute the cause of failure rather to the Rabbi's manner of handling the subject, than to the want of interest in the subject itself. Our next Volume,—should there be one,—will contain the remainder of the "Story of the Rajpoot," as well as the Rabbi's own adventures in India. Meantime, courteous Reader,—and still more courteous Subscriber, which last denomination I am bound, in gratitude, to acknowledge, includes some of the highest names in Britain,—allow me to say, in the words of the noble and unfortunate Bard,—

"Fare thee well,—and if for ever,—
Still for ever,—fare thee well."

LIST

OF

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Explanations of which are to be found in the foregoing pages.

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